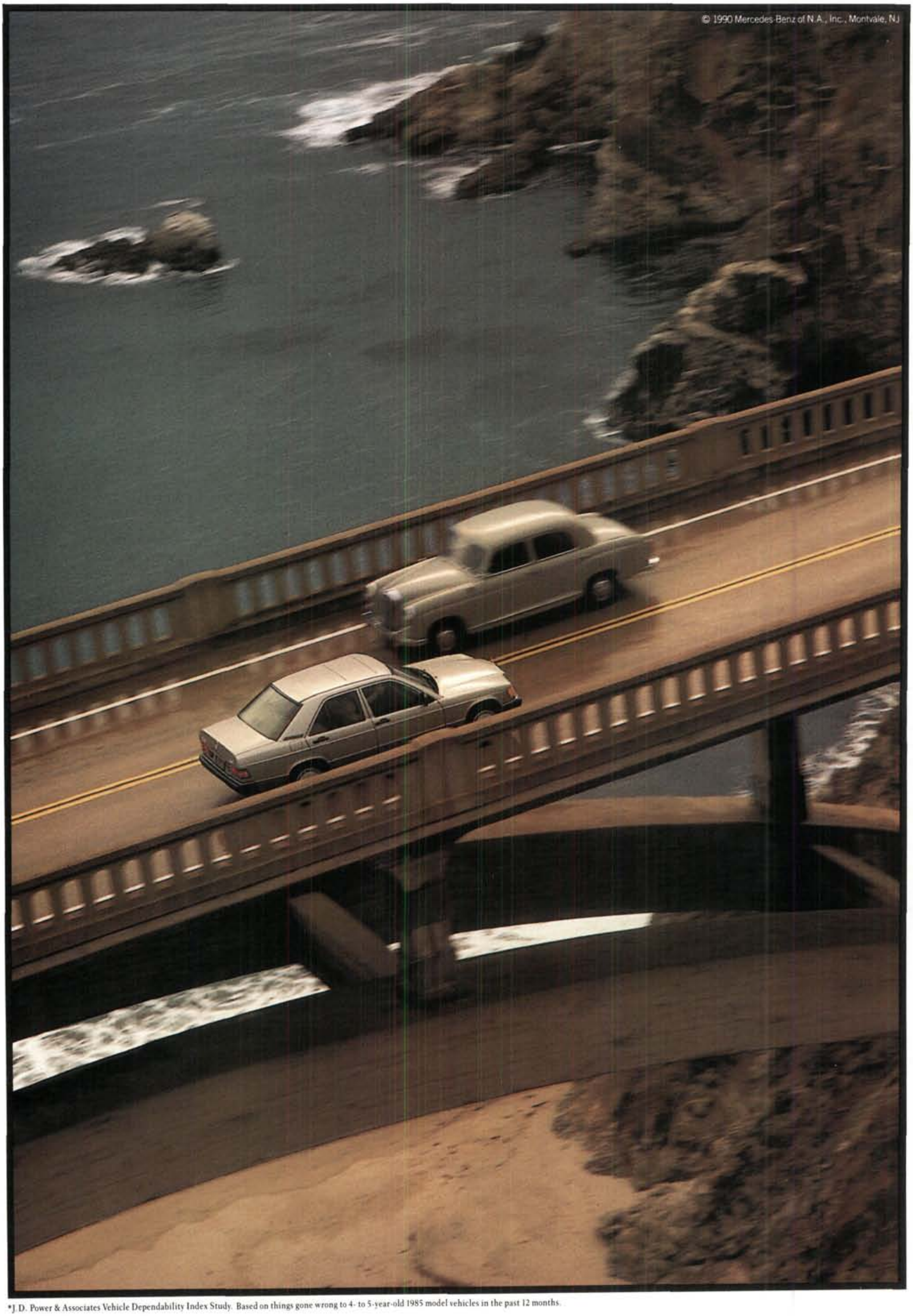
July 9, 1990

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75



© 1990 Mercedes-Benz of N.A., Inc., Montvale, NJ

*J.D. Power & Associates Vehicle Dependability Index Study. Based on things gone wrong to 4- to 5-year-old 1985 model vehicles in the past 12 months.

The car declared the most durable in the world meets the car ranked the most dependable in America.

Robust long life seems to be almost something bred into the Mercedes-Benz genes.

The *Guinness Book of World Records* has taken note of this phenomenon by declaring a 1957 Mercedes-Benz, with 1,184,880 miles on the clock, "the world's most durable car."

And in a recent survey of long-term vehicle dependability, covering original owners' experiences with their 1985 cars,* J.D. Power & Associates found — surprise! — that Mercedes-Benz owners report fewer things gone wrong than owners of any other cars in the survey.

Of course, the levelheaded engineers of Mercedes-Benz insist that even phenomena can be explained in rational terms.

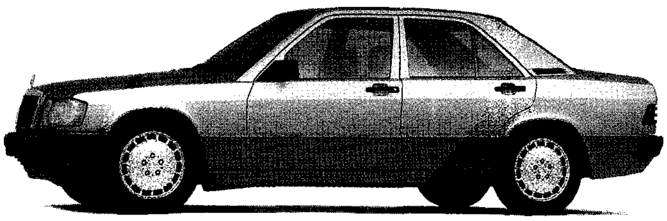
By an R&D brain trust twelve thousand people deep, for example. By a bank of more than ten thousand original engineering patents. And by manufacturing tolerances somewhat finer than the width of a human hair.

Focus these and myriad other Mercedes-Benz engineering strengths on the goal of building the most dependable and long-lived cars possible, the engineers say—and the rest will logically follow.

And the rest, of course, is automotive legend.

If you wish to follow up on the remarkable dependability and longevity accomplishments of Mercedes-Benz, visit your authorized dealer soon. Or call 1-800-228-9191 toll free, anytime.

ENGINEERED LIKE NO OTHER
CAR IN THE WORLD



GAGOSIAN GALLERY

ABSTRACT
EXPRESSIONIST
AND
POP PAINTINGS

980 MADISON AVENUE NY

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
JUL 17 1990

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

JULY 9, 1990

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25
"THE PLANET-SENSITIVE ART OF THE NINETIES" . . . . *Benoît van Innis* 30
"ON THE U.S.S. FORTITUDE" . . . . *Ron Carlson* 32
"ARE WE KIDS OR WHAT?" . . . . *George W. S. Trow* 34
"WALK, NIGHT FALLING, MEMORY OF MY FATHER" (POEM) . . . . *Eamon Grennan* 36
ANNALS OF RADIATION (CANCER AND POWER LINES) . . . . *Paul Brodeur* 38
"AT THE CLASSICS TEACHER'S" (POEM) . . . . *Elizabeth Macklin* 40
"THE RIVER AT WOLF" (POEM) . . . . *Jean Valentine* 72
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 73
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 77
A CRITIC AT LARGE (ANDRÉ MALRAUX) . . . . *William Pfaff* 83
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 92

COVER: *Merle Nacht*

DRAWINGS: *Dana Fradon, Glen Baxter, Edward Koren, Richard Cline, Anthony Taber, Robert Mankoff, Mike Twohy, William Hamilton, Peter Steiner, Lee Lorenz, Danny Shanahan, Boris Drucker, Edward Frascino, Ed Fisher, Robert Weber*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and general manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and advertising director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVI, No. 21, July 9, 1990. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.
© 1990 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office.
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

The Plaza Presents

Planning a summer wedding?
Make it perfect at The Plaza.

The pleasures of summer in New York

Summer in New York is a special time. The Park is in full bloom; shops, theaters and restaurants are all a summertime delight. This year, whether it's for a few days or more, plan to celebrate a summer holiday in New York at The Plaza. All Summer Celebration guests will receive a special 10% Courtesy Discount at participating Trump Atrium shops. A select number of rooms are available at Summer Celebration prices.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE OCCUPANCY:
$195.00* per room with complimentary continental breakfast through room service or at the Palm Court: until 9/4/90.

The Plaza

*Rates are per room/per night. Subject to availability. Advance reservation required. Tax, service and gratuities not included.
THE PLAZA HOTEL Fifth Avenue and Central Park South, New York, NY 10019. For reservations call:
In New York, **212-546-5493**. Outside New York, **1-800-759-3000** or **1-800-228-3000**. Or your local travel planner.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

A RECENT New York *Post* headline—"IT'S WILD BILL SHAKESPEARE!"—pertaining to the New York Shakespeare Festival's upcoming cowboy version of "The Taming of the Shrew" reminded us that there are alternatives to free Central Park Shakespeare in the greater New York area, and that for some time now we'd been meaning to indicate as much. Not long ago, for instance, we attended a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by the Willow Cabin Theatre Company and were utterly charmed.

The Willow Cabin is the Off Off Off Broadway company that Edward Berkeley runs out of Intar II, a tiny, stuffy, dilapidated old theatre around the block from Ensemble Studio Theatre, on 53rd Street between Tenth and Eleventh. We've seen only two of their productions, but we've come to the general conclusion that Mr. Berkeley is one of those unsung wizards of the theatrical underground capable of creating literary excitement out of just a dark room, a great text, a few makeshift props, and a group of talented and engaging young people. What made his production of "Dream" so touching and relevant wasn't the modern-dress costumes—and we're talking down*town* here, we're talking P.S. 122—but the legacy of understanding from director to actors to audience over what the play was all about.

Another group that has impressed us in this way is the Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival, which performs at the Boscobel Restoration, a beautiful nineteenth-century mansion eight miles north of the Bear Mountain Bridge on Route 9D. Here, the term "Off Off Off Broadway" as a style of theatre has more to do with insect repellent than geography, for the Hudson Valley group performs out-of-doors, in a tent set up on the estate grounds. There's designer food, and a sort of designer crowd (Boscobel is in Garrison, where the rich folk live), but the main attraction is just good acting and good direction (by Terrence O'Brien).

We saw Hudson Valley's "Twelfth Night" last summer and still remember how strange it felt to see a Shakespeare play put across in just the right way. Which isn't to say that the direction lacked for silliness or fun—we seem to remember that the production even had a Western element. But with companies like this one and the Willow Cabin the business isn't the whole point: it's not a sop thrown out to the audience in exchange for the fact that nobody understands his lines.

This summer, Hudson Valley Shakespeare is performing "Much Ado About Nothing." The production runs Thursdays through Sundays, July 12-29. For information about tickets and travel, call 1-914 265-9575.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11			

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Jersey City—A play by Wendy Hammond, directed by Risa Bramon. With Alison Bartlett and Eddie Castrodad. Previews through July 10. Opens July 11 at 8. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

The Taming of the Shrew—The first of two plays in the New York Shakespeare Festival's free summer series in the Park. Tracey Ullman and Morgan Freeman head the cast, which A. J. Antoon directed. In previews. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Aspects of Love—Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cats or trains) but ends up being a sort of monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/23/90.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

By and for Havel—A pair of one-acters in revival. "By"—**audience**—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had a menial job in a brewery; "for"—**catastrophe**—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Havel when he was in prison. Together, they make an evening that is both comic and stirring. Directed by Vasek Simek. With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway. (3/19/90) (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—As Maggie the Cat, Kathleen Turner seems in desperate straits in this limp and hapless revival of Tennessee Williams' most playable family melodrama. (4/2/90) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.)

City of Angels—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

The Day Before Spring—A revival of the 1945 musical by Lerner and Loewe. The show has been reconstructed by Jerry Bell, who conducts the performance. (Theatre 1010, Park Ave. at 85th St. 924-0077. Closes July 10.)

Elliot Loves—Jules Feiffer's sharp-witted comedy about the sexes is an all but total success, partly because of the fine work of the two representatives—Anthony Heald (m) and Christine Baranski (f)—and of the director, Mike Nichols. (6/18/90) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Falsettoland—This latest installment of a three-part cantata by William Finn (music and lyrics) is a sequel to "In Trousers" and "March of the Falsettos." Mr. Finn's story presents a number of new elements (among them a bar mitzvah in the hospital room of a man who is dying of AIDS) before dissolving in its own syrup. The music sounds agreeable enough, and the performance goes smoothly, under the direction of James Lapine; Chip Zien is very good as a benign psychiatrist. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

A Few Good Men—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Forever Plaid—Stuart Ross's loving, tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. The performances of Jason Graae, Stan Chandler, David Engel, and Guy Stroman (as the Plaids, a close-harmony group snuffed out in the prime of life and brought back to earth for a single evening) are so deadpan, and the songs (arranged by James Raitt, who also accompanies on piano) are rendered at such a heightened pitch of musical good faith, that only from Ross's script and choreography would you know the thing is a parody. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

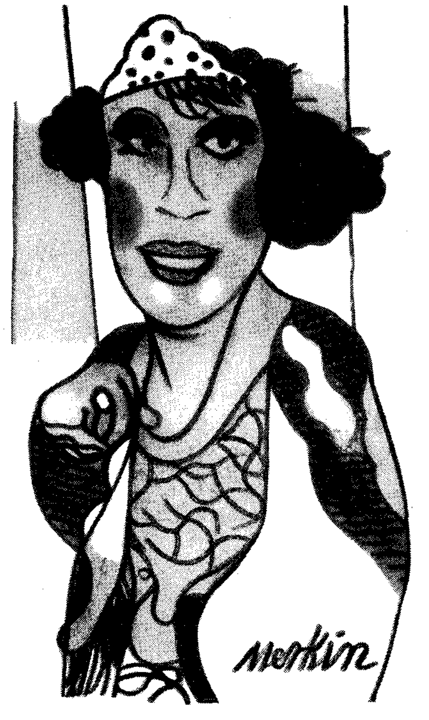
Further Mo'—A musical about the demise of black vaudeville, put together by and starring Vernel Bagneris. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Grand Hotel—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show (except for a glorious, eccentric dance by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

The Grapes of Wrath—This stage adaptation (by Frank Galati, who also directed) is the most truly adult version of Steinbeck's novel to date. It appeals to the mind rather than to the emotions; all the same, there's a cumulative effect. Don't go expecting to see John Ford or "Balm in Gilead," but expect to leave feeling as if you had. With Lois Smith and Gary Sinise. (4/2/90) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Gypsy—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Lettice & Lovage—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers in Peter Schaffer's merry comedy about an un-



LaVern Baker in "Black and Blue"

In just one minute, this man's face is going to wake up.

scruffing
lotion 2½
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES
FOR MEN
6 FL OZ

His face will wake up to something dermatologists have known for years: To look healthy and trim over its bones, skin needs a step beyond cleansing. It needs exfoliation.

Exfoliation removes dead skin flakes. Shows sleeker-looking skin. Controls excess oil. Lessens clogging, trouble spots. Promotes faster skin renewal.

Shaving de-flakes a little, but to get all these benefits it takes a unique product: Clinique Scruffing Lotion—in four strengths for four skin types. Find yours, plus a fast, free skin analysis, at any Clinique counter.

To look its best, your skin should show a fresh surface every day. With Clinique Scruffing Lotion, it does.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

© Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

likely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Maids of Honor—Elizabeth McGovern, Kyra Sedgwick, and Laila Robins in a play by Joan Casademont. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes July 8.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's wonderfully funny and touching play about a young man from a small Irish village on the eve of his departure for America really holds up in Paul Weidner's beautiful production. Grab this one: revivals this good don't come around often. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

The Piano Lesson—August Wilson's new drama, the fourth in his series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes—even if the subtle ensemble acting in Lloyd Richards' production is thrown out of balance by an excessive performance by Charles S. Dutton. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

Prelude to a Kiss—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Barnard Hughes is the old man, Mary-Louise Parker is the bride, and Timothy Hutton is the groom. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

Price of Fame—A comedy, more entertaining than not, by—and with—Charles Grodin. Mr. Grodin plays a movie star who finds out that an attractive interviewer from *Vanity Fair* has been assigned to do a hatchet job on him. Under Gloria Muzio's direction, the performances of all the actors go well. (6/25/90) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes July 8.)

Prin—The admirable actress Eileen Atkins and the director John Tillinger seem utterly wasted on this almost twist-for-twist rehash of the plot of Simon Gray's "Butley," written by Andrew Davies and set in a training college for women's physical-education instructors. (6/18/90) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes July 6.)

The Rothschilds—The 1970 musical by Jerry Bock (score), Sheldon Harnick (lyrics), and Sherman Yellen (book). (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Six Degrees of Separation—You're best off knowing nothing about the new John Guare play, other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. What more do you want? (6/25/90) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Smoke on the Mountain—A gospel musical comedy conceived and directed by Alan Bailey and written by Connie Ray. With Reathel Bean and Dan Manning. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Spunk—George C. Wolfe has adapted three short stories by Zora Neale Hurston, set in Harlem and the South, to make a gorgeous jazz-and-blues entertainment, giving the stories a powerful injection of his own mordant humor. Chic Street Man, singer and guitarist, wrote the dynamic score. With Ann Duquesnay (singer), and K. Todd Freeman, Reggie Montgomery, Kevin Jackson, and Danitra Vance (actors). Mr. Wolfe directed. (5/7/90) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Talking Things Over with Chekhov—A comedy by John Ford Noonan, with Mr. Noonan and Diane Salinger. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while LaVern Baker, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirtieth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Mary McDonnell in the title role of Heidi Holland. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

THE FITTEST

If you think you've seen hawks soaring over Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, you're not mistaken. According to Barney Rafferty, an urban park ranger and a self-described hawk freak, a small number of wild red-tailed hawks spend three seasons of the year in the park. The redtails feed on pigeons, ducks, squirrels, rats, and mice, all of whom may be streetwise but not so wise when it comes to attacks from the air. "When the redtails come here," Rafferty says, "they're thinking, I've never seen so many pigeons in my whole life—all right!" If you look carefully in some of the more secluded areas of the park, you may find little clumps of pigeon leftovers: feathers, wings, and other inedibles. Rafferty says that even the worst hunter among the hawks can succeed. "It's hawk paradise here."

But even hawk heaven has its limits. When these top-of-the-food-chain predators hunt for ground prey or attempt to roost in trees, they are often pursued and harassed by crows. It's a perch-to-perch pursuit until the hawks take to the crow-free upper air. "The reds lose them when they get into the warm, lifting breezes," Rafferty says.

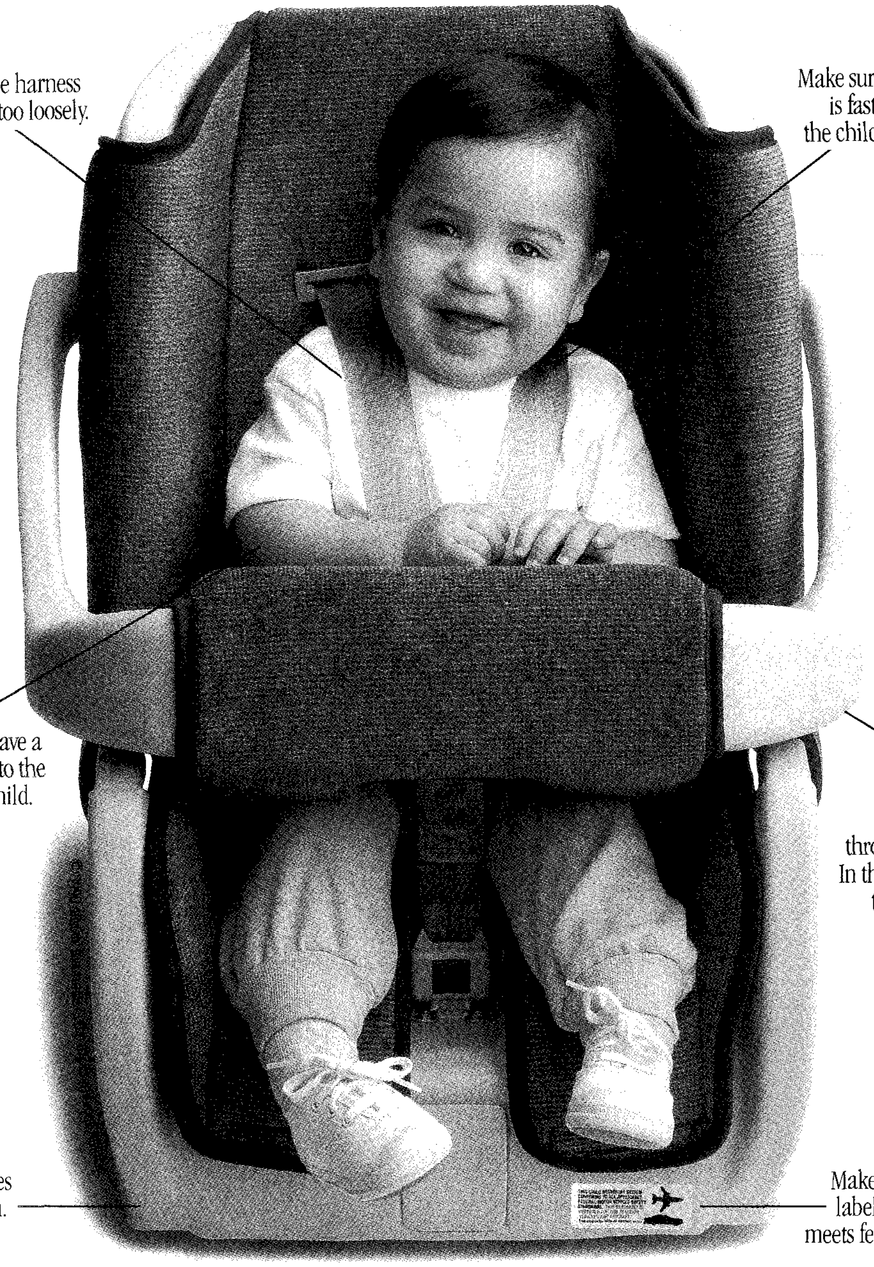
DANCE

Tap dancers are always declaring that tap is simple to pick up. "It's just like walking," we heard Buster Brown tell a group of junior-high-school students the other day in the auditorium of I.S. 10. He continued, "You use the walk to tap according to the way you feel. Say you're walking down Broadway; you go like this." Then Mr. Brown tapped out a walk that looked the way any New Yorker might look on Broadway, as long as he could keep completely cool while shaking a spider from his trousers cuff.

The occasion for Mr. Brown's appearance was a special assembly for students from several junior highs in Harlem—part of an educational program sponsored by an organization called Dancing in the Streets. The assembly provided a chance for the children, who had been studying tap with members of the American Tap Dance Orchestra, to show what they'd learned; it also featured a cameo appearance by Cookie Cook. The highlight was a performance by Savion Glover, the sixteen-year-old dancer who starred for more than a year in "Black and Blue." After the assembly, most of the students stayed to audition with Mr. Glover for a tap-dance piece on the bill of "A Night of Tap at the Apollo," the July 2 all-star program at Harlem's Apollo Theatre. The evening winds up the Rat-a-Tat-Tap Festival, four days of events focussed on percussive music and dance. That festival, too, was produced by Dancing in the Streets, which this year was presented with the Mayor's Doris C. Freedman Award for contributing to the quality of life in New York City.

Mr. Brown introduced Mr. Glover to the students: "You're gonna prepare yourself now for the young gentleman of the hour, the moment, the day, the year." A tall drink of water bounded up from the front row and made his way to the stage. It was Mr. Glover, wearing slacks, a Bart Simpson T-shirt, and a necklace of golden links. He began to slouch and saunter around, casually pigeon-toed, just ambling. The only difference between him and any other ambling teen was that he somehow managed to produce so many tap rhythms so nonchalantly that even eyewitnesses couldn't quite believe it. Within a couple of minutes, he had shaken out a boatload of tarantulas. The audience was hopping. "Go, Savion!" one student yelled from her seat. "Oh, honey!" cried another. "I'm standing up for *him*." Most of the students were girls, and they were ready for a stroll.

What makes a child seat safe is how an adult uses it.



Make sure the harness isn't fastened too loosely.

Make sure the harness is fastened over the child's shoulders.

Make sure you have a seat appropriate to the weight of the child.

Make sure the car's safety belt is routed through the seat correctly. In this case, it goes through the back of the seat.

Make sure the seat faces in the proper direction.

Make sure your seat has labels certifying that it meets federal safety standards.

One-third of all child seats aren't used correctly. It's one reason traffic accidents are the leading cause of death in children. To change that, double-check your child's seat. Read all instructions and follow them carefully.

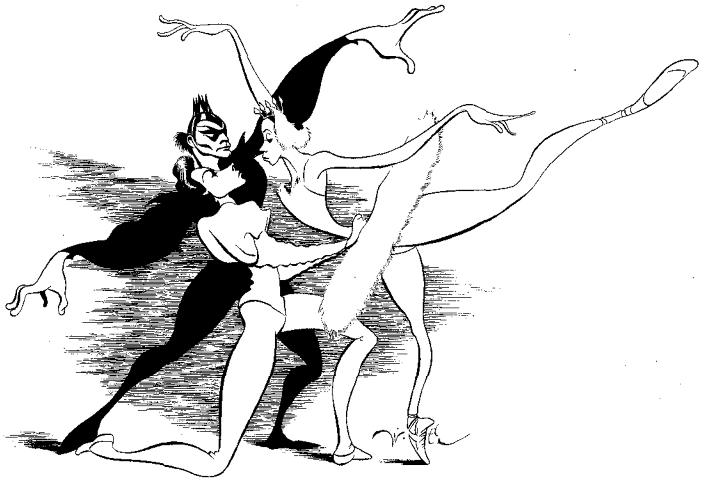
Allstate championed child seats long before they became law in all fifty states. Through our "Buckle Up Baby" program, we offer infant seats to employees when their children are born. That's because a child seat improves a kid's chance of surviving an accident by 70% if used correctly. For a free booklet by the American Academy of Pediatrics and a discount coupon from Sears on child seats, see an Allstate agent or write to: Allstate, Dept. 500, P.O. Box 7600, Mt. Prospect, IL 60056-9961.

As adults, it's our job to make sure child seats are used right all the time.

A member of the Sears Financial Network

Allstate®

You're in good hands.



Mark Peretokin, Alla Mikhalchenko, and Yuri Vetrov of the Bolshoi Ballet in "Swan Lake"

IN TOWN

Bolshoi Ballet—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through July 22. July 10 at 7 (a benefit) and July 11 at 8: "Swan Lake." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

OUT OF TOWN

New York City Ballet—Opening performances of the Saratoga season, which will run through July 28. July 10 at 8:15: "La Source," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ July 11 at 8:15: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Four Generations," and "I'm Old Fashioned." (Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs. 1-518 587-3330.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Johan Renvall and dancers, July 3-7. . . . ¶ O Vertigo Danse, July 3-7. . . . ¶ The Paul Taylor Dance Company, July 10-14. Two separate programs will be presented. . . . ¶ L'Esquisse, July 10-14. (Becket, Mass. For information about *show times and tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)*

NIGHT LIFE

YOU can't sit back and relax at a Betty show, because whatever Betty is about—and that's not an easy one—it's not about relaxing. The three-woman singing group—the sisters Amy and Bitzi Ziff and their stately third, Alyson Palmer—who are appearing this Sunday (and for two and a half weeks beginning July 11) at the Ballroom, do a first-rate job of keeping their audience off balance and slightly unnerved. You don't quite know what to make of them—is this performance art? cabaret? satirical funk? standup comedy? theatre of the absurd? The show moves at an amphetamine pace, and the material is a fun-house mix of surreal stories, ironic wordplay, and blue humor. A song about a visit to the carnival, with horror-movie overtones, is introduced by Amy Ziff barking, "Step right up, woman copulates with bulldog!" A rap/funk number centers around the triplet "Sex with a married man/ Fun with an African/ Tea with a lesbian." A song about naughty dogs includes the zinger "Romeo Rover boned every bitch on the block." Musically, they're postmodernist scramblers—part Laurie Anderson, part Frank Zappa, part Parliament/Funkadelic, part Bill Murray as a schlock lounge lizard. Ms. Palmer's slap-funk bass, with rhythm-machine accompaniment, keeps the beat hot, and the trio's close harmonies can turn from sweet to menacing with alarming suddenness. Much of the action happens between songs: the group gives new meaning to the word "segue." Led by the sardonic and frighteningly manic Amy Ziff, they break up the songs with a combination of sisterly jousting, character sketches, stream-of-consciousness monologues, and carefully choreographed three-way dialogue—and it all comes at you so fast that it's like watching TV with Jerry Lewis operating the remote control. And maybe that's the point. In case you question their affinity with the TV generation, a number called "Bettycoat Junction" will rid you of any doubt.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; *it is therefore always advisable to call* ahead.)

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. Gregg Burge—he sings, he dances, he choreographs—is on hand through July 8. Places you may have seen the peripatetic Mr. Burge: TV's "The Electric Company," Broadway's "Sophisticated Ladies," Spike Lee's "School Daze," the Bush White House. Shows Tuesday through Saturday beginning at nine, and Sunday at three. **Betty** performs on July 8 at seven, and begins a long run on July 11, with shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and Sundays at seven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-*8592)—A glitzy, color-coördinated jazz* house, designed for maximum seating efficiency, where blue-suspendered waitresses sweep by your table bearing shrimp cocktails, champagne, and other trappings of the good life. **Terumasa Hino,** a trumpeter from Japan, leads a group July 3-8. **Ruth Brown,** who acquired the nickname Miss Rhythm back in the fifties, when she had a string of R. & B. hits, begins an engagement on July 10. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A dark, rainbowed, loftlike space with attendants who'll find the table that's just right for you. July 7 belongs to **Pentangle,** a long-standing association of musicians who fall somewhere between medieval minstrels and English folk balladeers. The pompadoured lounge singer and cutup **Buster Poindexter** is on duty on July 10, with his **Banshees of Blue.** July 11 belongs to **Karla Bonoff,** the California singer-songwriter whose songs have been recorded by the likes of Linda Ronstadt and Bonnie Raitt. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. *(228-*6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. A trio consisting of pianist **Michael Weiss,** bassist **Dennis Irwin,** and drummer **Kenny Washington** starts up on July 9. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—As of July 5, the Bemelmans Bar is home to pianist **Frank Owens,** whose musical tour of duty has included entertaining the troops at Mortimer's and acting as musical director for Johnny Mathis, Shirley Bassey, and Petula Clark. *Music Mondays through* Fridays from nine-thirty.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by heavy-metal acts, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. On July 8, Lynn Oliver and his fourteen-piece orchestra serve up such faves as Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, and Tommy Dorsey. Music from eight to midnight.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this low-ceilinged, stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. Pianist **Ray Bryant** leads a trio July 3-8. The saxophonist, composer, and arranger **Benny Golson**—*who came to the fore in Dizzy* Gillespie's band in the mid-fifties, and who has penned such standards as "I Remember Clifford" and "Along Came Betty"—leads a quartet beginning July 10. Music after ten.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—there's a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls, and, on good nights, a take-no-prisoners atmosphere. Shows Fridays at twelve, Saturdays at eleven, and the rest of the week at ten. Dining.

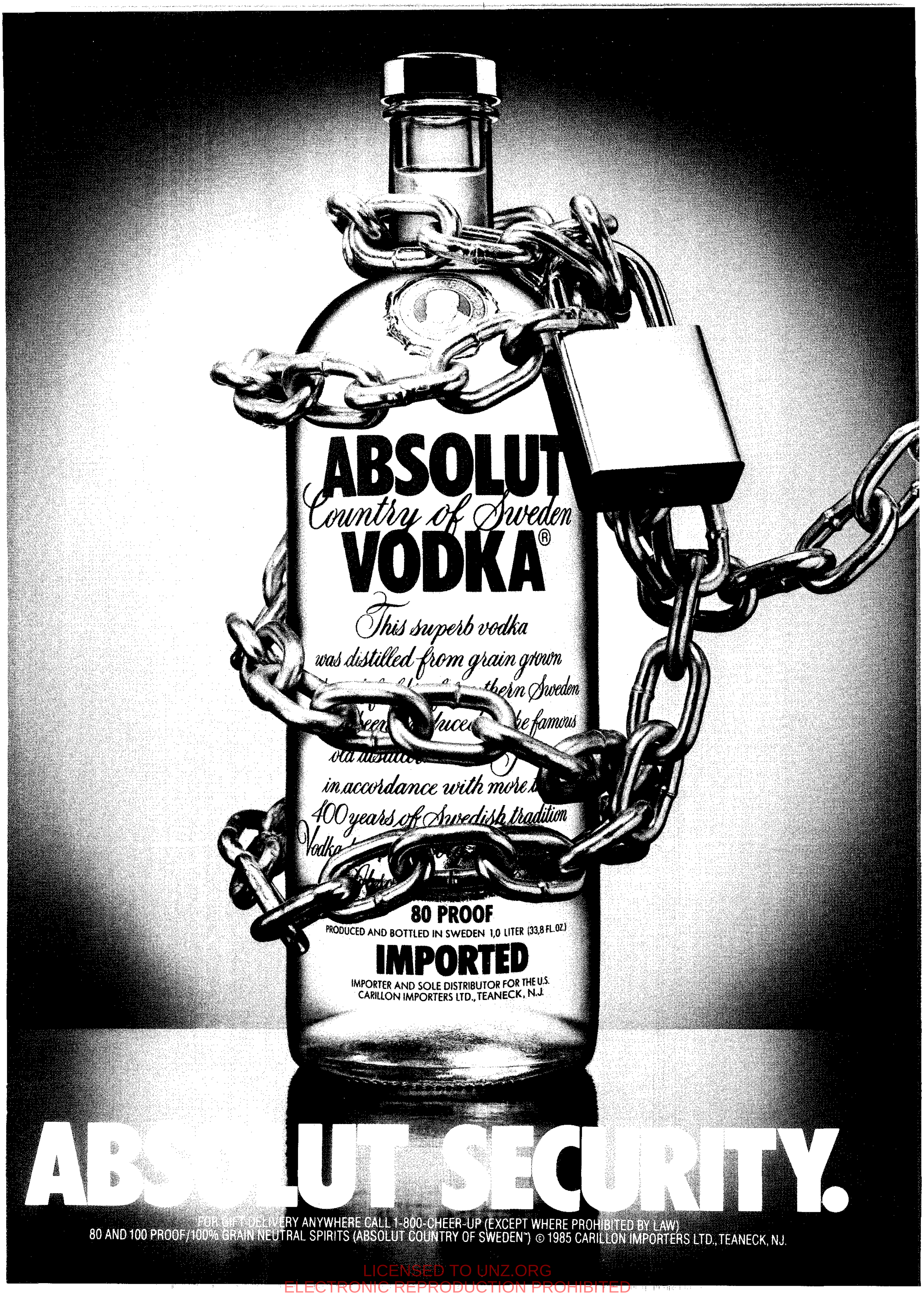
Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A pleasant hangout for white-collar trash, where you'll find cold Dixie beer, collard greens, and plenty of men who know how to wear a leather vest. As if that weren't enough, the bar-and-restaurant also features a corrugated-tin ceiling and a truckload of sort-of-Southern items: a photo booth, a giant Amoco sign, an Evel Knievel lunchbox. Most nights, the buffet turns into a bandstand at nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

Eagle Tavern, *355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave.* (924-0275)—An Irish pub in the meat-packing district, not too far from the boondocks. In the front room, barbirds study the TV and growl about one thing or another, and in the back room another crowd listens to Irish folk musicians (on Fridays) and native string bands (on Saturdays). Larry Nugent, Tony DeMarco, and Maureen Glynn are in charge on July 6.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. July 3-8, the room belongs to **Carmen Lundy,** an *engaging, idiom-shifting singer who was first* courted by her agent because, as she modestly puts it, "People were calling her for singers but they couldn't afford Betty Carter." Trumpeter **Jon Faddis,** who'll be leading a quartet here as of July 10, once said of his longtime association with Dizzy Gillespie, "I know I'll always be playing licks I borrowed from Dizzy. But no matter how much I try to sound like him, it will still just be me *trying* to sound like Dizzy." On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **Les Paul,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Chinese food served in a greenhouse setting. Through the glass roof, which supports a jungle of potted greenery, you can admire the fruits of the midtown real-estate boom and, when available, the moon. A Steinway grand is encamped in the middle of the room, making things tricky for the waiters but improving the over-all quality of life. The Canadian vibraphonist **Warren Chiasson,** an alumnus of groups led by George Shearing and Chet Baker, works with guitarist **Chuck Wayne** and bassist **Jon Burr** July 3-8. Pianist-singer **Freddy Cole,** who used to bill himself as "the Cole nobody knows" (he's Nat's younger brother), starts work on July 10, with a trio. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place that you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant-bar—forested and twilit—is about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. If your seats are good enough, you'll hear some able entertainers, including the


ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA®
This superb vodka
was distilled from grain grown
thern Sweden
the famous
in accordance with more t
400 years of Swedish tradition
80 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SWEDEN 1,0 LITER (33,8 FL. OZ.)
IMPORTED
IMPORTER AND SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.
ABSOLUT SECURITY.

FOR GIFT DELIVERY ANYWHERE CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW)
80 AND 100 PROOF/100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS (ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN™) © 1985 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, NJ.

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

PETE MALINVERNI duo July 6-7, the **LYNN BERNSTEIN** duo on July 8, and **ARMEN DONELIAN** July 9-11.

INDIGO BLUES, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A modernist night spot in the basement of the Hotel Edison. There's a glass-brick reception area, an oval blond-wood bar, and other interior-design novelties. The lighting—blue neon, in laserlike strips and wide halos—works on the eyes like a long day in front of the PC. The late pianist Walter Davis, Jr., will be honored in a benefit here July 5. (Do not fear: the required donation is shockingly reasonable.) Among those expected to pay their respects are **BETTY CARTER, STANLEY JORDAN, FREDDIE HUBBARD,** and **MILT JACKSON.** Mr. Hubbard and his quartet have the club to themselves July 6-7. Music after nine.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A cheery, climate-controlled restaurant and bar featuring a load of snazzy Gibson guitars, some Washington Square-style portraits of folks like Bo Diddley and Dr. John, and funky French fry–potato chip hybrids. **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** the jump-blues band once led by Duke Robillard, comes to work on July 6. **WILLY DEVILLE,** the Alphabet City-bred R. & B. singer and Mink DeVille chieftain, is also on hand. **JORMA KAUKONEN,** who was an original member of the Jefferson Airplane and a co-founder of Hot Tuna, claims July 7. Music after nine. Dining.

At Wetlands, Ripton Hylton (a.k.a. Eek-a-Mouse)

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory might give them a boost. The **FEELIES,** perennial local favorites known for their bookish appearance, their lack of rock pretensions, and their incantatory guitar strumming, will be here July 4-5. The **DEVIL DOGS,** a local rock trio, perform on July 7, along with Hovorka and the Gasworks.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes, panelled ceiling—has more of a country-club feel. **SID CAESAR & IMOGENE COCA** are currently in residence, reviving routines they made famous on Caesar's fifties TV series "Your Show of Shows." Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs about eight dollars. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking, "Is the water too warm?" Some statistics on singer **PATTI PAGE:** she grew up in Claremore, Oklahoma, with ten brothers and sisters; she had at least one song in *Billboard's* Top 100 every year between 1948 and 1982; and her single "Tennessee Waltz" is the second-biggest-selling song of all time (you know the first—it's about Christmas). Ms. Page will be here July 3-21. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A patron-unfriendly place that reminds us of that joke about not wanting to belong to a club that would have us as a member. **FAITH NO MORE,** which plays a funky, slam-danceable hybrid of headbanger thrash and art rock, will be here on July 6. **CONCRETE BLONDE** comes in on July 12. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SAVOY GRILLE, 131 E. 54th St. (593-8800)—A little nest off Lexington for young people on their way home from Madison. The restaurant-and-bar has a soothing, yellowish light; a small dance floor, which love-struck patrons dash to between courses; and earnest waiters who stop just short of acting out the menu. The **BOBBY COLE** trio will be in residence as of July 9. Music from nine Mondays through Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This former luncheonette has a tropical motif—straw huts, bamboo, a fake palm tree, a mosaic of gourds—and one of the city's most international booking policies: Brazil, Africa, and the Caribbean are just a few of the places explored. The Super Rail Band performs on July 4. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. **PHIL WOODS'** quintet will be here July 3-8, and **ART FARMER'S** quintet (featuring **CLIFFORD JORDAN**) starts a two-week gig on July 10. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—An old and venerable jazz all-in-one. In the Terrace Bar, the piano-bass team of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** is in swing as of July 3. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia, but the music is anything but stale. Saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN,** a onetime Ornette Coleman associate who combines a warm tone with a broad-ranging style that spans from swing to free jazz, leads a quartet July 3-8. The pianist and former Charles Mingus sideman **DON PULLEN** gets started on July 10, with his trio. Mondays are reserved for the late Mel Lewis's big band. Music begins after ten.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. The reggae singer **EEK-A-MOUSE,** who is here on July 6, is six feet six and has a theatrical flair: he's been known to come on stage dressed as an Arabian Nights character, a Musketeer, and Robin Hood. His singing style—he has a nasal, mannered voice and a talk/sing delivery that comes from his days as a d.j.—is equally idiosyncratic. Other events: the **TOASTERS** and Bim Skala Bim on July 5; and **SPIRIT** on July 7.

ZANZIBAR & GRILL, 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—A Murray Hill jazz resort, where the ceiling fans turn slowly, and the palm trees rustle tropically, and the jukebox contains Xavier Cugat and Perez Prado, and a waiter, delivering a plate of fried chicken and maple-pear corn bread to a customer, sings "It's Suppertime" (to the tune of "Summertime"). The professional musicians tend to come on at around nine. **HILTON RUIZ,** a classically trained pianist who played in Carnegie Recital Hall at the age of eight, leads a quintet here on July 7 (Daniel Ponce will play congas).

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

EXCEPT for a three-year-old who'd obviously been dressed under duress by a mom with a perverted sense of cute, the audience was virtually devoid of wanna-bees. But then, there wasn't one onstage, either. "Blond" was not the active word in the name of this tour. It was "Ambition." No more boy toy, no more fingerless-gloved urchin, definitely no more virgin. The creature in the gold torpedo bra who stalked the Brendan Byrne Arena was designed for power: to grab her audience by the chest, rip out their guts, and hold their entrails aloft as a personal trophy. Madonna the Conqueror, Madonna the Invincible, Madonna the Terminator. And if you didn't like it, she couldn't have cared less. They weren't screaming their heads off for you.

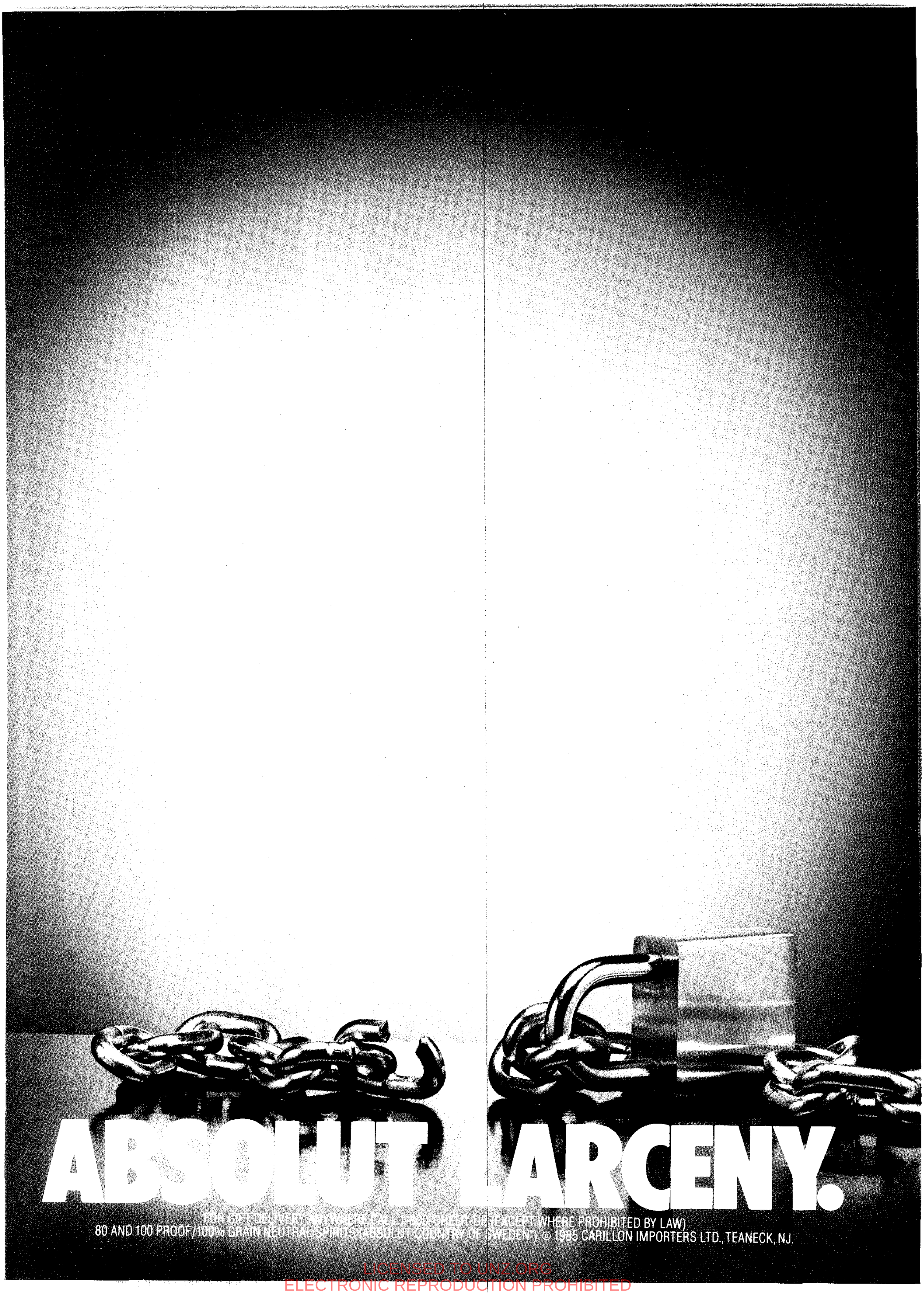
With a chip on her shoulder matched only by her determination to crush every doubt in the house, the whirlwind with the ponytail danced, whirled, writhed, groped, slugged, kicked, and punched her way into our hearts, daring us not to beg for more. We did. And it made her glad, or as glad as someone can be who is so "pissed" to be on medication and without a bed partner for later in the evening (so she claimed) that she feels it necessary to yell obscenities during a song, then demand we join in for another chorus. (Not exactly a sing-along, but the three-year-old had no trouble remembering the words.)

For all the comparisons to Marilyn, the performer Madonna most resembles is Sinatra. A riveting thug. An incandescent bully. A five-hundred-pound canary with the keys to a siloful of birdseed. Had she really been ill? Who knows? Did it affect her energy or her showmanship? Nope. Ah, but was it real or was it Memorex? That's what all who didn't attend really want to know. Frankly, it didn't make a damn bit of difference. As with Sinatra now, singing is not the issue. Strike a pose, there's something to it. He's a fella sometimes in the mood. She's a lady with an attitude. The girl's got style. She gives good face. Who cares, then, if she's got no grace?

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"FATHER WAS A PECULIAR MAN"—A performance piece, presented by En Garde Arts, that is staged in the meat-packing district. (Audience members meet at the corner of Ninth Ave. and Little West 12th St. July 5-8 and July 11 at 9. Through July 21. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

TERRY SWEENEY—In "It's Still My Turn: An Unauthorized Collection of Nancy Reagan's Private Poetry." (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. July 5-8 at 9:30. Through July 22.)



FOR GIFT DELIVERY ANYWHERE CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW)
80 AND 100 PROOF/100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS (ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN™) © 1985 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.

ART

At the beginning of an avuncular 1961 essay reprinted in the catalogue for the Hans Hofmann exhibition currently at the Whitney, the critic emeritus Clement Greenberg chews over the matter of "blame." Whom should we "blame," he ponders rhetorically, for what continues to be a generally lacklustre view of this great teacher's role within the brave New York School. He quickly settles his "blame" on the artist. Hofmann, you see, *changed styles* over the course of a career that spanned seventy years, from the eighteen-nineties, when he was a teen-ager, until his death in 1966, at the age of eighty-five. In Europe, Hofmann's work registered the firsthand effects of Post-Impressionism, Fauvism, Cubism, and German Expressionism. In America from 1932 onward, he opened schools in New York and Provincetown and became probably the single most important guiding force to at least two generations of painters. Though pacific and a sensualist—"Untitled (Yellow Table on Green)," from 1936, for instance, is perfectly Matissean—he joined the group of so-called Irascibles, whose members included de Kooning, Motherwell, Gottlieb, Rothko, Newman, Reinhardt, and Pollock. In 1944, at the age of sixty-four, he was given his first major exhibition, by Peggy Guggenheim, and shortly thereafter he made "drip paintings" *avant la lettre* and most likely coined the term Abstract Expressionism.

Not only did Hofmann's style of painting evolve sequentially but he often seemed to follow two courses of action at once. He closed his famous school in 1958, after forty-three years of continuous teaching, and for the rest of his life devoted himself, full-time at last, to painting. "The Pond," a green and emotional painting from that year, suggests that this turn of events was for him an oasis. Yet even Hofmann's late and unmistakably auteurish works alternate between the rigorous architectonic structure of, for instance, "Cathedral" and the elegiac gestures of "Festive Pink" and "Jardin d'Amour." When Hofmann's wife died in 1963 (they had met in 1900), he painted a farewell titled "To Miz—Pax Vobiscum," wherein a stretch of fleshly paint seems to face an eternity of ultramarine blue. The artist then married Renate Schmitz, who was in her late twenties, and went on to paint the delirious "Joy Sparks of the Gods" in 1965. This formidable academic remained a student of life and the senses to the end. If only we could say that the eminent Mr. Greenberg had stayed young, too.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"From Poussin to Matisse." The Russians seem to have entered the Western world by consuming French culture to the point of fetishization. This show—like so many the museum has mounted recently—celebrates not the great artists whose works are on display but the great amassers of French art, from Catherine the Great, who bought up vast collections whole and founded the Hermitage, to the non-aristocratic industrialists Shchukin and Morozov, who proved to be two of the world's most astute collectors of Post-Impressionist paintings. But the show does include some superb works among its fifty paintings, most notably Poussin's "Tancred and Ermina," Watteau's "The Savoyard," and Fragonard's "The Stolen Kiss." There are some kitschy paintings as well, like Boucher's bawdy "Hercules and Omphale" and Vernet's startlingly mysterious "The Death of Virginie." Yet, despite the over-all quality, the pick-hit format is not engaging; the show doesn't really get going until the end, where there is a room of ten glorious Matisses painted between 1908 and 1913, which are among his finest works. Through July 29. . . . ¶ Colorfully glazed Chinese vases, jars, and figures can be seen in an exhibition of ninety-four pieces from the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 220) through the Ching (1644-1912). Through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ More than sixty sets of clothing worn by children from the eighteenth century to the twentieth are on view in the Costume Institute. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ When two-thirds of the frames in a show are empty, one knows to pay strict attention to the frames themselves. That is the desired effect of "Italian Renaissance Frames," which includes more than a hundred of the carved and gilded beauties. In a few cases—a Botticelli, an El Greco—paintings enhance what are works of art in themselves. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Sixty-one nineteenth-century wooden power figures, masks, and royal objects from Central Africa, on loan from the Museum of Anthropology, in Berlin. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—After Munch and, in a funny way, Hopper, Francis Bacon is the master of the silent scream. Whether his figures are twisted or streaked, boxed in or placed beside hooked meat, he repeatedly portrays the mute isolation of the individual—the trapped, unspoken "No Exit" primal terror that is the modern condition. But the reason for the sacrosanct status of this eighty-one-year-old painter—is there any museum worth its salt without a Bacon of its own?—has always been a bit of a mystery. Unlike an artist such as de Kooning, who has spent almost four decades painting in a very narrow range but has managed to make his work look fresh most of the time, Bacon looks watered-down here. It seems as if little has been gained by mounting a full retrospective that couldn't have been accomplished with a half-dozen works. There's no stylistic development, no real change of expression, no refocussing of content. And there do not appear to be any key works, just good ones and great ones, and, yes, flat ones, and even excessively tricky ones. Perhaps it's time for a critical reassessment. Through Aug. 28. . . . ¶ "Matisse in Morocco." The belief is becoming more widespread that Matisse's greatness has been eclipsed by Picasso's because so many of the Frenchman's best works have been hidden away in Soviet museums. The case is persuasively argued by this glorious display of paintings—close to half of them from the Pushkin and the Hermitage—and drawings that Matisse made during two trips to Morocco in 1912 and 1913. The so-called Moroccan Triptych is as sumptuous as painting gets, and all of the works are so rich that it's fortunate the show is lean and concise. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ A show of paintings, sculptures, collages, and photographs selected by Ellsworth Kelly. Included are works by Picabia, Brancusi, Malevich, and Mondrian. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ The Canadian artist Barbara Steinman is showing a site-specific video installation titled "Icon," which incorporates two photographs of a marble Madonna. Through July 31. . . . ¶ "Architectural Drawings of the Russian Avant-Garde." Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursdays evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn, 1991.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Maurice Prendergast (1858-1924)." A retrospective of more than a hundred paintings by this popular artist and co-organizer of the legendary Armory Show demonstrates his ability to capture some very pretty moments of leisure with decorative mosaics of dabbed paint, but it also shows how he was trivialized by his own redundancy and overdependence upon tame Americana. Prendergast did what he did extremely well, but he was quick to emulate others' styles—Whistler, Puvis de Chavannes, and Matisse, to name the most obvious—without developing his own. Prendergast's identity seems hidden by a well-engineered and selfless storm of paint. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and drawings by Hans Hofmann (1880-1966) is on view on the fourth floor. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ "Signs of Love," a large-scale installation work by Ree Morton (1936-77) that is the magnum opus of this pivotal and shamefully overlooked artist, looks as original and unsettling as it did when it was first exhibited in the Whitney's 1977 Biennial. With its painted and swagged ladders, frilly ribbons and flowers, and postage-stamp portraits of a fairy-tale prince and princess, it is an irreverent celebration of sentimentality. Through July 22. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Intimate Interiors of Édouard Vuillard" includes more than a hundred paintings and works on paper, all completed between 1890 and 1900. Through July 30. . . . ¶ A companion exhibition of prints by the Nabis painters, including works by Vuillard, Bonnard, Maurice Denis, Félix Vallotton, and Ker-Xavier Roussel. Through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ A site-specific installation by Winifred Lutz is on view in the museum's lobby. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Tuesdays and July 9, from 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Art from Northeastern Zaire" includes four hundred artifacts, such as sculptures, musical instruments, furniture, and weapons, along with many photographs and drawings, all from the museum's Lang-Chapin Expedition (1909-15). (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Brooklyn Children's Museum, 145 Brooklyn Ave., at St. Mark's Ave.—"What a Sight: Spectacular Spectacles" includes a hundred and fifty pairs of sunglasses from the nineteen-forties—after Marlene Dietrich and Coco Chanel had made them all the rage—through the sixties. Drawn from the L.A. Eyeworks collection, the majority were handcrafted in France's Oyonnax Valley, a center for optical manufacturing for decades. Most of the examples on view were originally prescription glasses and have to be the most flamboyant ever made. There are sunglasses shaped like musical notes, some crowned with bowing swans and preening cranes, and some transformed into grand monarchs. Many are encrusted with semi-precious stones. Less outrageous than suave are a group designed by Stanley Unger in England in the nineteen-fifties: a pair of black sunglasses, for example, has a streamlined Art Deco design but manages at the same time to look slightly sinister; another has wraparound earpieces sprouting pink tulips. Why an exhibition of spectacles at the Children's Museum? According to a museum spokesperson, it is meant to attract older children. It certainly was a hoot for us kids. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Twenty-four custom-built doghouses by contemporary architects and designers are on view in the museum's garden. There are doghouses made of bones, rawhide dog chews, and, in one case, an old television console with "Lassie Come Home" stencilled on its empty screen. Lew Davis and Will Paxson's "The Trojan Dog" is a painted-wood pooch with lolling tongue, eager eyes, and, true to Greek myth, a door in its hollow belly. Alexander and Nell Twining's "Cheops Dog House" is a pyramid-shaped palace for Pharaonic dogs. And Ted Trussel Porter's "Bauwauhaus," a droll entry whose lowly function contrasts sharply—and wittily—with its severe, Gropius-style design, is fashioned from a modernist table turned upside down. Most appealing is Michael McDonough's "Dog House in the Mayan Style." A replica of La Iglesia at Chichén Itzá, it is constructed entirely from dog biscuits. Its adobe-colored walls glisten from multiple coats of marine varnish, intended to protect it from pouring rain and hungry

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Self-portrait by Alan Sonfist

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11			

puppies. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A selection of nearly a hundred and fifty Chinese porcelain wine pots, jars, dishes, and vases made between 1620 and 1683 is on view. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays and July 4, from 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Eighty-two examples of incunabula—books printed before 1501, no more than fifty years after the invention of printing—from the Bibliotheca Philosophica Hermetica, in Amsterdam. Through Aug. 24. (Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two displays of photographic works by the artists Wijnanda Deroo and Hélène Hourmat. Through Aug. 2. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—From an exquisite portrait of a woman by Petrus Christus to a delicate watercolor of the Château Noir by Paul Cézanne, this superb exhibition of five centuries of master drawings from the Museum Boymans-van Beuningen (in Rotterdam) is a joy. Despite the fact that all the French and Italian drawings and many of the Dutch and Flemish ones originally owned by the Boymans were destroyed in a fire in 1864, since then the museum has put together one of the finest collections of its sort. There is a toe-curling drawing of feet by Dürer, a spellbinding allegory called "Temperance" by Bruegel, a mystifying and exceedingly rare Giorgione, and fine examples by Altdorfer, Rembrandt, and Goya. There are Watteaus that could make you weep, as well as fine works by Ingres, Daumier, and Manet. Through Aug. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closed July 4.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—Twenty-eight watercolors by the nineteenth-century folk artist Jacob Maentel. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit devoted to Portugal's pioneering maritime exploration, notably of Brazil, and its impact on European culture. Maps, treaties, and navigational instruments from the mid-fifteenth century to the late sixteenth are on display, along with manuscripts, letters, and paintings. Through Sept. 1. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Road, Long Island City—Noguchi (1904-88), one of the twentieth century's singular talents, designed this oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of his sculptures. It contains a wide range of his work—from the early surrealistic biomorphic sculptures through several types of stone carvings—and documentation of his prodigious public art. The centerpiece of the museum is a peaceful, ivy-walled garden dotted with the artist's works. (Open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park—"The Expressionist Surface" is a show of thirty-five paintings, sculptures, and installations, all incorporating plaster. Among the sixteen artists represented are George Segal, Susan Laufer, Peter Agostini, Grace Knowlton, and Jonathan Silver. Through Aug. 26. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed July 4.)

Jean-François Guzranyi—The first New York show by a young French painter whose style is part Klimt, part Dubuffet, part Hundertwasser. Pleasant, provincial, essentially hors de combat. Through July 14. (Fotouhi, 24 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Show—In keeping with the Gagosian gallery's ongoing and often successful campaign to resemble a wing at the Modern, it is now home to a group of textbook classics by Rothko, Newman, de Kooning, Gorky, Klein, Warhol, Rauschenberg, and Lichtenstein. The space looks impressive, but with no stylistic surprises to set off this drumroll it seems cold and even staid. Through Aug. 31. (980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Short List—**a. r. penck,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through July 20); **max weber,** Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (closed July 4-6, through July 20).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Gabriele Schnitzenbaumer—Fairly dreadful paintings with apocalyptic themes, pseudo-folkloric figures, and scumbled, professional-looking surfaces. Through July 13. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **galerie lelong,** 20 W. 57th St.: Curated by Burnett Miller, a well-known Los Angeles art dealer, this cool and coherent show documents a resurgence of minimalism, but in a new, more sensuous, mannered mood. Established artists include Ulrich Ruckriem and Wolfgang Laib, but the news has to do with promising younger artists, such as the California-based Sarah Seager—whose influences seem to include Dan Flavin and Robert Ryman—and the Romanian-born Serge Spitzer, now based in Berlin and New York, whose milled-aluminum wall reliefs with rubber matting suggest that Ryman was an inspiration here, too. Through July 27. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Recent gallery acquisitions by Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, George Grosz, Max Klinger, Käthe Kollwitz, various Wiener Werkstätte artists, and the redoubtable Sue Coe. Seeing Coe in proximity to Kollwitz is especially interesting. They are nearly exact opposites, though both aim for essentially the same expressionistic, empathic, and incriminating effects. Where Kollwitz distills all sorrows into "universal," quasi-ecclesiastical images—bereft mothers, work-worn hands—Coe hits our collective jugular through the journalistic precision of her slaughterhouse scenes and the fierce theatrics of her allegories, which are always of highly specific evils. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **robert miller,** 41 E. 57th St.: "Some Seventies Works" by Andy Warhol, Robert Graham, Al Held, Jan Groover, Janet Fish, Alex Katz, Jedd Garet, Ed Ruscha, Louise Bourgeois, Joan Mitchell, Milton Resnick, Martha Diamond, Lee Krasner, Robert Mapplethorpe, Pat Steir, Alice Neel, Diane Arbus, and Leon Kossoff. Lookin' good. Through July 31.

Lee Krasner at Robert Miller

Short List—**peter briggs,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (through July 13); **william garbe,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through July 13).

GALLERIES—SoHo

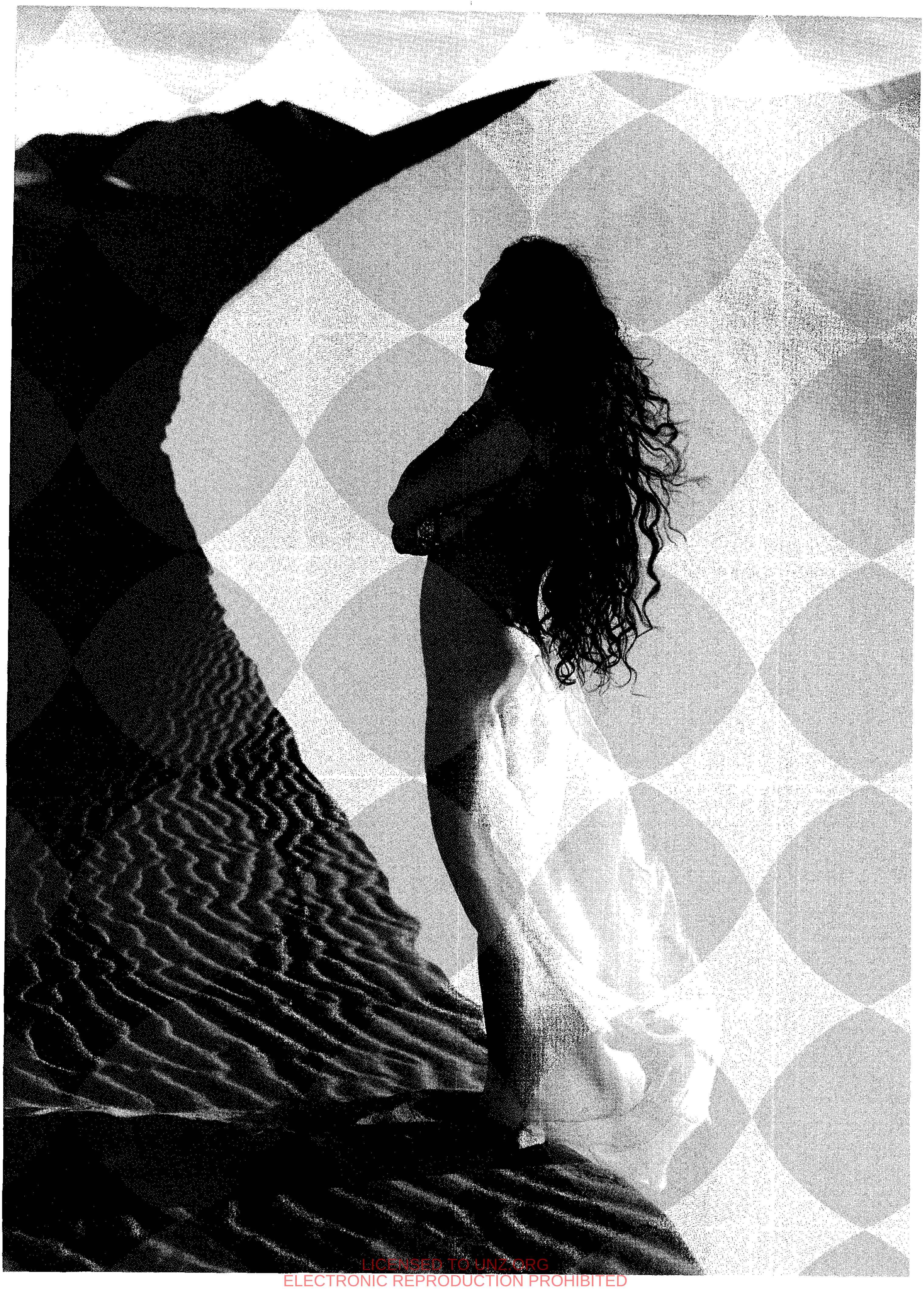
David Chambard—Aged-wood chairs, some deconstructed and framed, some flattened and placed on shelves or in shallow boxes of worn wood. They make one think of Margaret Wharton, and even a little of John Armleder, but they also express an ennui all their own. Through July 7. (Facchetti, 476 Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Gilbert & George—In "The New Cosmological Pictures" (1989), we find our Fine Middle-Aged Cannibals taking their own photos again, in their more characteristically cinematic mode—out and about in London, looking variously stern, amused, and engaged. The Gilbert & George London is, of course, not the mid-industrial London of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend." It is more the polyglot London of Hanif Kureishi's beautiful "Laundrette," and it's a sort of boy's version of the London many of us have seen in transition at that world-in-a-terminal called Heathrow. Through July 27. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 4; closed July 2-4.)

Raymond Pettibon / Robert Flack—A scrappy and engrossing installation of drawings, cartoons, dirty jokes, and virtual novenas by an imaginative and rambunctious younger artist whose "attitude" recalls earlier expressions by Mike Kelly. / A group of photographs (of body closeups, for instance) with imagistic overlays à la Ross Bleckner. Through July 7. (Feature, 484 Broome St. Closed Mondays and July 3-4; open Saturdays.)

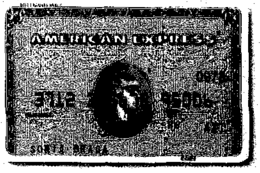
Jacques Roch—A mixture of large and small expressionistic canvases with some gorgeous passages. Roch's work follows a satiric line that owes as much to Daumier as it does to graffiti, and he seems caught between wanting to make a statement and wanting simply to paint. He pursues each tendency at the other's expense. Through July 14. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway. Closed Mondays and July 3-4; open Saturdays.)

Alan Sonfist—Of all the artists working with dirt, from the earth artists onward, Sonfist



Sonia Braga. Cardmember since 1986.

Membership
Has Its Privileges.®


AMERICAN EXPRESS
SONIA BRAGA

Don't leave home without it.®

Call 1-800-THE CARD to apply.

ART—Cont'd

has perhaps been the most elusive. To judge by the current exhibition, which includes work from the past twenty-five years, this is more a function of exposure than of the art itself. There are delicate elfin sculptures, described as "Bronze Castings of Potentially Endangered Trees," contemplative mud paintings of California and New York City, and a process-oriented sculpture consisting of huge dirt-covered plaster forms strewn across the floor. An upright plastic box filled with crystals, which have been in a constant state of transformation since the piece was made, in 1966, could provide an excellent history lesson to some of the young science-fair sculptors. Sonfist's most significant work is his public art, represented here by photo-documents of such projects as "Time Landscape," a precolonial forest the artist planted in 1965 at the northeast corner of Houston and LaGuardia, which remains one of New York's most intelligent and resilient public art works. Through July 27. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Karsten Wittke—These painterly Pop abstractions in electric colors, which refer to Lichtenstein, Johns, and Krushenick, are cleverly constructed but do not encourage one to linger. Through July 13. (Good, 532 Broadway. Closed Mondays and July 3-4.)

"Newer Sculpture"—Perhaps an analogue to the Whitney's recent "New Sculpture 1965-75" exhibition, this show features works by some fine artists, including Lynda Benglis, Keith Sonnier, Alan Saret, and Bruce Nauman, all represented at the Whitney. It contains a knockout work or two—a Nancy Graves bone sculpture is the most notable—but it lacks substance and coherence. Through July 31. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway. Closed July 2-4.)

Group Shows—At **Gladstone**, 99 Greene St.: A cool and moody summer exhibition, including a Robert Gober "sink," here looking very Standard, indeed; a big airy stretch of graphic wall scripture—"As If It Had Not"—by the cryptically wise Lawrence Weiner; and a group of large, velvety photographs, melancholic and terribly beautiful, by Craigie Horsfield, a public-schooled Englishman looking downward, leftward, and eastward. Horsfield's pictures have something in common with the films of Alain Tanner—an erotics, perhaps, and a feeling of sensuous alienation. Through July 27. (Closed July 2-4.) . . . **Gorney**, 100 Greene St.: A summerfest for artist strategists, including Sarah Charlesworth, whose work—art-directed layouts fit for a shelter magazine—runs shallow but wears well. Also, assorted works of varying appeal by Michael Jenkins, Thomas Locher, Peter Nadin, and Haim Steinbach. Through July 27. (Closed July 3-4.) . . . **Klagsbrun**, 51 Greene St.: This is definitely the strangest group show in town, and the oddest works are by Joe Scanlan, a young Chicago artist. Chief among them are a sculpture consisting of rickety wood bookshelves, some levelled with pennies, and a series of wide, handmade candles with titles like "Pop Tarts" and "Cheerios." In any other context these dorm-room decorations would be too ordinary to mention, but as art they are truly bizarre. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays and July 3-4.) . . . **Marcus**, 578 Broadway: Although the traditional summer "new talent" show seems to be a dying breed, this gallery has pulled together a handsome grouping of four lesser-knowns. Thomas Kovachevich (not quite the newest kid on the block) has produced a highly effective wall installation with curled tape, and Mary Beyt has made a series of funny grisaille portraits of dogs, along with spotlighted patterned paintings that perhaps owe too much to Peter Schuyff. Through July 6. (Closed Mondays and July 3-4.) . . . **Stux**, 155 Spring St.: The tone here is as consistent as can be: the art is gray or brown, heavily constructed while shunning craft, distressed in surface if not in spirit, glib, pseudoconceptual or pseudopainting or pseudo-fill-in-the-blank. The work is emotionally remote, occasionally poignantly so. "Impregnation" (1967), by Gerhard Hoehme, is a funny, somewhat horrific, and somehow beautiful canvas being force-fed paint through plastic tubes. Vik Muniz's old Curity diapers stained with mock Rothko, Noland, and Malevich paintings are also extremely clever. Through July 31. (The gallery will be closed July 3-4.)

Short List—**Gary Bandy**, Fawbush, 568 Broadway (through July 19); **Georg Baselitz**, Nolan, 560 Broadway (closed Mondays, through July 20); **Moe Brooker**, Kelly, 591 Broadway (through July 20); **Kang L. Chung**, Staempfli, 415 West Broadway (closed July 3-4, through July 13); **Michel Goulet**, Shainman, 560 Broadway (open Saturdays, through July 20); **Justina Hart**, Helio, 588 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through July 7); **David Hockney**, Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through July 27); **Dmitri Kantorov**, Levy, 415 West Broadway (through July 20); **Ellsworth Kelly**, 65 Thompson Street Gallery (closed Mondays, through July 31); **Jeffrey Rubin**, O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (opens at noon, closed Mondays and July 3-4, through July 13); **Teddy Schapiro**, Petersburg, 130 Prince St. (through July 27); **Joan Stolz**, Bace, 584 Broadway (closed Mondays and July 3-4, open Saturdays, through July 14); **Morihiro Wada**, Milliken, 98 Prince St. (closed Mondays and July 3-4, through July 20).

OTHER GALLERIES

Karen Finley—A bumpy but important exhibition by the controversial performance artist, who passionately takes on issues of physical, emotional, and psychological violence, and who is the most recent victim of misinformed attempts to censor art. The show consists primarily of long essays about rape, abortion, AIDS and health insurance, and the Catholic Church and homophobia, which are painted directly on baby-pink and Lake Placid-blue colored walls. "It's my body / It's not Pepsi's body / It's not Nancy Reagan's body / It's not Congress's body / It's not the Supreme Court's body," she writes in one particularly potent passage. Most of the work is fuelled by anger, but some is quite poetic and hopeful, especially a set of drawings of women embracing children and planting trees, subtitled "Faith," "Hope," and "Charity." Through July 14. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

A BOOK has just appeared that is essential to understanding the spirit, as much as the facts, surrounding the evolution of photography. Titled "From Adams to Stieglitz: Pioneers of Modern Photography" and published by Aperture, the book is a collection of essays by Nancy Newhall, whose passion for the medium did not dull her powers of observation. It could be said that Newhall and her husband, Beaumont, had a deeper influence on post-Second World War photography in America than any other individuals. Most of the essays in this book are from the period immediately after the war, when the Newhalls were a central force. Later, they became important figures in the wings, but they never lost their place as leaders in the field, as an inspiration to so many who work in photography. To this day, Beaumont Newhall's "History of Photography" is free of any sense of staleness. Nancy Newhall's writing offers us a different view of history from his; hers was a particularly intimate view. Each essay here is worth reading—our favorite is titled "Emerson's Bombshell"—and as a whole the book (available in both paperback and hardcover) captures the mood of a diverse community of photographers in a way that is rare. Newhall gives us the best of an insider's perspective, but she was no brownnose. Witness her first line in the essay called "Alfred Stieglitz: Notes for a Bibliography": " 'NO!' I said. 'I don't ever want to meet Alfred Stieglitz! I think he's a sadist, a Svengali, and possibly a charlatan.' "

Helen Chadwick—An installation made up of photographic objects and large Polaroids—most of them of raw meat products arranged on backgrounds of various fabrics. There are some additional touches, such as rococo mirrors, rococo candlesticks, and jars of pimento peppers, that make the gallery feel like a home environment. Through Aug. 11. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Short List—**Cecil Beaton**, Danziger, 415 West Broadway (closed Mondays and July 3-4, through July 13); **Marilyn Bridges**, International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8, through Sept. 2); **Mark Cohen**, Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through July 7); **Margaret Courtney-Clarke**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (closed Mondays and July 3-4, through July 13); **David Greenberg**, Sorkin, 596 Broadway (closed Mondays and July 3-4, through July 13); **Mauricio Herrador**, O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (opens at noon, closed Mondays and July 3-4, through July 13); **Nina Leen**, SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through July 14); **John Maggiotto**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (closed Mondays, through July 27); **Linnaeus Tripe** and **Suzanne Opton**, Lowinsky, 584 Broadway (closed Mondays and July 3-4, open Saturdays, through Aug. 18); **Wowe**, Engelhorn, 591 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through July 14).

At Caramoor,
conductor Andrew Litton

MUSIC

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the soloists, conductors, and composers associated with it, have been training young musicians for fifty summers at Tanglewood. The vocal seminars are especially well thought of. Phyllis Curtin has been the master teacher for more than half of Tanglewood's half-century; she was honored last summer with a recital by her various alumni. Now, for the fiftieth anniversary of the music center, there is an even bigger celebration with even more alumni: the sopranos Shirley Verrett, Evelyn Lear, Dawn Upshaw, Marni Nixon, Margaret Cusack, and Lisa Saffer; the mezzo-sopranos Joyce Castle, D'Anna Fortunato, and Rosalind Elias; the tenors John Aler, William Neill, Michael Best, Brad Cresswell, and Richard Cassilly; and the basses and baritones Thomas Paul, Sanford Sylvan, Haijing Fu, Spiro Malas, and

Sherrill Milnes. We may not like all of them equally, but they do make an impressive group. On Thursday, July 5, some of them will be accompanied by a roster of pianists quite notable in itself, and on Friday there will be an opera gala, with the orchestra under Seiji Ozawa. Our pick between the two would be the song evening, but the operatic program has its attractions, too, most notably an Act III of "Falstaff" that will offer Mr. Milnes's first appearance in the title role.

IN TOWN

The National Chorale—Martin Josman directs the thirty-plus-member choir in a program that includes works of Bernstein, Berlin, Copland, Foster, William Billings, and John Knowles Paine, plus the final scene of Weill's "Down in the Valley." (Damrosch Park Bandshell, Lincoln Center. July 3 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Andrew Bolotowsky—Flute and piccolo. A star-spangled recital of American pieces, including several based on "Yankee Doodle." With pianist Beverly Thomson Shea and assisting artists. (Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. July 4 at 12:30. No tickets necessary.)

Bargemusic—A chamber ensemble performs piano quintets by Schumann and Franck, as well as a quintet arrangement of Milhaud's "La Création du Monde." (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn, 1-718 624-4061. July 5-6 at 7:30 and July 8 at 4.)

Niedersächsische Staatsorchester Hannover—In its first New York appearance, a West German orchestra offers two separate programs. July 8 at 8: Music by Mozart and Brahms, as well as the American première of Aribert Reimann's "Concerto for Violin, Cello, and Orchestra" (written to commemorate the orchestra's three hundred and fiftieth anniversary), all led by music director George Alexander Albrecht. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.) . . . ¶ July 9 at 8: Guest conductor Peter Tiboris leads a program of music by Barber and Tchaikovsky, and the New York première of Philip Glass's "The Canyon," excerpted from a theatrical event called "Solid Ashes" and scored for full orchestra with an expanded, eight-member percussion section. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Haig Mardirosian—Organ, performing music by Julius Reubke (his Sonata in C Minor, composed a year before his death in 1857, at age twenty-four), Charles-Marie Widor (his Sixth Organ Symphony), and an early work by Maurice Duruflé (his Scherzo, Opus 2). (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. July 10 at 7. Admission by contribution.)

Ensemble Incanto—A West German violin, clarinet, and piano trio presents Debussy, Brahms, and Bartók. (Damrosch Park Bandshell, Lincoln Center. July 10 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—The opening week of the festival's twenty-fourth season features a concert version of Mozart's one-act comic opera "The Impresario," in an English adaptation by Andrew Porter. Sopranos Sally Wolf and Frances Ginsberg portray the feuding divas, Madame Heartfelt and Miss Silverytone; Vinson Cole plays the "primo tenore," Herr Vogelsang; and guest narrator Werner Klemperer is the beleaguered opera impresario, Herr Frank. The program is rounded out by the serenade "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and the Piano Concerto in C Major, K. 503, rendered by soloist Alicia de Larrocha, the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, and conductor Gerard Schwarz. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. July 10-11 at 8.)

OUT OF TOWN

Caramoor Music Festival—July 4 at 5:30: A salute to Broadway, with vocal soloists joining conductor Joel Revzen and the Orchestra of St. Luke's. . . . ¶ July 5 at 4:15: Pianist Gwendolyn Mok and the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a program of Mozart's Piano Quartet in G Minor, Brahms's String Sextet in G Major, and Charles Martin Loeffler's "Two Rhapsodies for Oboe, Viola, and Piano." . . . ¶ July 6 at 9: A generous helping of Johann Sebastian Bach: a cantata, a concerto, and two of the orchestral suites, performed by the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with soloists. . . . ¶ July 7 at 8:30: Andrew Litton conducts the Orchestra of St. Luke's in an all-Mozart evening, including the "Haffner" Symphony, the "Posthorn" Serenade, and the Piano Concerto in G Major, featuring Garrick Ohlsson as soloist. . . . ¶ July 8 at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet and clarinettist Richard Stolzman play Mozart and Beethoven. (Katonah, N.Y. Buses for Caramoor will be at the Katonah station to meet trains leaving Grand Central on Saturdays at 2:50 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2:50. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-1252.)

Tanglewood—July 5 at 8:30: A wide-ranging song recital featuring twelve notable Tanglewood alumni, including Marni Nixon, Dawn Upshaw, D'Anna Fortunato, and John Aler. . . . ¶ July 6 at 9: The world première of an overture by Lukas Foss introduces a program of opera arias and ensembles. Seiji Ozawa directs the Boston Symphony, the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, the Boston Boy Choir, and thirteen Tanglewood alumni singers, including Shirley Verrett, Richard Cassilly, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ July 7 at 8:30: Itzhak Perlman, violin, and Emanuel Ax, piano, perform sonatas by Mozart and Beethoven. . . . ¶ July 8 at 2:30: Mr. Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven concert, with Itzhak Perlman as soloist. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

Norfolk Chamber Music Festival—July 6 at 8:30: The Tokyo String Quartet, with pianist Ruth Laredo, presents works of Mozart, Dvořák, and Zemlinsky. . . . ¶ July 7 at 8:30: A varied program of chamber music, performed by the New York Woodwind Quintet. (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 542-5537.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—The opening of the orchestra's fifteenth season (through Aug. 11) with concerts in a tent at Colonial Waterloo, in Stanhope, N.J. July 7 at 8:30: Gerard Schwarz conducts the Festival Orchestra in Mussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain," David Diamond's Third Symphony, and Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto, with Alexander Toradze as soloist. (For ticket and travel information, call 1-201 347-4700.)

Rutgers SummerFest Keyboard Extravaganza—"Extravaganza" aptly describes a concert that features twelve musicians performing on ten different kinds of keyboard instruments. If Rachmaninoff on the concert grand (played by Susan Starr), Scarlatti on the harpsichord (played by Kenneth Cooper), and Haydn on the fortepiano (played by Ilana Vered) adhere to the straight and narrow, much of the concert doesn't: for example, the fifth of Paul Schonfield's "Five Days in the Life of a Manic Depressive," for piano four-hands; John Cage's "In the Name of the Holocaust," for prepared string piano; Linda Bouchard's "Swift Silver" (commissioned for this concert), for harpsichord, harmonium, and celesta; Mario Davidovsky's "Synchronisms No. 6," for piano and electronic sounds; John Zorn's "Roadrunner," performed on the accordion by Guy Klucevsek; Steven Mayer playing his own transcriptions of intricate jazz improvisations by Art Tatum; and excerpts from Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," rendered by "synthesizer programmer" Christopher Thall. Two pieces by Conlon Nancarrow dispense with live performers entirely, relying instead on two mechanical Vorsetzers to tickle the ivories of two upright pianos (though overseen—via Macintosh computer—by a reclusive musical technician named Trimpin, who has devised a mechanism that is said to "capture the exact tempo-related structures of hand-punched player piano rolls"). (Nicholas Music Center at Rutgers Arts Center, George St. at Rte. 18, New Brunswick, N.J. 1-201 932-7511. July 7 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK

PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Jackson Browne—Lately, he has made more of a name for himself as an organizer of benefits than as a musician, but his first record in three years, "World in Motion," was recently released and will, no doubt, be the centerpiece of these concerts. Although many of his recent songs are filled with grave political meaning, some of his older, more romantic numbers still deliver quite an emotional punch. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. July 9-11 at 8.)

Crosby, Stills & Nash—It is a tribute to the enduring charm and emblematic prominence of their music from 1969 and 1970 that this trio never lost their audience during one of the most attenuated and blighted second acts in the history of American pop. Having shed the albatross of superstardom, they have sailed into something resembling a serene third act, and if the group seems diminished perhaps this says more about our memories and desires than it does about David, Stephen, and Graham, and their right to be substance-free, alive and kicking, and merely very, very talented. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. July 10 at 8.)

Angelina Réaux—Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-7190. July 4 at 5.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Vs. the Houston Astros, July 3 at 7:35 and July 4 at 7:05.

Yankees—Vs. the Minnesota Twins, July 6 at 7:30, July 7 at 3, and July 8 at 1:30.

All-Star Game—July 10, at Wrigley Field, in Chicago.

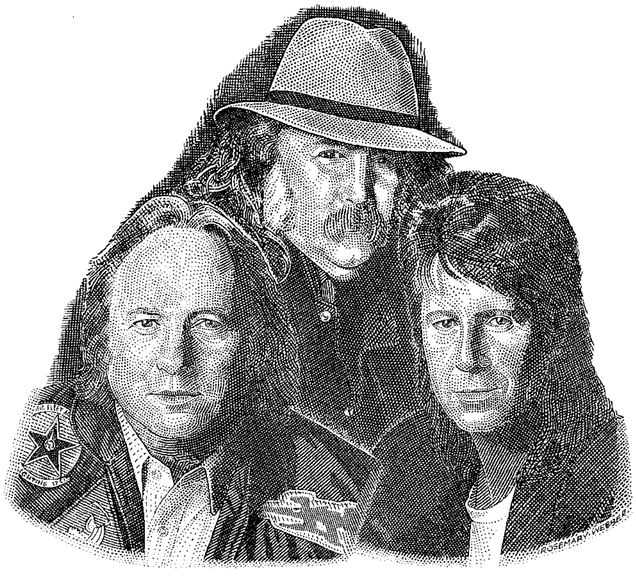
(Home base for the Mets is Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Suburban Handicap is on July 4; the Coaching Club American Oaks, July 8. Through July 30. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. . . . At the Atlantic City Race Course: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:25. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. Through Aug. 18. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Mondays through Saturdays at 7:45. Racing starts at 6 on July 3, and at 1:15 on July 4.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

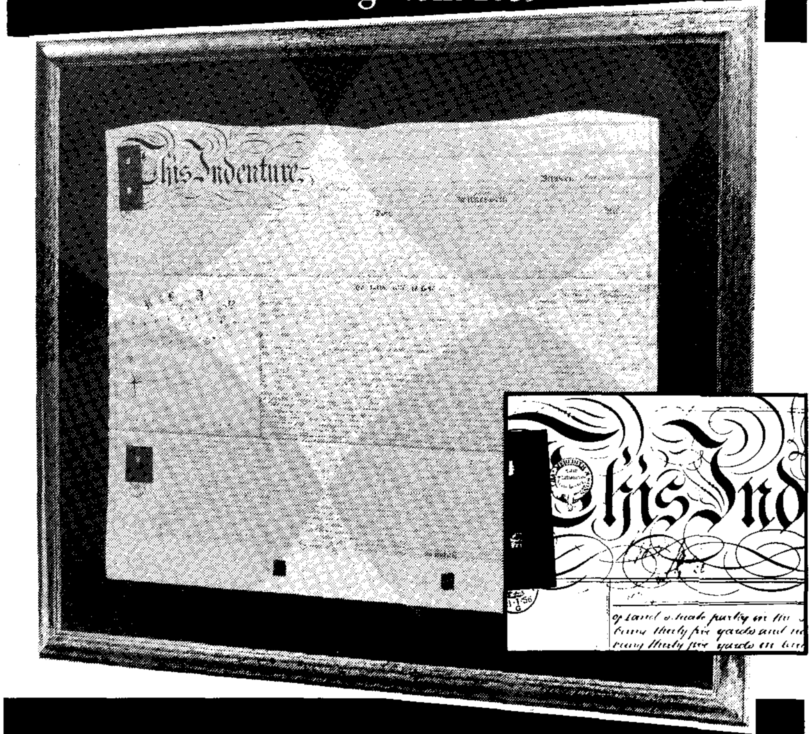
The Glorious Fourth—Cap your day of picnics and softball with a stroll along the F.D.R. Drive (closed from 14th to 42nd Streets that evening) to the banks of the East River. At 9:20, from the deck of a barge there, the party-happy Macy's people will ignite more



Stephen Stills, David Crosby, and Graham Nash

A Once-in-a-lifetime Discovery

Genuine handwritten English manuscripts dating from 1689



A Once-in-a-lifetime Opportunity

To acquire a rare piece of England's Heritage

Painstakingly handwritten centuries ago, these documents have lain uncovered for generations.

Each is signed and sealed on wax parchment and phrased in the legal language of a bygone age.

We are permitted, for the first time in history, to dispose of these unique, historical documents which relate to property in famous English cities.

Once framed, they not only present a visually attractive and unusual display, but will become a valuable collectors' piece.

Dating from the late 17th Century in the reign of William III to the early part of this century and measuring from 28"x15" up to 40"20"* the supply of these rare manuscripts is **strictly limited.**

You may select your preference below and we will endeavour to satisfy your request.

These indentures will undoubtedly become an heirloom and a glowing testament to centuries of glorious English history.

PLEASE DEDUCT MY AMEX ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD ☐

CARD NO. ______________________ EXP. DATE ____________

I WISH TO ACQUIRE THE FOLLOWING DOCUMENT(S); *(State 1st, 2nd & 3rd Choice in Order of Preference)*

	QTY	PREF
1700-1749 at $2500	☐	☐
1750-1799 at $1500	☐	☐
1800-1849 at $450	☐	☐
1850-1899 at $350	☐	☐
1900-1908 at $250	☐	☐

Name..............................

Address..............................

....

City.................. Zip Code..................

I would especially like to be considered for the rare17th Century documents at $10,000 ☐

MAIL THIS COUPON TO:
MPM (UK),10th FLOOR, 45 EAST 20th ST., NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003 - 1308.

Please add $25 air freight and insurance and allow 6 weeks for delivery.
*As personal taste differs and due to the value of these documents they will be provided unframed and you may choose your own bespoke presentation. **All manuscripts supplied with certificate of authenticity**

Joe Cocker at Jones Beach

than ten thousand shells, resulting in such shapes as butterflies, silver swallows, and peonies. For a preview, head down to the South Street Seaport on July 3, where fans of pyrotechnics will be given a treat at 9:30.

JONES BEACH THEATRE—July 3: **CHICAGO**. . . . ¶ July 6-7: Heart. . . . ¶ July 8: A great night of hard-drinkin' blues music. **JOE COCKER** has been wailing spastically for more than twenty years, and his harsh, edge-of-hysteria voice has lost none of its power. **STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN**, who plays white-hot blues guitar with his full-tilt boogie band, Double Trouble, works the R. & B. tradition to the bone. His growling House Is Rockin' vocals and his sharp, no-nonsense songwriting, particularly on his latest album, "In Step," blow away his peers (Clapton, Thorogood, etc.) and make for a rousing show. . . . ¶ July 11: Unlike the thawed-out dinosaurs of last summer's rock-concert circuit, the bands in this year's "Escape from New York" tour are congenitally anti-nostalgic and incapable of projecting endomorphic self-importance. The **RAMONES**, that gloriously dumb-as-a-fence-post agglomeration for the Bart Simpson in all of us, will be appearing as themselves; the rest of the lineup is essentially Blondie (**DEBBIE HARRY** with roommate Chris Stein) and Talking Heads (keyboard player Jerry Harrison and the rhythm section of Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz, minus the busy-being-artsy David Byrne). Harrison is using his nom de solo projects, **CASUAL GODS**, and Weymouth and Frantz are using the name **TOM TOM CLUB**, but they'll merely be trading the spotlight in front of the same band. In other words, it's the reunion of CBGB's class of '76, a night of pallor under the stars. (1-516 221-1000. Evenings at 8.)

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT SWING"—Evenings of swing dancing by the fountain in Lincoln Center Plaza. July 5: The Rebels. . . . ¶ July 6: The Duke's Men. . . . ¶ July 7: Swing Fever. . . . ¶ July 11: Raul Jaurena and Marga Mitchell. (Evenings at 9. Admission at the gate on the nights of the dances.)

CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE—July 5 at 7:30: Vincent La Selva conducts the New York Grand Opera in a performance of Verdi's Requiem. . . . ¶ July 6 at 8:30: Carl Bernstein reads from his memoir, "Loyalties," and Eliot Asinof speaks about his life. . . . ¶ July 7 at 3: Curtis Mayfield and J. J. Jumpers. . . . ¶ July 8 at 3: Baaba Maal and Futu Futu. (Rumsey Playground, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary. For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

PIER 84—July 8 at 6:30: "Reggae Sunsplash," with Burning Spear, Freddie McGregor, Marcia Griffiths, Shinehead, U Roy, and others. . . . ¶ July 10 at 7:30: Jean Luc Ponty and the Stanley Jordan trio. (Twelfth Ave. at 43rd. St. For information about tickets, call 247-4777.)

PAUL McCARTNEY—Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. July 9 and July 11 at 8.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Jesus of Montreal" (directed by Denys Arcand, in French), with Lothaire Bluteau.

Theatre 2: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover"(†).

Theatre 3: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Theatre 4: "Without You I'm Nothing" (John Boskovich), with Sandra Bernhard.

Theatre 5: "How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired" (Jacques W. Benoit; in French), with Isaach De Bankolé.

Theatre 6: Through July 5: "RoboCop 2." From July 6: "Sleeper" (1973) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972), both directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

From July 5: A series of formerly banned Czech films, 1963-90.

July 6-7: "Tiré au Flanc" (1927, Jean Renoir; silent); and "The Golden Coach" (1953, Renoir), with Anna Magnani.

July 8 and 10: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935, Jean Renoir; in French), with René Lefèvre and Jules Berry; and "The Lower Depths" (†).

From July 11: "La Vie Est à Nous" (1939, Jean Renoir) and "Nana" (1926, Renoir; silent).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).

Theatre 2: "Days of Thunder" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Theatre 3: Through July 10: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†). From July 11: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)

Through July 3: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).

From July 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Days of Thunder" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Theatre 2: "Total Recall" (†).

Theatre 3: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte.

Theatre 4: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Theatre 5: "Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Molly Ringwald.

Theatre 6: "Days of Thunder."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Dick Tracy" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through July 3: "Back to the Future Part III" (†).

From July 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte.

Theatre 2: "Days of Thunder" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Theatre 3: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Longtime Companion" (†).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Pretty Woman" (†).

Theatre 2: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through July 10: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Alec Baldwin.

From July 11: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Bird on a Wire" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Days of Thunder" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Theatre 2: "Days of Thunder."

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through July 3: "Back to the Future Part III" (†). From July 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Theatre 2: Through July 3: "Back to the Future Part III" (†). From July 4: "Die Hard 2."

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Dick Tracy" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Misadventures of Mr. Wilt (Michael Tuchner), with Mel Smith and Griff Rhys Jones.

Theatre 3: "Imported Bridegroom" (Pamela Berger).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 5: "Total Recall" (†). From July 6: "Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte.

Theatre 2: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Cadillac Man" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Days of Thunder" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte.

Theatre 2: Through July 3: "Another 48 Hrs." From July 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).

Theatre 2: "Dick Tracy" (†).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Monsieur Hire" (directed by Patrice Leconte; in French), with Michel Blanc and Sandrine Bonnaire.

Theatre 2: "The Big Dis" (Gordon Eriksen and John O'Brien).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte.

Theatre 2: Through July 3: "Another 48 Hrs." From July 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th (674-6515)

"Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through July 5: "Pretty Woman" (†). From July 6: "Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film.

Theatre 2: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Dick Tracy" (†).

Theatre 2: "Dick Tracy" (†).

Theatre 3: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.

Theatre 4: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Theatre 2: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).

Theatre 3: "Bird on a Wire" (†).

Theatre 4: Through July 3: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (†). From July 4: "Die Hard 2."

Theatre 5: Through July 3: "Strapless" (David Hare), with Blair Brown, Bruno Ganz, and Bridget Fonda. From July 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Theatre 6: "Longtime Companion" (†).

Theatre 7: "Henry V" (†).

Theatre 8: Through July 10: "Back to the Future Part III" (†). From July 11: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay.

Theatre 9: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†); and (evenings only) "My Left Foot" (†).

Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (†).

Theatre 3: Through July 5: "Cadillac Man" (†). From July 6: "Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Dick Tracy" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Theatre 2: Through July 10: "Back to the Future Part III" (†). From July 11: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay.

Theatre 3: "Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.

Theatre 4: Through July 5: "Bird on a Wire" (†). From July 6: "Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film.

Theatre 5: (Matinées only) "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†); and (evenings only) "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).

Theatre 6: "Without You I'm Nothing" (John Boskovich), with Sandra Bernhard.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St. (765-7600)

"Days of Thunder" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Longtime Companion" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Children of Paradise" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through July 5: "Henry V" (†).

From July 6: "Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Cadillac Man" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)

"Pretty Woman" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.

Theatre 3: "May Fools" (Louis Malle; in French), with Michel Piccoli and Miou-Miou.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

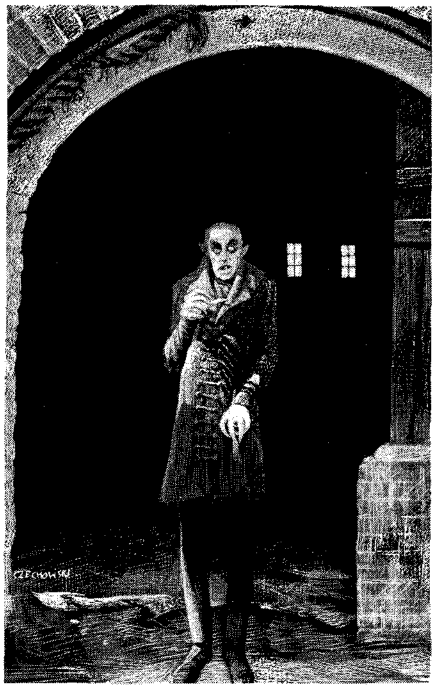
"Total Recall" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.

Theatre 2: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte.

Theatre 3: "Dick Tracy" (†).



Max Schreck in "Nosferatu"

Theatre 4: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).

Theatre 5: "Days of Thunder" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Theatre 6: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: Through July 5: "Back to the Future Part III" (†). From July 6: "Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film.

Theatre 2: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through July 3: "Q & A" (†). From July 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Theatre 2: Through July 3: "Bird on a Wire" (†). From July 4: "Die Hard 2."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Guardian" (directed by William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrave.

Theatre 3: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).

Theatre 4: Through July 3: "Q & A" (†). From July 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Theatre 5: "The Game."

Theatre 6: "Total Recall" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Dick Tracy" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Theatre 3: "RoboCop 2."

Theatre 4: "RoboCop 2."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through July 10: "Back to the Future Part III" (†). From July 11: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay.

Theatre 2: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Alec Baldwin.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired" (Jacques W. Benoit), with Isaach De Bankolé.

Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through July 3: "Ever in My Heart" (1933, directed by Archie Mayo), with Barbara Stanwyck, Ralph Bellamy, and Otto Kruger; "Dark Hazard" (1934, Alfred E. Green), with Edward G. Robinson, Genevieve Tobin, and Glenda Farrell; and "Gambling Lady" (1936, Mayo), with Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, and Pat O'Brien.

July 4-5: "B. F.'s Daughter" (1948, Robert Z. Leonard), with Barbara Stanwyck and Van Heflin; and "East Side, West Side" (1949, Mervyn Le Roy), with Stanwyck, James Mason, and Ava Gardner.

July 6-7: "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" (1938, Anatole Litvak), with Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart, Claire Trevor, and Donald Crisp; and "The Stranger" (1946, Orson Welles), with Robinson, Loretta Young, and Welles.

July 8-9: "Executive Suite" (1954, Robert Wise), with William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, and Fredric March; and "Golden Boy" (†).

July 10-11: "Two Weeks in Another Town" (†); and "The Violent Men" (1955, Rudolph Maté), with Glenn Ford, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson.

Cinema Village, 22 W. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 3: "We the Living" (1942, Goffredo Alessandrini; in Italian), with Alida Valli and Rossano Brazzi.

July 4-5: "Lolita" (1962, Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964, Kubrick), with Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

July 6-7: "Batman" (1989, Tom Burton), with Jack Nicholson and Michael Keaton; and "Beetlejuice" (†).

July 8: "Children of Paradise"(†).

July 9-10: "Autumn Sonata" (1978, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (†).

From July 11: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "El" ("This Strange Passion"; 1952, Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Through July 3: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940, John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell; and "Les Misérables" (1952, Lewis Milestone), with Michael Rennie.

July 4-5: "The French They Are a Funny Race" (1957, Preston Sturges), with Martine Carol, Jack Buchanan, and Noël-Noël; and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941, Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

July 6-8: "Diabolique" (1955, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "The Wages of Fear" (1953, Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

July 9-10: "The Phantom Carriage" (1921, Victor Sjöström; silent); and "Nosferatu" (†).

From July 11: "Repulsion" (1965, Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "The Tenant" (1976, Polanski).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 2: "Luna" (1979, Bernardo Bertolucci), with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry; and "The Conformist" (1970, Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

July 3: "Queen Bee" (1955, Ranald MacDougall), with Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan, Betsy Palmer, and John Ireland; and "Harriet Craig" (1950, Vincent Sherman), with Crawford and Wendell Corey.

July 4: "It Happened One Night" (1934, Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable; and "Twentieth Century" (1934, Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes.

July 5: "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942, William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley; and "The Petrified Forest" (1936, Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.

July 6-7: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958, Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "The Night of the Iguana" (1964, John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon.

July 8: "Jezebel" (1938, William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940, Wyler), with Davis and Herbert Marshall.

July 9: "Doktor Mabuse" (1922, Fritz Lang; silent), with Rudolf Klein-Rogge.

July 10: "Murder Most Foul" (1965, George Pollock) and "Murder She Said" (1962, Pollock), both with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

July 11: "The Sun Also Rises" (†); and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952, Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: July 2 at noon: "The Prisoner of Shark Island" (1936, directed by John Ford), with Warner Baxter, Gloria Stuart, and Harry Carey. . . . ¶ July 2 at 2:30: "To Mary, with Love" (1936, John Cromwell), with Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, and Claire Trevor. . . . ¶ July 2 at 6: "Thanks a Million" (1935, Roy Del Ruth), with Dick Powell, Ann Dvorak, and Fred Allen. . . . ¶ July 3 at noon: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (1938, Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Ethel Merman. . . . ¶ July 3 at 2:30: "Wake Up and Live" (1937, Sidney Lanfield), with Alice Faye, Walter Winchell, Jack Haley, and Patsy Kelly. . . . ¶ July 3 at 6: "King of Burlesque" (1935, Sidney Lanfield), with Warner Baxter, Alice Faye, and Jack Oakie. . . . ¶ July 5 at noon: "The Little Princess" (1939, Walter Lang), with Shirley Temple, Richard Greene, and Anita Louise. . . . ¶ July 5 at 2:30: "Heidi" (1937, Allan Dwan), with Shirley Temple and Jean Hersholt. . . . ¶ July 5 at 6: "Banjo on My Knee" (1936, John Cromwell), with Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, and Walter Brennan. . . . ¶ July 6 at noon: "Three Blind Mice" (1938, William A. Seiter), with Loretta Young, Joel McCrea, and David Niven. . . . ¶ July 6 at 2:30: "Straight, Place and Show" (1938, David Butler), with the Ritz Brothers, Ethel Merman, and Richard Arlen; and "Think Fast, Mr. Moto" (1937, Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre and Virginia Field. . . . ¶ July 6 at 6: "The Prisoner of Shark Island." . . . ¶ July 7 at noon: "Heidi." . . . ¶ July 7 at 2:30: "To Mary, with Love." . . . ¶ July 7 at 5: "Wake Up and Live." . . . ¶ July 8 at noon: "The Little Princess." . . . ¶ July 8 at 2:30: "Alexander's Ragtime Band." . . . ¶ July 8 at 5: "Suez" (1938, Allan Dwan), with Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, and Annabella. . . . ¶ July 9 at noon: "Rise and Shine" (1941, Allan Dwan), with Jack Oakie, George Murphy, and Linda Darnell. . . . ¶ July 9 at 2:30: "Suez." . . . ¶ July 9 at 6: "Straight, Place and Show" and "Think Fast, Mr. Moto." . . . ¶ July 10 at noon: "Man Hunt" (1941, Fritz Lang), with Walter Pidgeon, Joan Bennett, and George Sanders . . . . ¶ July 10 at 3: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940, John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell . . . . ¶ July 10 at 6: "Swamp Water" (1941, Jean Renoir), with Walter Brennan, Dana Andrews, Anne Baxter, and Walter Huston.

THEATRE 2: July 2 at 3: "General Della Rovere" (1959, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Vittorio Caprioli, Vittorio De Sica, and Hannes Messemer. . . . ¶ July 3 at 3: "The Middle of the World" (1984, Alain Tanner; in French), with Juliet Berto, Olimpia Carlisi, and Philippe Léotard. . . . ¶ July 3 at 6: "General Della Rovere." . . . ¶ July 5 at 3: "Open City" (1945, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Aldo Fabrizi, Anna Magnani, and Marcello Pagliero. . . . ¶ July 5 at 6: "Illicit Interlude" (1951, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Maj-Britt Nilsson, Birger Malmsten, and Alf Kjellin. . . . ¶ July 6 at 3: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Eva Dahlbeck, Margit Carlquist, and Harriet Andersson. . . . ¶ July 6 at 6: "Monika" (1952, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Lars Ekborg, and John Harryson. . . . ¶ July 7 at 2:30: "Smiles of a Summer Night." . . . ¶ July 7 at 5: "Illicit Interlude." . . . ¶ July 8 at 2:30: "Monika." . . . ¶ July 8 at 5: "Smiles of a Summer Night."

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," dramas shown on television over the past thirty years. July 3-7: George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber's "The Royal Family" (1977, PBS), with Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, and Ellis Raab. . . . From July 10: Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse's "The Great Sebastians" (1957, NBC), with Alfred Lunt and Lynn

Fontanne. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, Wednesdays, except July 4, through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Reiner Moritz Collection." July 3-7: "Matisse" (1989, Didier Baussy), a documentary. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Thursday through Saturday at 2. . . . July 3-7: "The Shock of the New, Episode I" (1979), a documentary. Showings Tuesday and Thursday through Saturday at 3:15. . . . From July 10: "Picasso" (1986, Didier Baussy), a documentary. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . From July 10: "Masterworks: Museum of Modern Art" (1989, Reiner E. Moritz). Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:30.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—July 11 at 12:30 and 6: "Ninotchka" (1939, Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ina Clair, and Bela Lugosi. . . . ¶ July 11 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Camille" (1936, George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, and Elizabeth Allan.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3939)—July 6 at 7: "Ludwig" (1972, Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, and Trevor Howard. . . . ¶ July 7 at 4 and 6:30: "Yaaba" (1988, Idrissa Ouedraogo; an African film, in Moré). . . . ¶ July 7 at 7: "Rashomon" (1951, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, and Masayuki Mori.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—July 6 at 1 and 3:30: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1973, Melvin Van Peebles), with Van Peebles, Mario Peebles, and John Amos; and "Making 'Do the Right Thing' " (1989; St. Claire Boume), a documentary. . . . ¶ July 6 at 6:30: "Malcolm X: By Any Means Necessary," a documentary; and "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cook, Paula Kelly, Janet League, and J. A. Preston. . . . ¶ July 7 at 1 and 4:10: "Dolemite" (1974, D'Urville Martin), with Rudy Ray Moore, Lady Reed, and Martin; and "Super Soul Brother" (1976), with Wildman Steve. . . . ¶ July 7 at 6:30: "James Brown & the History of Rock 'n Roll, Part 3," over three hours of rock, soul, and blues on film. . . . ¶ July 8 at 2 and 5: "I'm Gonna Get You Sucka" (1988, Keenen Ivory Wayans), with Jim Brown, Isaac Hayes, Antonio Fargas, Bernie Casey, and Wayans; and "Darktown Strutters" (1974, William Witney), with Trina Parks, Stan Shaw, and Robert Mosley. . . . ¶ July 8 at 7: "Black Orpheus" (1960, Marcel Camus), with Marpessa Dawn and Breno Melo; and "Fields of Endless Day" (1978, Terence McCarthey-Filgate), with Lili Clark, Winston Sutton, and Ricardo Keens-Douglas.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Back to the Future Part III—The last installment of the "Back to the Future" series brings the story of the suburban kid Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox) and the mad inventor Doc Brown (Christopher Lloyd) to a graceful, almost leisurely conclusion. Most of the picture takes place in 1885, in the Old West, where the specially rigged DeLorean that has been whipping Marty and Doc back and forth in time runs out of gas. Stalled in a Western, these time travellers from the manic, jumped-up nineteen-eighties adjust their internal clocks and do what characters in Westerns do: they wait. The movie settles into a deliberate and rather soothing rhythm, as if the filmmakers—director Robert Zemeckis and writer Bob Gale—knew there was no point in getting themselves, and us, all het up. The relaxing light-vaudeville mood is a welcome break from the strenuous time-hopping of the first two installments. (It's poky, and it's also a touch boring.) While Zemeckis and Gale are biding their time, setting things up for their frantic grand finale, they keep us amused with an eccentric romance between Doc and a schoolmarm played by Mary Steenburgen. Lloyd and Steenburgen are hilariously well matched—they have perfectly compatible styles of celestial goofiness—and their moonbeam love story is the movie's one true inspiration. Also with Thomas F. Wilson.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/18/90.) (Bijou Cinema, Bay Cinema, Baronet, and Coronet; through July 3. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through July 5. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and National Twin; through July 10.)

Beetlejuice (1988)—Set in an idyllic New England town, this farce about the afterlife is a variant on "Topper" (1937) and "The Old Dark House" (1932). A devoted, home-loving young couple (Alec Baldwin and Geena Davis) are drowned in a car accident, and when they return to their house as ghosts they are miffed by the redecorating of the New Yorkers who have bought it. Too mild to scare these intruders away, they call upon the services of the rutty little demon Betelgeuse (pronounced Beetlejuice). Michael Keaton plays the part, and his uninhibited comic performance is like an exploding head. He isn't onscreen nearly enough—when he is, he shoots the film sky-high. The story is bland and the movie is slow to get going, but with crazy comedy you settle for the moments of inspiration, and this picture has them. The young director, Tim Burton, takes stabs into the irrational and the incongruous; the film's blandness is edged with near-genius (and some great special effects). The smudge-faced blond Catherine O'Hara, who's the possessor of the freakiest blue-eyed stare since early Gene Wilder, is brilliant as the madwoman who is the new lady of the house. Also with Sylvia Sidney, as a caseworker in the social-services bureaucracy of the dead, and Winona Ryder, Jeffrey Jones, and Glenn Shadix. The story is by Michael McDowell and Larry Wilson; the screenplay is by McDowell and Warren Skaaren.—P.K. (4/18/88) (Cinema Village; July 6-7.)

Bird on a Wire—Goldie Hawn being crushingly cute.—P.K. (Plaza and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Olympia; through July 3. . . . ¶ Worldwide Cinemas; through July 5.)

Cadillac Man—This shaggy comedy about a Queens auto salesman is full of small, accidental-seeming pleasures—the joys of resourcefulness. It's a movie of bits and pieces, a patchwork of motions and wayward inspirations, and it probably shouldn't work at all. But it's more than funny enough to wear down our resistance. The screenwriter, Ken Friedman, has peopled his story with more than a dozen vivid characters, and the director, Roger Donaldson, has given the actors plenty of room; everyone in this movie makes an impression. As the salesman, Joey O'Brien, Robin Williams is brilliant throughout, and he's surrounded by strong actors in sharply written roles—each one gives him something different to react to. Joey, whose passions are sex and selling, has an ex-wife, a teen-age daughter, and two girlfriends; he owes twenty thousand dollars to a mobster; and he's in danger of losing his job. Fran Drescher is hilarious as one of the girlfriends, Joy: she combines sexy wheedling and flat-out nagging in a completely original way. And Pamela Reed, as Joey's ex-wife, is splendid. Funniest of all is Tim Robbins, who plays Larry, the jealous husband of the dealership's receptionist (Annabella Sciorra); halfway through the picture, he drives his motorcycle through the showroom's plate-glass window and takes everyone hostage. Robbins' acting is explosive—totally unpredictable; watching the way he moves and listening to how he reads his lines, we keep asking ourselves, "Where did *that* come from?" Wherever this performance comes from, it's sensational. Also with Lori Petty, Paul Guilfoyle, and Elaine Stritch.—T.R. (6/4/90) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through July 5.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—This lushly romantic creation, directed by Marcel Carné and written by Jacques Prévert, is a one-of-a-kind film, a sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performance. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. It was made during the Occupation, and it is said that the starving extras made away with some of the banquets before they could be photographed. With Jean-Louis Barrault as the soulful mime Deburau (the Pierrot—Barrault sucks in his cheeks so much that he sometimes suggests Dietrich); the incomparable Arletty as Garance; Pierre Brasseur as the Shakespearean actor Lemaître (the Harlequin); Louis Salou as the count; Marcel Herrand as the philosophical murderer; Pierre Renoir as the ragpicker-informer; and Maria Casarès, who has the unrewarding role of the theatre manager's daughter, who marries Deburau and becomes the mother of an abominable offspring. (The child is pure Hollywood.) In French.—P.K. (Paris. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; July 8.)

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover—A movie about a crude British thug, Albert Spica (Michael Gambon), whose favorite

The prime of Errol Flynn was in the thirties, but shortly before his death in October, 1959, the venerable swashbuckler mastered a new specialty—playing dissolute men of the world in parts that matched his offscreen image. John Huston recalled that when shooting a film with Flynn in Africa he'd see the actor "sitting alone night after night in the middle of the compound with a book, reading by the light of a Coleman lantern. There was always a bottle of vodka on the camp table beside him. When I went to sleep he was there, and when I woke up in the middle of the night I'd see him still sitting there—the book open, but Errol not reading any longer, just looking into his future, I think, of which there wasn't very much left."

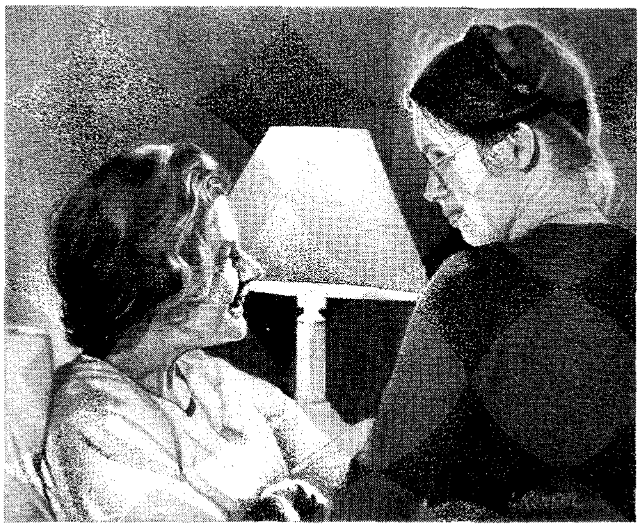
It's a scene right out of Flynn's first big acerbic drunk role, in Darryl F. Zanuck's 1957 production of Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises" (playing July 11 at Theatre 80 St. Marks), directed by Henry King. As Mike Campbell, the ruined upper-crust Scot tearing through Europe in the twenties, Flynn has a desperate gaiety, as if he's determined to laugh at his disappearing credit. Whether miming a bullfight or goading a jerk, Flynn seems to be sending up his own faded gallantry. Along with Eddie Albert as the amiable Bill Gorton and (surprisingly) Mel Ferrer as the insufferable Robert Cohn, Flynn comes off best in this ambitious movie. Zanuck vowed to screenwriter Peter Viertel, "No one will be debollicked in this one, except where Hemingway has done it himself to one of the characters." The adaptation is uncommonly faithful and literate, but the director never finds a movie equivalent of the Hemingway style. The lead figures—Tyrone Power's Jake Barnes and Ava Gardner's Lady Brett Ashley—emphasize the conventional heartbreak in the story over Hemingway's pity and irony. It's Flynn you remember, wearing his despair on his tartan vest, and turning his self-awareness into star character acting.

method of terrorizing people is ramming things down their throats. Albert himself eats only haute cuisine; he and his wife (Helen Mirren) dine every night at a posh restaurant called Le Hollandais. This is an Art Movie, refined and terribly formal; the director, Peter Greenaway (who also wrote the script), places this barbarian smack in the middle of "painterly" compositions and encourages us to see him as a steaming hunk of offal desecrating the beauty of an artist's creation. He looks at Albert with the disdainful stare that the pukka sahib directs at a servant who has inconvenienced him. Greenaway, however, has a lot more in common with his loutish protagonist than he thinks. He obviously regards himself as an aesthetic virtuoso, but he's just a cultural omnivore. (He chews with his mouth open—we can identify almost every piece of art that has fed his imagination.) The only thing in this movie's tidy, hermetic universe that Greenaway is unable to control, or disguise with fancy brushwork, is his loathing of the body. The movie features several gross-out scenes, including a climactic act of cannibalism; the Motion Picture Association of America gave it an X rating. (The distributors released it unrated.) What's offensive about the picture, though, isn't its violence or its visceral shocks but the patrician arrogance, the smug aestheticism, the snobbishness that suffuse every frame. Greenaway is an intellectual bully: he pushes us to the ground and kicks art in our faces. Also with Alan Howard (the Lover) and Richard Bohringer (the Cook). Cinematography by Sacha Vierny.—T.R. (5/7/90) (Angelika Film Center, and 59th Street East Cinema. . . . ¶ Worldwide Cinemas. Evenings only.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, and with bloodred backgrounds, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. With Erland Josephson as the doctor, and Anders Ek as Isak. In Swedish.—P.K. (Cinema Village; July 9-10.)

Dick Tracy—This isn't the kind of crass crowd-pleaser we've become accustomed to; its dullness is of the old-fashioned variety. Everything but the film's bold, striking comic-strip visual design (created by Richard Sylbert and photographed by Vittorio Storaro) is low-key. Warren Beatty directed and plays the title role. His performance is recessive almost to the point of perversity. In Chester Gould's comic strip, Dick Tracy always seemed like a tough, aggressive, no-nonsense guy: Beatty's Tracy is a ditherer. And his tentativeness as an actor here is matched by the dreamy, distracted quality of his direction. The picture has no drive; its style is less "Dick Tracy" than "Classics Illustrated." It's pleasant, lovingly detailed, and eye-filling. It's everything a movie can be except interesting. Some of the actors are fun to watch: Madonna, as Breathless Mahoney, vamps entertainingly; Glenne Headly does an expert spunky-gal turn as Tess Trueheart, the hero's long-suffering girlfriend; and Al Pacino, as a sleazy mobster named Big Boy Caprice, creates a memorable comic grotesque. Also with William Forsythe (Flattop), Dustin Hoffman (Mumbles), Mandy Patinkin (88 Keys), R. G. Armstrong (Pruneface), Paul Sorvino (Lips Manlis), Charlie Korsmo, Charles Durning, Estelle Parsons, Dick Van Dyke, and James Caan. The script is credited to Jim Cash and Jack Epps, Jr. (with the writer Bo Goldman listed as "special consultant"). Score by Danny Elfman; original songs by Stephen Sondheim.—T.R. (7/2/90) (Gramercy, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Quad Cinema, Guild, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Golden Boy (1939)—William Holden—young, sensitive, and handsome—as the violinist turned prizefighter, in an only semi-reprehensible version of the Clifford Odets play, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The role of Lorna Moon was built up to be large enough for Barbara Stanwyck, and the play was softened, rearranged, and wrenched around to provide for a happy ending. Yet the Odets material still has its dramatic pull, and Lee J. Cobb as the boy's father, Sam Levene as his taxi-driver brother-in-law, and Joseph Calleia as the slimy gangster out to corrupt him bring back some of the ambience of the New York theatre in Odets' impassioned heyday. Adolphe Menjou plays the prizefight manager.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; July 8-9.)



At the Cinema Village, Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann in "Autumn Sonata"

Gremlins 2 The New Batch—The director, Joe Dante, and his team (which includes the screenwriter Charlie Haas and the effects supervisor Rick Baker) have made a multi-million-dollar, special-effects-crammed picture that has the loose, improvisatory feel of the great Warner Brothers cartoons of the forties and fifties. They're fearless and indefatigable gagsters, and the movie is smarter, wilder, and more unfettered than the original "Gremlins" (1984). There's an ideal setting for the gremlins' rampaging consumption; they've been let loose in a state-of-the-art Manhattan office building and mall called the Clamp Centre (after Daniel Clamp, the egotistical developer who built it). This towering steel-and-glass wedge is a monument to the runaway acquisitiveness of the eighties, and by the time the little monsters have chomped and guzzled (and sung and danced) their way through its cheerless offices and boutiques, Dante and his collaborators have trashed—or at least lobbed spitballs at—quite a few of the most unattractive aspects of life in these United States. "Gremlins 2" openly mocks the inane monster-movie premise of the original film, parodies as many other pictures as it has time for, and even has the nerve to poke fun at its own marketing. In its adolescent way, it's almost subversive: a high-spirited combination of Looney Tunes principles and Joe Dante's own manic pop-culture-in-a-blender sensibility. Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates, Dick Miller, and Jackie Joseph return from the first film. They're joined by John Glover, who plays Clamp as a doltish child; Haviland Morris, who is hilarious as an ambitious, fast-talking businesswoman named Marla; and the horror-movie veteran Christopher Lee, who plays Dr. Catheter, the director of a genetic-engineering laboratory. The animated pre-credit sequence, featuring Daffy Duck and Bugs Bunny, was written and directed by Chuck Jones, who made some of the greatest Warner Brothers cartoons.—T.R. (7/2/90) (Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through July 10.)

Henry V—Adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, this fast-paced version isn't exultant, like the one made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through July 5.)

Last Exit to Brooklyn—A reverent, lugubrious adaptation of the famous 1965 book by Hubert Selby, Jr. Selby's stories about dead-end lives in a working-class Brooklyn neighborhood were presented in the book as discrete vignettes of urban alienation, linked only by their common air of desperation and the nervous bebop rhythms of the prose. The screenwriter, Desmond Nakano, and the director, Uli Edel, have done a cut-and-paste job on the material, so all the sad tales now unfold simultaneously. The movie jumps from one unhappy character to another as they proceed toward their climactic martyrdoms, low-life Christ figures racing each other up Calvary. And although the picture uses Brooklyn locations, it rarely looks as if it were taking place in America: the filmmakers seem to have missed their exit and wound up in some never-never land of romanticized wretchedness—a disenchanted forest. Most of the actors are ground down by the film's maudlin, heavy spirit; only Jennifer Jason Leigh, as a young streetwalker, and Jerry Orbach, in the small role of a union leader, manage to resemble actual human beings. Also with Stephen Lang, Burt Young, and Alexis Arquette.—T.R. (Chelsea Cinemas; through July 3.)

Longtime Companion—The screenwriter, Craig Lucas, and the director, Norman René, track the effects of AIDS on the lives of eight people: seven gay men and a straight woman who is a lifelong friend of one of the men. The filmmakers focus on one day in each year of the epidemic, from 1981 through 1989, and the mournful progress of the decade is expressed by the gaps between the annual episodes: the cast of characters keeps getting smaller, and at the end only the woman and three of the men are left. The movie is sometimes very effective, but it's often blander and more simplistic than it should be. It seems determined to convey a wholesome, "normal" image of gay life to straight America—so all its characters are pleasant and good-looking, and they're all white, too. The only really interesting characters are a middle-aged couple, David (Bruce Davison) and Sean (Mark Lamos). The natural protagonist of the drama is David, who, when Sean gets sick, cares for him with extraordinary patience and tenderness. Davison's performance (in probably the best role he has ever had) is wonderfully dry and precise. There's a strange reserve in his demeanor even when he's being goofy, so the strength he shows at the bedside of his dying lover is both heartbreaking and absolutely convincing. It's a well-written role, and Davison does a beautiful piece of acting. After he, too, disappears—between episodes—the movie seems to have lost the best part of itself. Also with Campbell Scott, Stephen Caffrey, Patrick Cassidy, Mary-Louise Parker, John Dossett, and Dermot Mulroney.—T.R. (5/21/90) (Eastside Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Jean Renoir's version of the Maxim Gorky play features those two magnetic poles of French acting—Louis Jouvet as the gambling baron who sinks to living in a flophouse, and Jean Gabin as the thief trying to climb up to a different life. Their scenes together are gems of the French film tradition. The fine cast includes Le Vigan as an actor, Jany Holt as a prostitute with aspirations toward love with sentiment, and Junie Astor, Suzy Prim, and Vladimir Sokoloff. This movie has one of those emblematic moments that people talk about for years afterward: Jouvet, having lost everything, comes away from the gaming tables and can't light his cigarette. This scene was, for the thirties, what Belmondo rubbing his lips in "Breathless" was for the sixties. In French.—P.K. (Public Theatre; July 8 and 10.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in, yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only.)

Nosferatu (1922)—Directed by F. W. Murnau, the original, superbly loathsome German version of Bram Stoker's novel "Dracula" is a concentrated essay in horror fantasy, full of weird, macabre camera effects. Though ludicrous at times (every horror film seems to become absurd after the passage of years, and many before—yet the horror remains), this first important film of the vampire genre has more spectral atmosphere, more ingenuity, and more imaginative ghoulish ghastliness than any of its successors. The movie often seems more closely related to demonic painting than to the later, rather rigid vampire-movie genre. Because Murnau concentrated on scenes of suggestive and horrible beauty and didn't make the narrative line very clear, those who have had little contact with bloodsuckers may be helped by a bit of outline. Henrik Galeen's adaptation of the novel changes the setting from Victorian England to Bremen in 1838. A real-estate agent in Bremen sends his young, recently married clerk to the Carpathian woods to settle some property matters at the castle of Nosferatu (the Vampire). An emaciated skeleton of a man with a rodent face, Nosferatu spends his days in his coffin, his nights sucking blood. The clerk, though weakened by the nightly loss of blood, escapes and returns to his wife. But Nosferatu follows: he boards a sailing ship for Bremen and, incarnating and carrying pestilence, he infects the whole crew. The phantom ship reaches Bremen, and Nosferatu meets the wife, who, knowing that vampires cannot survive the dawn, surrenders herself to him. As the morning sun breaks into her bedroom, Nosferatu dissolves. The influence of this film can be seen in movies as disparate as Bergman's "The Magician" (the opening sequences of the coach) and Godard's "Alphaville" (the use of negative film). With Max Schreck as Nosferatu. Silent.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; July 9-10.)

Pretty Woman—The lovers in this romantic comedy, directed by Garry Marshall, are a long-legged, golden-hearted Hollywood Boulevard hooker (Julia Roberts) and a cold, suave corporate raider (Richard Gere). He buys her tasteful (expensive) clothes and shows her how to act "classy"; she opens—in order—his wallet, his fly, and his heart. The only real distinction of this long and rather uneventful diversion is the radical contrast between the stars' performing styles. Roberts is all ebullience and scattershot charm. The kind word for Gere's style is minimal. He's opaque, stubbornly remote; he seems to have faxed his performance in. At its worst, the movie is just unimaginative; at its best, it's pleasant and competent. It's business-as-usual entertainment. Also with Jason Alexander, Laura San Giacomo, Ralph Bellamy, and Hector Elizondo.—T.R. (Sutton, 23rd St. West Triplex, 62nd & Broadway, and West Side Cinema. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; through July 5.)

Q & A—Sidney Lumet has made some exciting, dramatic New York movies ("Serpico," "Dog Day Afternoon"). He also made the hard-to-sit-through "Prince of the City," a murky indictment of big-city graft, which he co-scripted. This is in the same mode: it's about the city's ethnic humor and anger, and about police corruption. Lumet wrote the script alone, and he's so busy laying on the rancorous, bantering atmosphere that he waits too long to get to the plot: the movie becomes torpid. (You have to concentrate to figure out what's supposed to be going on—that's the only suspense.) Nick Nolte, in dark hair that makes him look like a vampire, is a big, bulky Irish cop with a vicious streak; a repressed homosexual, he especially enjoys intimidating and murdering transvestites. The co-star is Timothy Hutton as an assistant D.A., also Irish, who's expected to cover up one of the cop's killings. But the standout performance is given by Luis Guzman as a Hispanic police detective who's pressured to be "dirty."—P.K. (Olympia, and Criterion Center; through July 3.)

HOLLYWOOD
JANE JETSON
George Jetson

George and Jane Jetson in "Jetsons: The Movie"

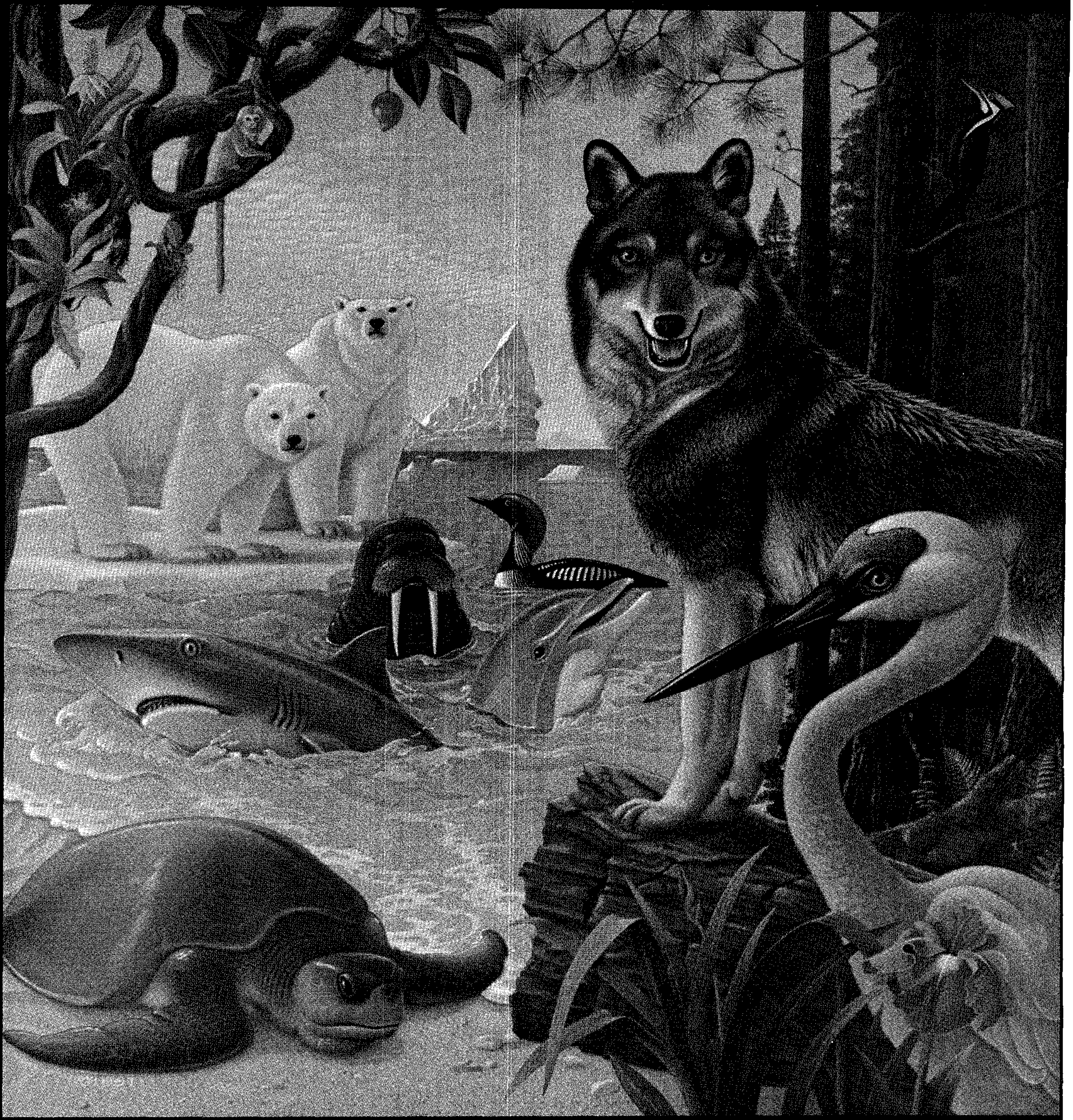
Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles—A tacky, lighthearted parody of crime-wave movies—camp for kiddies. As babies, the four turtles were let loose in radioactive muck; they mutated into hip, English-speaking people-size turtles who live in the dark sewers of New York City and send out for pizza. Their mentor, the wise old rat Splinter, has trained them in the martial arts, and they fight the criminal legions led by the Japanese, Darth Vader-like Shredder. Their human friends are the TV newswoman April O'Neal (Judith Hoag) and the daredevil Casey Jones (Elias Koteas). Everything in the movie has a playful, pop familiarity, and the jokey allusions to other movies are easy for young kids to grasp. The four turtles (stuntmen in getups devised by Jim Henson's Creature Shop) are not as individualized as one might hope, but Splinter has an Alice-in-Wonderland creepiness. The director, Steve Barron, is casual with Hoag and Koteas, who blend in gracefully; he can't do much for the preachy subplot involving a father and son who misunderstand each other. (The flashbacks are the most fun.) The story is based on the comic-book characters devised in 1983 by Peter Laird and Kevin Eastman.—P.K. (23rd St. West Triplex, and Worldwide Cinemas. Matinées only.)

Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!—Pedro Almodóvar's new movie gets off to a fast start, like a windup toy, but it runs out of momentum early, and Almodóvar can't figure out how to start it up again. The story, about a released mental patient (Antonio Banderas) who follows a sexy actress (Victoria Abril) and then takes her prisoner, seems to tie the director's wild imagination down, and his efforts to keep his (and the audience's) blood circulating betray some desperation. Neither the kidnapper's romantic obsession nor his captive's eventual love for him is especially convincing. And we don't fully enjoy the perverse humor of the situation, either: we've seen the victim subdued by a hard slap, and that image is too strong to forget. The limpness of "Tie Me Up!" suggests that Almodóvar is either a confused director or a tired one—probably a bit of both. It's as if he had made the movie solely to satisfy the public's demand for a new Almodóvar film. Also with Francisco Rabal, Loles Leon, and Lola Cardona. Screenplay by Almodóvar. In Spanish.—T.R. (5/7/90) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Total Recall—This fifty-million-dollar science-fiction thriller is full of relentless action and spectacular effects, and it's no fun at all. It's as heavy-spirited as its star, Arnold Schwarzenegger: imposing and implacable, like the killer robot Arnold played (or embodied) in "The Terminator." The script, by Ronald Shusett, Dan O'Bannon, and Gary Goldman, is based on a story by Philip K. Dick; the plot keeps twisting and turning, but we stop following it before the picture is half over. It's just a frame for meaty action sequences—a skeleton nestled deep inside ballooning muscles. The director, Paul Verhoeven ("RoboCop"), composes striking images, but they're oppressive and completely impersonal: every weird angle, every closeup of a face contorted with pain, every splash of bright-red blood is an effect borrowed from horror comics. He's awfully good at staging scenes in which people scream "Arrrgggh!" as they're being impaled or dismembered. The picture itself is a terminator: when it's over, you feel as if the life had been pounded out of you, and you never want to go to the movies again. Also with Sharon Stone, Ronny Cox, and Rachel Ticotin. Cinematography by Jost Vacano.—T.R. (6/18/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Regency, and Criterion Center.)

Two Weeks in Another Town (1962)—The producer, John Houseman; the director, Vincente Minnelli; the screenwriter, Charles Schnee; the composer, David Raksin; and the star, Kirk Douglas, had all worked together ten years before on "The Bad and the Beautiful," a flashy hit movie about Hollywood moviemaking. This time they give us an oversophisticated, overheated view of Hollywood has-beens gathered in Rome, trying to make a comeback. Gnashing his teeth and twitching, Kirk Douglas plays a self-destructive former star who cracked up and was institutionalized for three years; Cyd Charisse (spangled by Pierre Balmain) is his nymphomaniac ex-wife; Edward G. Robinson is the cynical famous director he used to work with—now the director is down on *his* luck, too. All the characters are seen at a time of extreme strain and extravagant disorder. They drive maniacally and do mean things to each other; they also take part in orgies designed to outdo "La Dolce Vita." And at one point they run excerpts from "The Bad and the Beautiful," which is discussed as a model of creative moviemaking; the scenes show Lana Turner having hysterics and her performance is described—with awe—as an example of great screen acting. Hysteria is predominant in "Two Weeks," and it takes a peculiarly pictorial form—the stylized compositions, the sumptuous gorgeousness, the decorator delights run away with the movie. Under the circumstances, Douglas and Robinson do surprisingly good work. With George Hamilton as a sulky new star, and Daliah Lavi, Claire Trevor, James Gregory, Rosanna Schiaffino, Erich von Stroheim, Jr., George Macready, and Leslie Uggams as a chanteuse. The picture was an almost total box-office failure. Adapted from the novel by Irwin Shaw. Cinematography by Milton Krasner.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; July 10-11.)

WE'LL SHOW YOU WHAT THIS KINGDOM'S COMING TO.



Tune in to "National Audubon Society Specials" on PBS, for a fascinating look at the world around us. This award-winning series is made possible through a grant from the people of GE.

NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY SPECIALS. SUNDAYS AT 8PM ON PBS STARTING JULY 8.

NATIONAL
AUDUBON
SOCIETY
PRODUCTIONS

Check your local listing for details.
Look for the companion book, "Audubon Perspectives: Fight for Survival."
Coproduced by Audubon, Turner Broadcasting and WETA-TV.

We bring good things to life.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

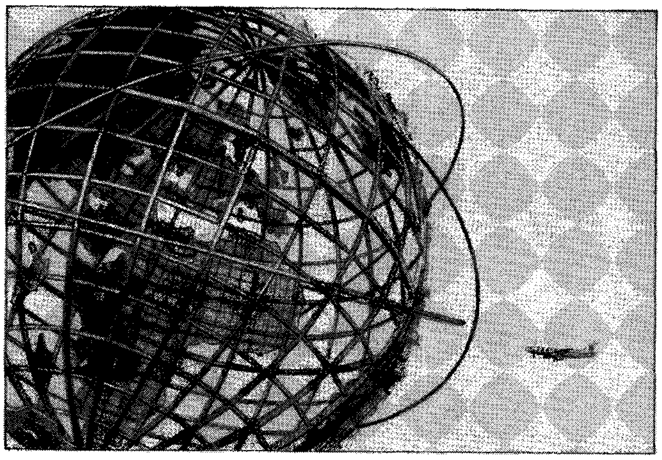
Notes and Comment

Nelson Mandela's visit to this country had a rare, resounding duality. It gave us a relentless series of king-size public events accompanied by an equally relentless series of small, sharp revelations about our own political life. Huge crowds basked in the presence of the great man—or in his image on television—and yet Mr. Mandela's relationship to his American audiences was by no means simple. The first indication of its complexity came within hours of his arrival. After a ticker-tape parade up lower Broadway and introductory speeches by Mayor Dinkins and Governor Cuomo, Mr. Mandela stood to address the throng gathered in front of City Hall. He recalled how, while he was in prison in South Africa, he had read about Mario Cuomo's great abilities as a public speaker. Some of the crowd laughed. Mr. Mandela seemed nonplussed, but proceeded to say that he had now discovered for himself that the praise for Governor Cuomo was justified. Then he congratulated Governor Cuomo on the recent marriage of his son, Andrew. Again, there were snickers. Mr. Mandela and some of his listeners were clearly at cross-purposes. He seemed to salvage matters with a light remark about the union of the Cuomo and Kennedy clans, and pushed on to make an eloquent speech on the imminent liberation of South Africa. Yet the most interesting moments of that day remained the early, disconcerting mismatch between Mr. Mandela's intentions and the crowd's expectations.

Was it that the crowd disliked Cuomo and wanted to hear him mocked? Probably not. Was it merely that Mandela's graciousness, his formal homage to one of his official hosts, collided with the democratic familiarity of Americans toward their leaders? That seemed more probable, and it was also possible that some members of the audience found it hard to believe that Mandela had really read about Cuomo's speaking style in prison on the other side of the world. But the main reason for the City Hall crowd's laughter may have been simply that people anticipated laugh lines where there were none. In an American political speech, reference to another politician's fluency (or his family) is normally followed by a joke, but Mr. Mandela writes his own speeches, and his remarks do not conform to the conventionalized rhythms of American political rhetoric.

Nelson Mandela meets American political culture at an angle. His formality, precision, and seriousness reveal just how much we as a nation have come to regard politics as a form—a vulgar, usually boring form—of entertainment. This is particularly true with respect to television, where style so famously overwhelms content. The crushing importance of television to politics has been an inescapable fact of life for decades now. But Mr. Mandela spent those decades in prison. He travels the world today as perhaps the last major pre-television politician. Thus, his encounter with Ted Koppel was especially revealing. The two-hour program was taped before a live audience at City College. For most of the two hours, Mr. Mandela's manner was totally untelegenic. Refusing to play a role in the conventional TV illusion of an intimate chat, he scarcely glanced at Mr. Koppel during the entire first hour, instead fixing his gaze down and away and concentrating fiercely on the questions he was asked and on his own careful, consistently eloquent (but sonorously unintimate) answers. Mr. Mandela did seize those dramatic opportunities which the discussion offered, topping Mr. Koppel with some old debaters' moves that brought down the house—and caused at least one Washington commentator to marvel, "I've never seen anyone dominate Ted Koppel the way Nelson Mandela did"—but his manner remained cerebral and rather severe.

At the end of the program, Mr. Koppel's producers seemed to be reaching for a happy, show-business ending by giving the last chance to question Mr. Mandela to Bernard O. Charles III, an eight-year-old boy from the audience. Bernard made a brief, prepared-sounding speech congratulating Mr. Mandela on his release from prison and inviting him to write a postcard if he should ever need any help in the future. The audience laughed appreciatively and rose to its feet,



applauding; Mr. Koppel graciously invited Bernard onstage; and the show seemed to be over. Mr. Mandela embraced Bernard, somewhat awkwardly, and waved goodbye to the crowd. But the show wasn't over. Apparently not quite sure what to do with Bernard, Mr. Mandela offered him an autograph. Bernard was interested. Mr. Mandela asked Mr. Koppel for a piece of paper, and, when he got it, set about the business of giving Bernard an autograph, asking the spelling of his name, and so on. This was laborious, undramatic business. The audience stopped clapping. Now things were getting seriously anticlimactic. Mr. Mandela finally finished the autograph for Bernard. He was still not playing to the camera—not mugging in any way. He carefully tore the page he had signed for Bernard out of the notebook Mr. Koppel had given him, then handed the notebook back to Mr. Koppel, thanking him. These gestures were entirely natural, but because they were occurring on television, and in place of a rousing finale, they seemed very strange, almost unearthly. In fact, they recalled, in their meticulous regard for a single sheet of paper, another reality: the twenty-seven years that Mr. Mandela had just spent in prison.

Everywhere Mr. Mandela went, he seemed to be occupying a subtly different dimension from the people—particularly the politicians—around him. At the White House, President Bush said he couldn't get over the way his guest spoke without notes, with his hands held quietly at his sides. The consistency of the message Mr. Mandela delivered—gratitude for American support in the struggle against apartheid; appeals for continued economic sanctions against South Africa; defense of his movement's commitment to armed struggle—no doubt helped keep his mind focussed. But his preternatural stamina, the command he displayed in every situation, his enormous personal presence—these qualities seemed to flow directly out of the depth of his political convictions.

American political consultants have been streaming to Eastern Europe in recent months, flogging the technology of TV-era democracy. Nelson Mandela's visit to this country reminds us that politics at its best is not a matter of image polishing and candidate handling. Much has been made of the idea that the ecstatic welcome accorded Mr. Mandela reflects a "hunger for heroes" in this country, and it can certainly be argued that the American tradition of healthy skepticism toward our leaders has become, in many areas, a self-excusing, less than healthy cynicism toward politics and power in general. We're presuming to teach at a time when we could be learning.

• •

Cuts

At 11 A.M. on a recent Saturday, we settled down in front of the Park Slope branch of the Brooklyn Public Library and waited to see who else was going to show up. On a normal Saturday at this hour, the branch's security guard, Sigfredo Solano, would just be unchaining the gate of its iron-pike fence and unlocking its red front doors. But this was not a normal Saturday. The gates remained chained and the doors remained locked, even though the official library calendar gave every indication that they would be open, if only between the hours of eleven and three. That didn't come as a surprise to us; we had heard that budget cuts from the past fiscal year had forced the library to go on its summer schedule earlier than usual, and that it would be closed on Saturdays until fall. Since last February, it has also been closed on Tuesdays—again, for budgetary reasons.

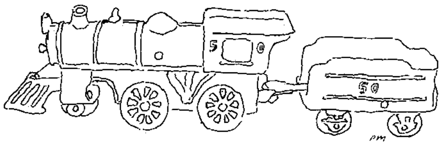
At ten minutes past eleven, the first would-be librarygoer appeared—a woman. She peered through the fence at two signs on the doors. One said, in red ink, "Due to City Budget Cuts the Library Is Now Closed on Tuesdays." The other, in black lettering, listed the days of the week and, next to each, either the working hours or the word "Closed."

"Excuse me," she said to us. "I can't read the sign from here. Do you know if the library is closed?"

We told her it was.

"On Saturday, too," she said. "Gee, if you work you can't get here at all. They're not even open early."

After she left, a steady trickle of puzzled library users approached the gate, looked at the chain, peered through the fence at the signs, and asked us if the library would open.



"But I had books *due* today," said a woman who had driven up.

"I heard they were going to close," said another, who had walked. "But already! And on Saturday!"

"Say, do you know if the library is going to open?" someone yelled to us from the front seat of an idling car.

"Closed, huh?" said a man in a red vest, stopping to talk on his way somewhere else. "No money. There's too much of it being stolen, I guess."

After an hour or so, two young boys and their parents walked up.

"It looks closed," the mother said. "And all that practicing." (We guessed that she was referring to the Brooklyn Public Library's policy that a child may get his own library card as soon as he can write his name legibly in a small space.)

"But it was open last Saturday," the father said, turning to us.

We told him about the budget cuts.

"Well, maybe they're just going to open today at noon," he said. "They close on Saturdays in the summer anyway. We'll come back."

We returned to the Prospect branch on a weekday morning, before the library opened its doors, to speak to the staff. The head librarian, Claire Gottfried, greeted us and escorted us into the staff kitchen, a sunny room with a sink, a range, a refrigerator, and a long table surrounded by chairs, and we sat down at the table with Miss Gottfried and two library trainees, India Frey and Joachim Rogers. We told them about our experience on Saturday, and the family who didn't believe that the budget cuts had taken effect.

"Oh, some people don't read," Miss Gottfried said. "We've had signs and petitions up for days telling them about the problem, and we got lots of signatures. Not that we had much warning ourselves about the Saturday closing. Two weeks."

We asked how the new cuts had affected the branch.

"First of all, we had to reduce the number of class visits to the library from local public and private schools," Miss Gottfried said. "That is a popular activity. On those visits, the children get library cards, learn about the importance of getting books back on time, hear stories, and are introduced to the collection."

"We had a pre-school film program, based on books in the collection," Mr. Rogers said. " 'Curious George,' 'Bambi.' Children won't see them here anymore. We also had RIF sessions twice a week. That's Reading Is Fundamental. The children in the program here get to choose a free book to keep for every six books they borrow and return to the library. Now we have just one session a week."

"Reducing the number of RIF sessions also reduces the number of children who are part of them," Ms. Frey said. "Not everyone can come on Friday."

"We were scheduling programs for the children's room during the week—basic drawing, origami, crafts," Mr. Rogers said. "Now we can have them only on slow afternoons, because otherwise we won't have enough staff for the regular library work if things are busy."

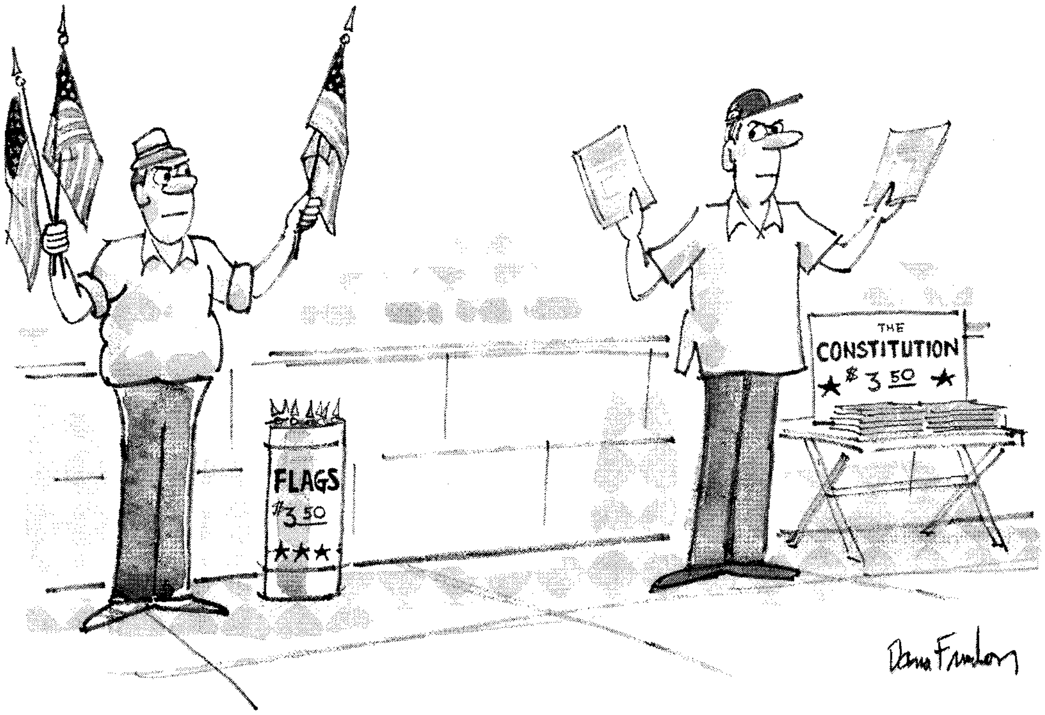
"There's something else," Miss Gottfried said. "Every day we are open, rain or shine, there are about ten kids who are either deposited here for several hours by their parents or come here straight from school."

"There's a regular morning crowd, a regular Wednesday crowd, and so forth," Mr. Rogers said. "They don't have anywhere else to go."

"Much of the craft activity was for them," Mrs. Gottfried said. "How many hours can a child sit at a table and just read? We're lucky they're not hyperactive. I said to one seven-year-old, 'It's a beautiful day. Can't you go outside?' She said, 'My aunt would kick my butt if I did.' They're pretty strictly disciplined, I'd say."

Miss Gottfried offered to show us around the building. We began with the entryway, which is of carved wood and has a floor of decorative mosaic tile. Here and throughout the library we found leaded glass with ornamental motifs featuring open books. Miss Gottfried explained that originally the balcony, which is situated under an impressive, leaded-glass domed ceiling, had a glass-brick floor, so that the illumination in a central part of the library was largely natural light. "It had to be tarred over," she said. "It's a maintenance problem otherwise. This building should have several custodians, really. Right now, we're supposed to have two, one full time and one part time, but we have just one, Giovanni Lombardo. It's entirely thanks to him that the building looks as good as it does. He's great—full of pride in his work and very intelligent about what needs to be done. But we have no maintenance money for taking off graffiti, for instance. When Mr. Lombardo is out sick or on vacation, we may or may not get a replacement. The same is true for our security guard, Mr. Solano. And so much needs to be done. Those copies of Della Robbias over the fireplaces in the reading rooms should be cleaned; they're white plaster, or were white once. Also, every time it rains, parts of the ceiling come down. And look at the paint coming off the walls."

Meeting up with Mr. Rogers once more, we remarked on how much of the library's space and how many of its services were devoted to children. "Yes," he said. "And they're getting more and more savvy. Last week, a ten-year-old was selecting her free book in RIF. She pulled 'Treasure Island' off the truck and said to me, 'Do you know this book? Is this all macho and sexist?' I said, 'Well, yes, it is.' She took it anyway."



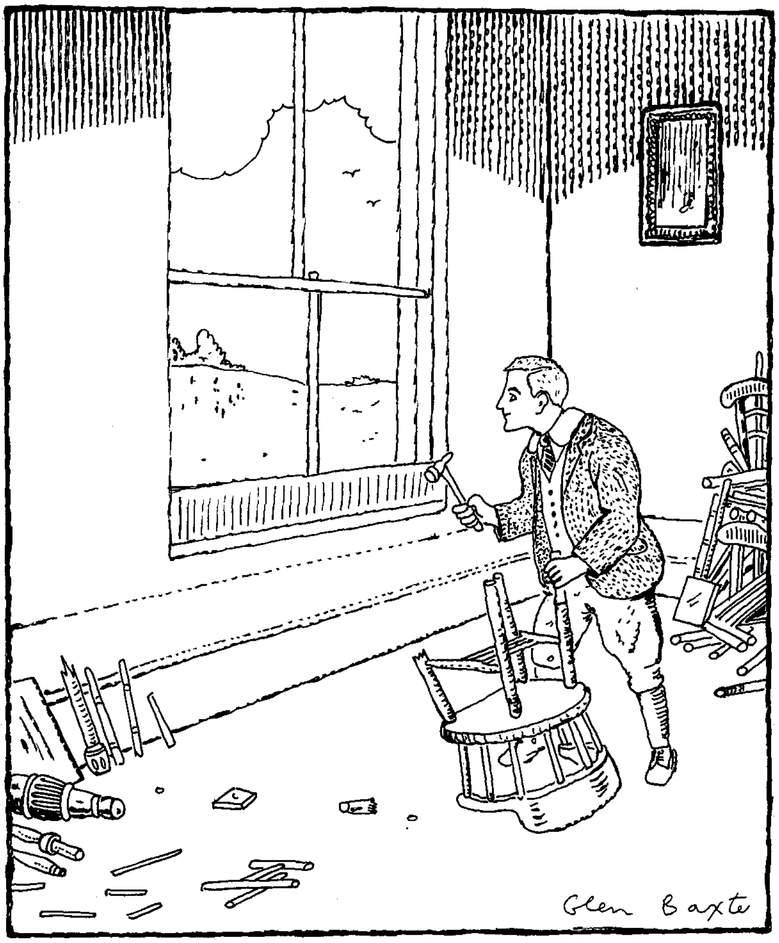
Summer

WE like to check in, from time to time, with our friend in Missoula, Montana, who tells us about things on that side of the continent. The last time we called, it was winter, and the windchill factor there was eighty degrees below zero. This time, we asked what summer in the Rockies was like, and here is what she said:

Who knows? Most of June was so chilly and tentative that I finally got disgusted and went to Nashville. That's where my friend Kirk, the newspaper reporter, lives. I wasn't going to go—it seemed frivolous to just jump on a plane and fly to Nashville—but when you have to take a hot-water bottle to bed even after Memorial Day something is very wrong. Plus, the neighbor's dog was putting me over the top. This is a new neighbor and therefore a new dog—one of those small, fluffy ones that are really just nerve endings, not dogs. This dog has a relentless, *righteous* little yip, like those beeps that tell you your seat belt isn't fastened. Whenever I hear it now, I think of something Vaughan Pritchett said in Davidson County Chancery Court, in Nashville, while I was there. "There's nowhere to run," he said. "There's nowhere to hide."

I know about Vaughan Pritchett because he and five other people sued the Bellshire United Methodist Church over some electronic church bells that were driving them buggy. Kirk was covering the trial for the *Tennessean*, and I tagged along to have a Nashville experience—though I did a lot of other things there, too, such as sweat, and eat barbecue, and visit Nashville's full-size replica of Greece's most famous antiquity, where the gift-shop lady handed me a pen for filling out my traveller's check and said, "Just make it out to the Parthenon."

I almost went to Fan Fair, which is an event in which twenty-four thousand country-music fans get to see people like Eddie Rabbit and Wayne Newton and talk to them personally, but the judge in the church-bell trial had scheduled a field trip for the jury to the Bellshire United Methodist Church, and that seemed like a better idea. Kirk and I arrived as the bells were finishing "Simple Gifts." We'd just missed "Kumbaya." Have you ever heard digitally programmed bells? I'd heard them only once before, in a little quick-stop town in northern Montana where my sister lived for a time. They were installed in the bank, and played things like "Beautiful Dreamer" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye." My sister said they made her feel like a Stepford wife, but then she hated the place and was always saying things like that. Which doesn't mean there isn't something eerie about taped bells that are projected through loudspeakers. There is. They sound a little stunned, like real bells that have been knocked on the head and are walking around singing to themselves.



WHILST THE OTHERS PLAYED, I WAS ABLE TO CONCENTRATE ON PHASE ONE OF MY PLAN TO DISMANTLE THE ENTIRE VILLAGE OF CHIDWORTH.

The bells at the Bellshire United Methodist Church come out of four loudspeakers that are mounted on the steeple and are hooked up to something called a Quadrabell II-D solid-state digital console, which is about the size and shape of a refrigerator in a summer cabin. The salesman happened to be there, and he told us the Quadrabell II-D wasn't a "loaded" model but it was sophisticated enough to be programmed seven days ahead and to play hymns, patriotic songs, wedding songs, the "Westminster hour strike," and something called "swinging bells," which he said was "a tape that would remind you of someone pulling a bell on a rope."

Outside the church, a woman came up to Kirk and told him that her father had named her after Mussolini, and that her nickname, Deba, which she'd given in court the day before, was derived from a child's mispronunciation of Benito. "I bet you didn't know that," she said. Deba and twelve other neighborhood people testified in court that they loved the church bells and would feel horrible if the jury ordered them unplugged. She seemed like a friendly, sincere person, but because of my experience with the neighbor dog I was squarely on Vaughan Pritchett's side, even though he is an advertising consultant and could have been overstating his pain and grief when he wept a little on the witness stand and said the bells were "like something exploding in your neighborhood."

As it turned out, the jury in the Bellshire-bells case seemed at least partly convinced by the church's minister, who called the bells "a beautiful sign of God's presence." The jurors said that the church people didn't have to yank the plug but they had to keep the volume at fifty-five per cent of maximum and cut down the bell time to less than half what it was when Vaughan Pritchett filed suit. So the bells now strike the hour and play a hymn at noon, 3 P.M., and 6 P.M. only, plus "swinging bells" on Sunday mornings, and some extra hymns can be thrown in at weddings and on Christmas Eve and Easter. Do you want to hear something a little crazy? I could swear that the dog next door has cut down its barking by a similar percentage since I've been home. My theory is that he is less edgy because the weather seems to be warming up, but my husband says that nothing has really changed that much—that I'm just a calmer person because I went to Nashville.

J.R.

IT'S a rare event when an artist is publicly thanked by his own creations. On the closing night of New

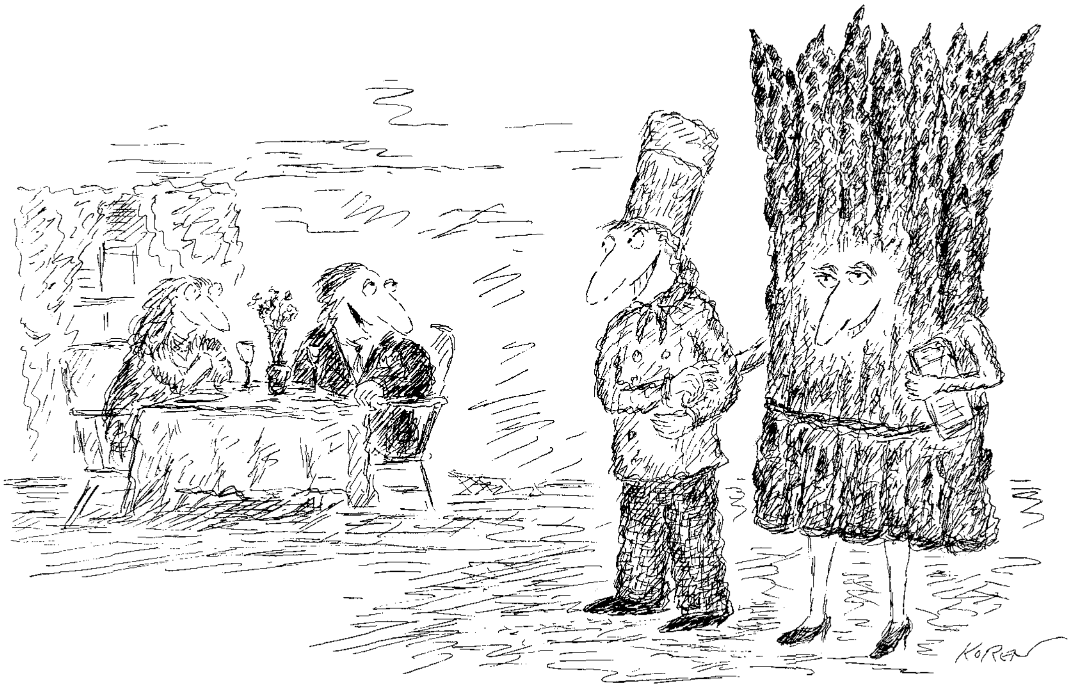
York City Ballet's Festival of Jerome Robbins' Ballets, the curtain descended after the whirlwind bacchanale of the last ballet, "The Four Seasons," and went up again, on Mr. Robbins standing alone at center stage. Then the company filed out, a hundred strong, with most of the dancers dressed as characters from the Robbins repertory, and each dancer presented him with a white rose. Sailors, floozies, shaggy monsters, and angels in plain white unitards all paid their respects. A ringmaster—from "Circus Polka"—in red coat and tall hat pounced out and cracked a whip in the general direction of the choreographer. Mr. Robbins laughed gleefully and didn't give an inch. The curtain went down, to thunderous applause.

When the roar of the audience had died away and the last stragglers were making their way out of the State Theatre, the curtain went up yet again, and Mr. Robbins, with his back to the now empty house, was honored yet again, at a more intimate celebration on the stage. Over champagne and tiny sandwiches, he expressed his gratitude to the company he had said he was leaving. His first thanks went to Lincoln Kirstein, City Ballet's co-founder, who was nowhere to be seen ("I guess Lincoln's gone home," Mr. Robbins observed cheerfully), and his next to the company's director, Peter Martins, who had dreamed up the festival and was standing by his side. Then Mr. Robbins thanked the lighting people and everyone on "the third and fourth floors"—meaning the offices upstairs—and the theatre's crew, whose mellow good humor he credited with making him feel that he was working "not in one of the world's largest dance houses but in my own loft." When he came to thank the dancers, he took his time, pausing frequently, sifting thoughts. He spoke of his rediscovery, in the last, intensive weeks of rehearsal, of the depths of their commitment to dancing itself and to each other. Those weeks, he said, had brought him to the realization that he couldn't, after all, just leave "cold turkey, like when I stopped smoking." This announcement was greeted with an outbreak of applause. The dancers then gave him a photograph of themselves arranged to form the letters "J.R."—another allusion to "Circus Polka." And the denizens of the third and fourth floors gave him the only thing they said they were sure he didn't have: an empty scrapbook.

Thanks were offered also to some guest dancers from American Ballet Theatre, and to three pairs of *étoiles* from the Paris Opéra Ballet, who had been imported for the special closing performance. No one could have picked out the A.B.T. guests or the Paris males from among all the milling dancers, and no one could have missed the Paris ballerinas: they had changed by then from the layered ball gowns of Mr. Robbins' "In the Night" into the still more stylized guises adopted over centuries by women of their exalted nationality and station. Lacquered and sleek, they stood out like alexandrines in a book of free verse. They were three molded columns of bare black, differentiated only by ornament: we admired the lyrically subdued Fanny Gaida, the gilt-edged Elisabeth Platel, and Isabelle Guérin, her shoulders emerging from a calyx of stiff pink satin.

The home-town queens offered a sharp contrast. Darci Kistler, who had seemed to reign over the whole festival, strolled through the celebrations in bluejeans, and Merrill Ashley, after a performance of breezy virtuosity and vivacity, emerged from her dressing room as straight and scrubbed as a New England conscience. Exchanging a congratulatory hug with Mlle. Platel, she looked like a living American principle that no Frenchwoman had ever before embraced.

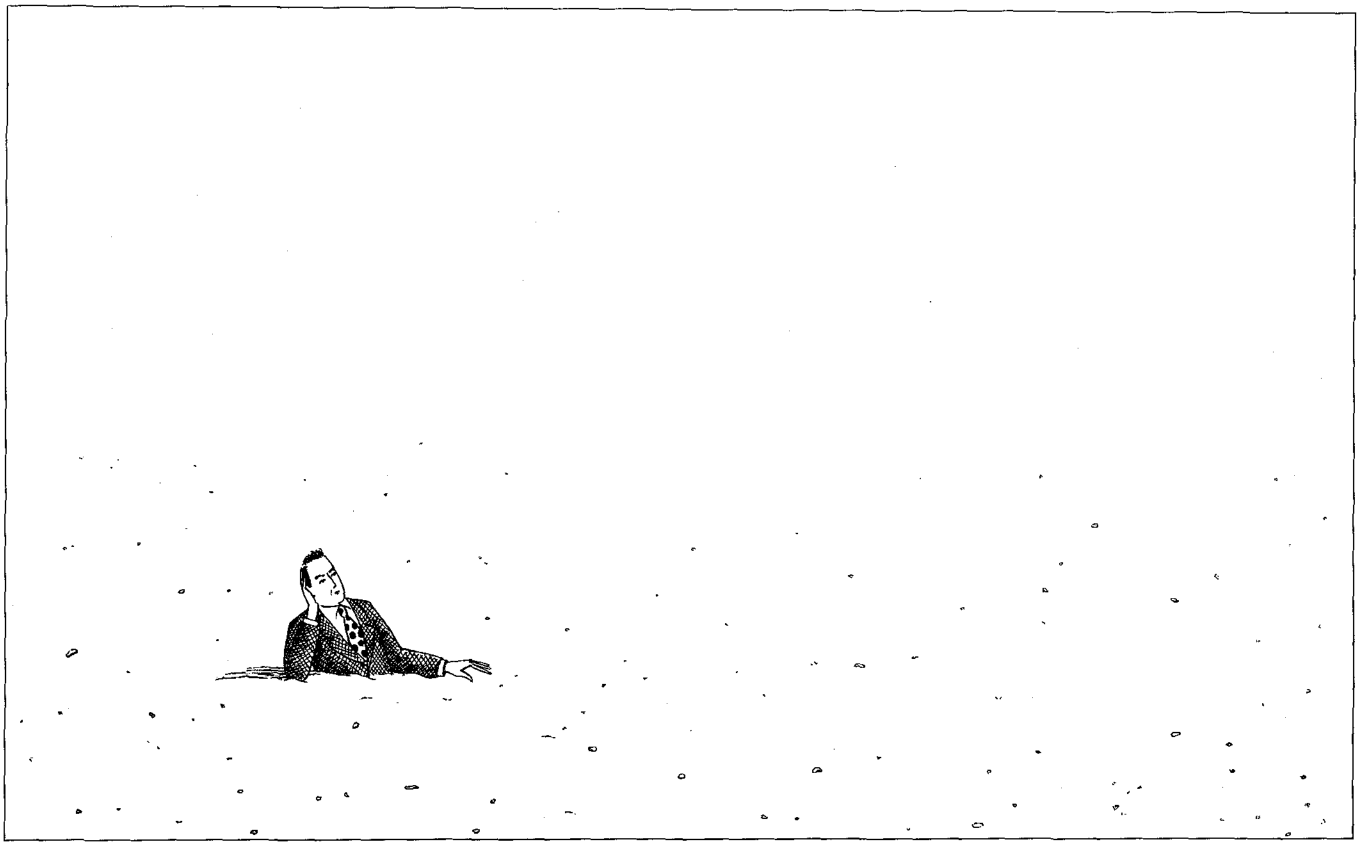
When the champagne ran low, we found ourself heading toward the elevator along with the rather isolated French contingent. We were surprised to see the women dragging their own bags along, JFK tags still flapping. It didn't seem fitting, yet they didn't complain, and, releasing little cries of "*A Paris! A Paris!*" to a departing pianist, they thumped their way up the steps to the street. There they were greeted by a small but avid collection of fans, armed with photographs to be signed. As we walked north along the flank of the theatre, we spotted a cluster of girls from the corps pulled close around someone perched on a low ledge. The someone was giggling. In the darkness, we edged nearer. At the center of the group sat Darci Kistler, and the dancers were fastening flowers in her hair.



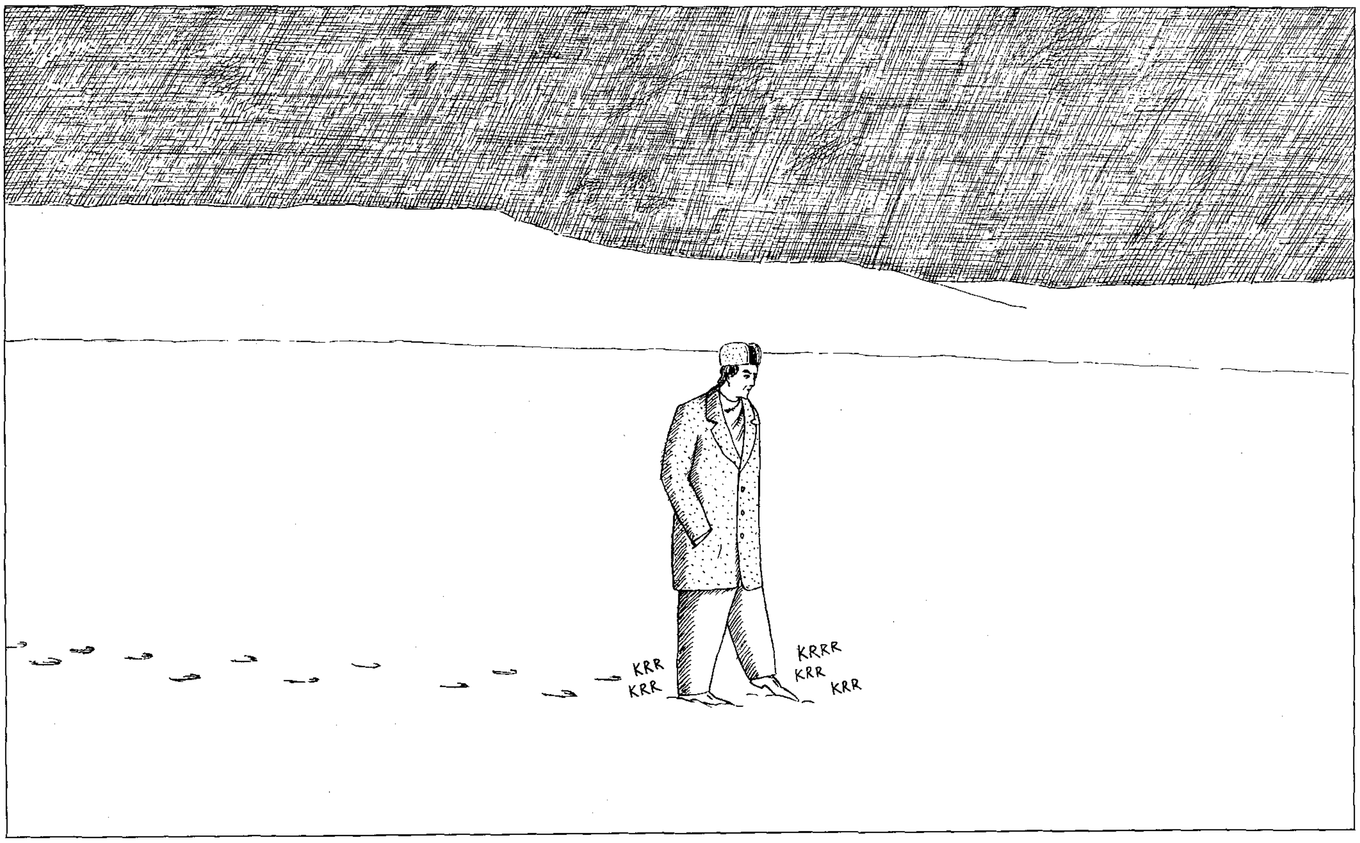
"What beautiful asparagus!"

• •

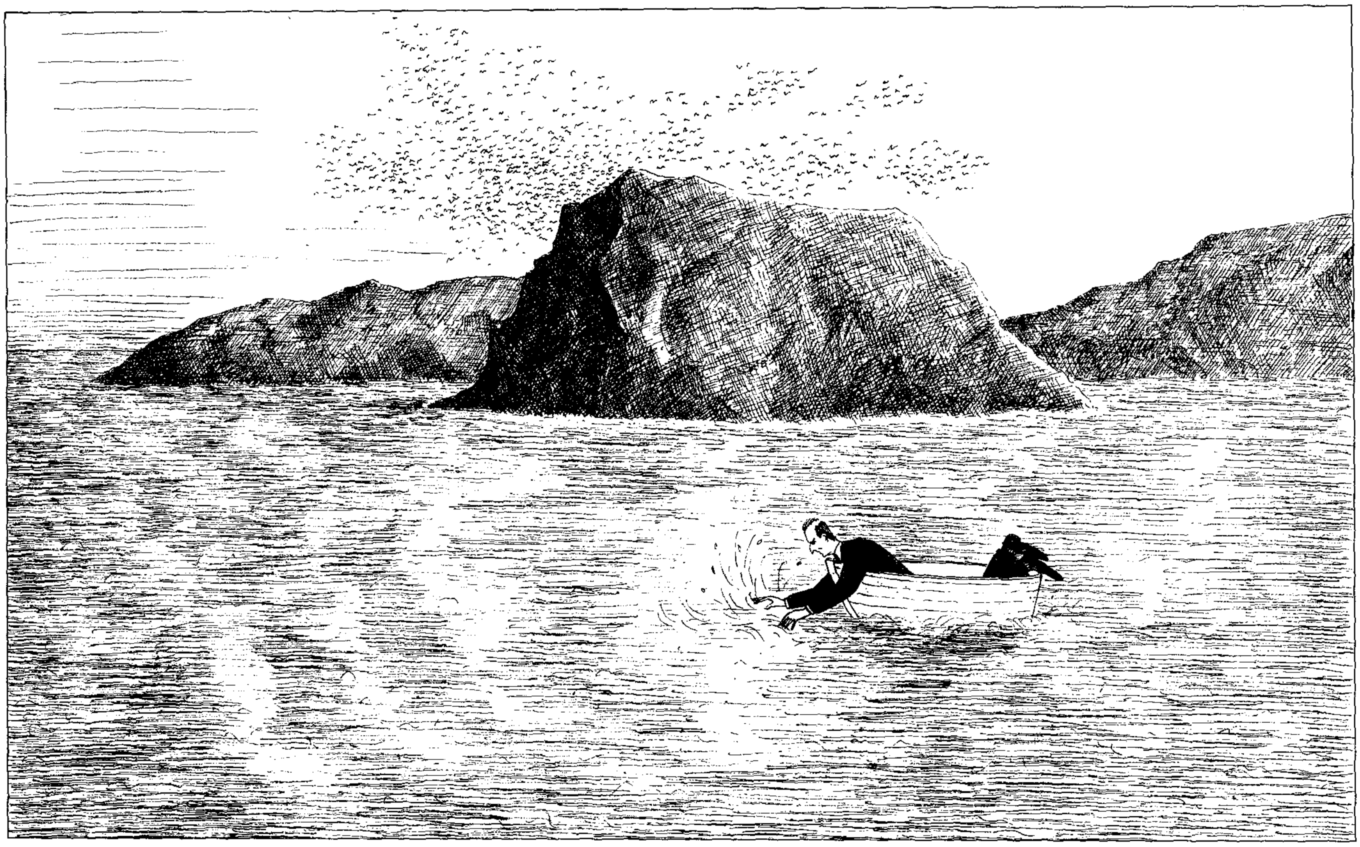
THE PLANET-SENSITIVE ART OF THE NINETIES



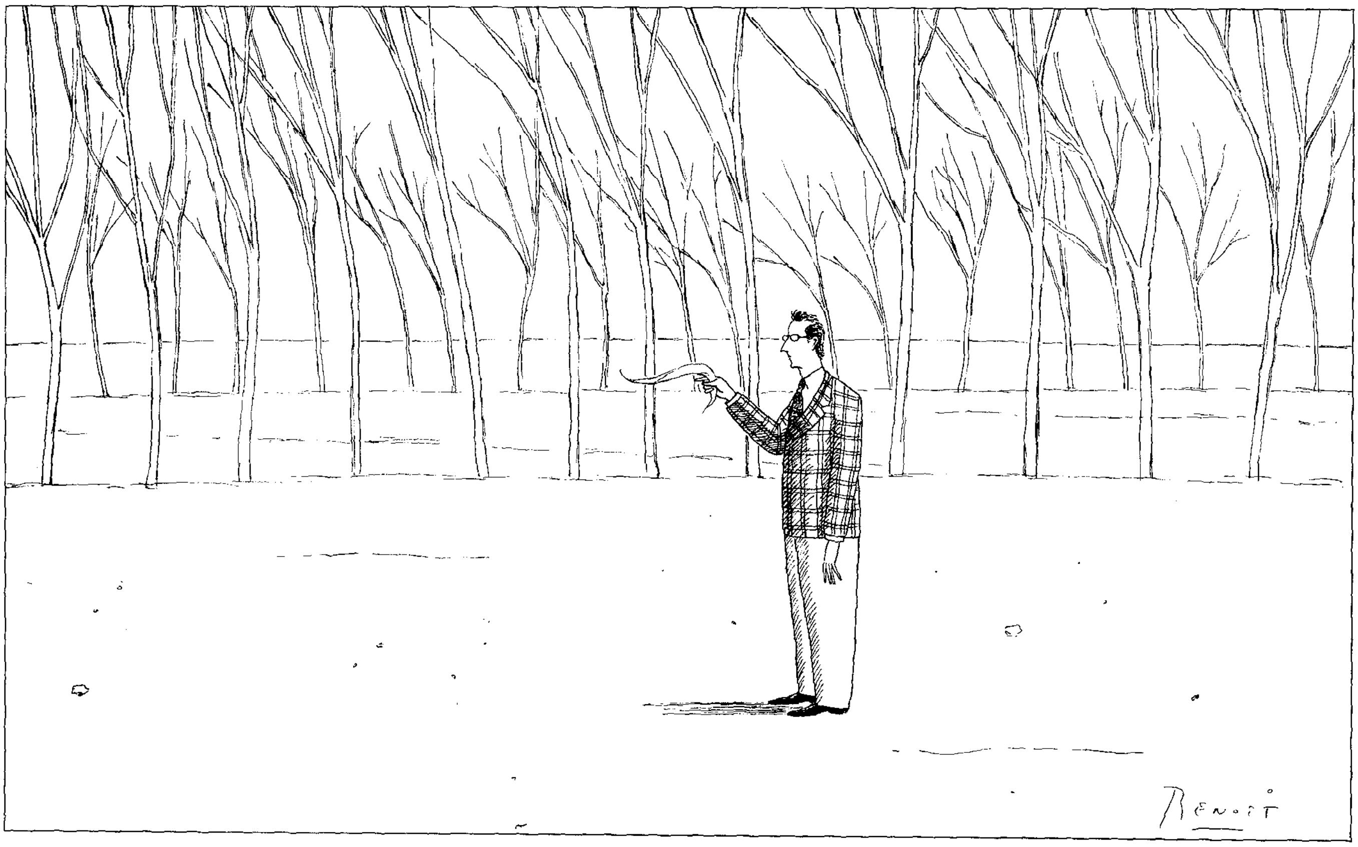
The Australian artist Noel Becket creates with sand.


KRR
KRR
KRRR
KRR
KRR

Joseph Maggiori draws inspiration from the snows of the Italian Alps.



Rudolf Wohner sculpts the inland seas of Norway.



Gerardus Ververs works with the air of his native Belgium.

ON THE U.S.S. FORTITUDE

SOME nights it gets lonely here on the U.S.S. Fortitude. I wipe everything down and sweep the passageways, I polish all the brass and check the turbines, and I stand up here on the bridge charting the course and watching the stars appear. This is a big ship for a single-parent family, and it's certainly better than our one small room in the Hotel Atlantis, on West Twenty-second Street. There the door wouldn't close and the window wouldn't open. Here the kids have room to move around, fresh sea air, and their own F/A-18 Hornets.

I can see Dennis now on the radar screen. He's out two hundred miles and closing, and it looks like he's with a couple of friends. I'll be able to identify them in a moment. I worry when Cherry doesn't come right home when it starts to get dark. She's only twelve. She's still out tonight, and here it is almost twenty-one hundred hours. If she's gotten vertigo or had to eject into the South China Sea, I'll just be sick. Even though it's summer, that water is cold.

There's Dennis. I can see his wing lights blinking in the distance. There are two planes with him, and I'll wait for his flyby. No sign of Cherry. I check the radar: nothing. Dennis's two friends are modified MIGs, ugly little planes that roar by like the A train, but the boys in them smile and I wave thumbs up.

These kids, they don't have any respect for the equipment. They land so hard and in such a hurry—one, two, three. Before I can get below, they've climbed out of their jets, throwing their helmets on the deck, and are going down to Dennis's quarters. "Hold it right there!" I call. It's the same old story. "Pick up your gear, boys." Dennis brings his friends over—two nice Chinese boys, who smile and bow. "Now, I'm glad you're here," I tell them. "But we do things a certain way on the U.S.S. Fortitude. I don't know what they do where you come from, but we pick up our helmets and we don't leave our aircraft scattered like that on the end of the flight deck."

"Oh, Mom," Dennis groans.

"Don't 'Oh, Mom' me," I tell him. "Cherry isn't home yet, and she needs plenty of room to land. Before you go to your quarters, park these jets below. When Cherry gets here, we'll have some chow. I've got a roast on."

I watch them drag their feet over to their planes, hop in, and begin to move them over to the elevator. It's not as if I asked him to clean the engine room. He can take care of his own aircraft. As a mother, I've learned that doing the right thing sometimes means getting cursed by your kids. It's O.K. by me. They can love me later. Dennis is not a bad kid; he'd just rather fly than clean up.

Cherry still isn't on the screen. I'll give her fifteen minutes and then get on the horn. I can't remember who else is out here. Two weeks ago, there was a family from Newark on the U.S.S. Tenth Amendment, but they were headed for Perth. We talked for hours on the radio, and the skipper, a nice woman, told me how to get stubborn skid marks off the flight deck. If you're not watching, they can build up in a hurry and make a tarry mess.

I still hope to run across Beth, my neighbor from the Hotel Atlantis. She was one of the first to get a carrier, the U.S.S. Domestic Tranquillity, and she's somewhere in the Indian Ocean. Her four girls would just be learning to fly now. That's such a special time. We'd have so much to talk about. I could tell her to make sure the girls always aim for the third arresting wire, so they won't hit low or overshoot into the drink. I'd tell her about how mad Dennis was the first time I hoisted him back up, dripping like a puppy, after he'd come in high and skidded off the bow. Beth and I could laugh about that—about Dennis scowling at his dear mother as I picked him up. He was wet and humiliated, but he knew I'd be there. A mother's job is to be in the rescue chopper and still get the frown.

I FROWNED at my mother plenty. There wasn't much time for anything else. She and Dad had a little store and I ran orders and errands, and I mean ran—time was important. I remember cutting through the Park, some little bag of medicine in my hand, and watching people at play. What a thing. I'd be taking two bottles of Pepto-Bismol up to Ninety-first Street, cutting through the Park, and there would be people playing tennis. I didn't have time to stop and figure it out. My mother would be waiting back at the store with a bag of crackers and cough medicine for me to run over to Murray Hill. But I looked. Tennis. Four people in short pants standing inside that fence, playing a game. Later, I read about tennis in the paper. But tennis is a

"Listen, Connie, Ronald and I are thinking about getting married, and we were wondering if you could get us some prices."

hard game to read about at first, and it seemed a code, like so many things in my life back then, and what did it matter, anyway? I was dreaming, as my mother was happy to let me know.

But I made myself a little promise then, and I thought about it as the years passed. There was something about tennis—playing inside that fence, between those lines. I think at first I liked the idea of limits. Later, when Dennis was six or so and he started going down the block by himself, I'd watch from in front of the Atlantis, a hotel without a stoop—without an entryway or a lobby, really—and I could see him weave in and out of the sidewalk traffic for a while, and then he'd be out of sight amid the parked cars and the shopping carts and the cardboard tables of jewelry for sale. Cherry would be pulling at my hand. I had to let him go, explore on his own. But the tension in my neck wouldn't release until I'd see his red suspenders coming back. His expression then would be that of a pro, a tour guide—someone who had been around this block before.

If a person could see and understand the way one thing leads to another in this life, a person could make some plans. As it was, I'd hardly even seen the stars before, and now here, in the ocean, they lie above us in sheets. I know the names of thirty constellations, and so do my children. Sometimes I think of my life in the city, and it seems like someone else's history, someone I kind of knew but didn't understand. But these are the days: a woman gets a carrier and two kids in their Hornets and the ocean night and day, and she's got her hands full. It's a life.

And now, since we've been out here, I've been playing a little tennis with the kids. Why not? We striped a beautiful court onto the deck, and we've set up stanchions and a net. I picked up some racquets three months ago in Madagascar, vintage T-2000s, which is what Jimmy Connors used. When the wind is calm we go out there and practice, and Cherry is getting quite good. I've developed a fair backhand, and I can keep the ball in play. Dennis hits it too hard, but what can you do—he's a growing boy. At some point, we'll come across Beth, on the Tranquillity, and maybe all of us will play tennis. With her four girls, we could have a tournament. Or maybe we'll hop over to her carrier and just visit. The kids don't know it yet, but I'm learning to fly high-performance aircraft. Sometimes when they're gone in the afternoons, I set the Fortitude into the wind at thirty knots and practice touch and go's. There is going to be something on Dennis's face when he sees his mother take off in a hornet.

CHERRY suddenly appears at the edge of the radar screen. A mother always wants her children somewhere on that screen. The radio crackles. "Mom. Mom. Come in, Mom." Your daughter's voice, always a sweet thing to hear. But I'm not going to pick up right away. She can't fly around all night and get her old mom just like that.

"Mom, on the Fortitude. Come in, Mom. This is Cherry. Over."

"Cherry, this is your mother. Over."

"Ah, don't be mad." She's out there seventy-five, a hundred miles, and she can tell I'm mad.

"Cherry, this is your mother on the Fortitude. You're grounded. Over."

"Ah, Mom! Come on. I can explain."

"Cherry, I know you couldn't see it getting dark from ten thousand feet, but I also know you're wearing your Swatch. You just get your tail over here right now. Don't bother flying by. Just come on in and stow your plane. The roast has been done an hour. I'm going below now to steam the broccoli."

Tomorrow, I'll have her start painting the superstructure. There's a lot of painting on a ship this size. That'll teach her to watch what time it is.

As I climb below, I catch a glimpse of her lights and stop to watch her land. It's typical Cherry. She makes a short, shallow turn, rather than circling and doing it right, and she comes in fast, slapping hard and screeching in the cable, leaving two yards of rubber on the deck. Kids.

I take a deep breath. It's dark now here on the U.S.S. Fortitude. The running lights glow in the sea air. The wake brims behind us. As Cherry turns to park on the elevator, I see that her starboard Sidewinder is missing. Sometimes you feel that you're wasting your breath. How many times have we gone over this? If she's old enough to fly, she's old enough to keep track of her missiles. But she's been warned, so it's O.K. by me. We've got plenty of paint. And, as I said, this is a big ship.

—Ron Carlson

ARE WE KIDS OR WHAT?

WILLIAM AKERS was born William Akers Framner, and when a famous designer of women's clothes died of AIDS, when this man's picture was on the cover of *People* ("HIS RISE AND FALL"), William felt several strands of himself being pulled. First of all, he, like the designer, had been a part of the crowd at Studio 54. Unlike the designer, he had not hung out in the V.I.P. room, but he had once come to the night club with a celebrated actor, which was enough to get them waved through the crowd by the big Latin man at the door, who, miraculously, decided at that moment—once and forever—that William Akers was all right. Also, like the designer, he had suppressed a funny-sounding last name, and, as in the case of the designer, the classic-sounding name he went by was really his: he only released it from bondage; he only gave to his life the proper stress, a better sound.

More and more, though, he felt like a Framner. Sometimes he even felt like "Bill" Framner. He was working as a librarian, and one day, looking in the mirror in the men's room, he thought, *William Akers is dead.*

He had allowed his life to be a kind of experiment, in which the weather or the "whether"—the pressure of one or both of these two shifting atmospheres—gave form to his hatefully malleable nature. But now, suddenly, he declared the experiment to be at an end.

He had been living with a woman, a big blonde. They shared a metropolitan background, and against all expectation they had a riotous sex life. But they were in a holding pattern. They had both left lives of adventure (without acknowledging that this was what they were doing), and so they adventured with each other, in private.

He ended it. He quit his job; he moved to another town, but nearby. All of this was extremely disconcerting to him.

What was life without experiment?

As an experiment, he had put certain restrictions on himself. He had worried that he was "too influenced by the media," and had stripped away his attachment to television, movies, radio, even recorded music, so that he could have direct experience of life. Now he undid these restrictions, and the media came rushing back to him. He was forty years old. His parents were dead. His sister was dead. It was a family reunion to have this stuff back. Billy Framner liked the car radio especially.

He and the big blonde had bought a house and renovated it together—William Akers' last act. They sold it, and he was rich, in a way.

On the day he got the money—almost two hundred thousand dollars—he:

1. rented a seedy apartment with a view of the river;
2. bought an old truck;
3. took everyone he knew out to dinner.

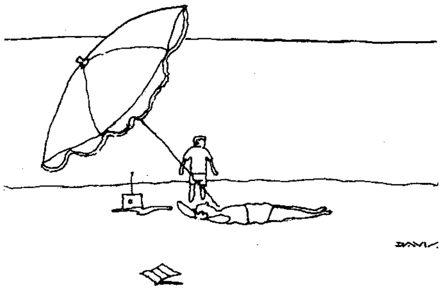
The dinner was course after course of seafood, drink after drink, loud talk upon loud talk. He danced.

For the first time in his life, he felt he was really on to something, but the next day dawned and he realized that he had celebrated the closing of a long-run show and now had nothing to do.

He also discovered again that he was bisexual. The excitement of closing his old show gave him another chance—to orgiastically love men and women without regard for the increasingly grave consequences this involved. Jesus, he thought, more hard times.

Now, instead of being William Akers at Studio 54, supported, deceived, and intoxicated by the momentum of other people, he was Bill Framner in a truck; but he was still looking. At the same time, a very old potion was being released into his blood: that was how he thought of it. Like a time-release capsule, something put into his system long ago was being released, *pop-pop-pop:* a story. It was a story in his family, but also the story of how he had allowed himself to be influenced.

In his seedy apartment he looked at the river for a day or two, and then he began to rent videos. He made an adventure of it. Videos could be rented in hundreds of different ways in hundreds of different locations.



He was giving in. In a way, he didn't make a move; he allowed himself to be moved, and all he was doing, on the surface, was renting videos, playing them on his VCR and returning them, usually on time, the next day.

THE boy was young, athletic, dark, and worried-looking. William knew the look, spotted it, as in an unsorted shop an experienced dealer in objects finds the one with a future. One time in three this kid handled William's rental business at the video counter of the strange, not quite general store his parents ran.

This old town was taking new boarders. They ate and slept; they stood on small pieces of ground nobody had paid mind to—an abandoned gas station, suddenly home to a store and a swarthy family both. William remembered who had abandoned this one: a simple fellow with a local name. It was like losing a famous mansion: Dipple's Service Center was now a little piece of Brazil. The family was Italian, not Portuguese, but Italians move to Brazil, after all. William didn't mind—not at all.

Mostly, the old father was behind the counter of the video-rental aspect of this creaky place. Behind him was a jury-rigged scramble of shelves with all the plastic cassettes on them. In front there were similarly insubstantial racks, holding colorful empty cardboard boxes.

William was an expert at this kind of thing. He knew what to expect from the trim little video concession at the convenience store, from the large, businesslike concession at the supermarket, from the huge Mafia-run maze in the nearest city, from the local, friendly mom-and-pop outlet. This was different. It was desperate.

Kind of a crack house, he thought.

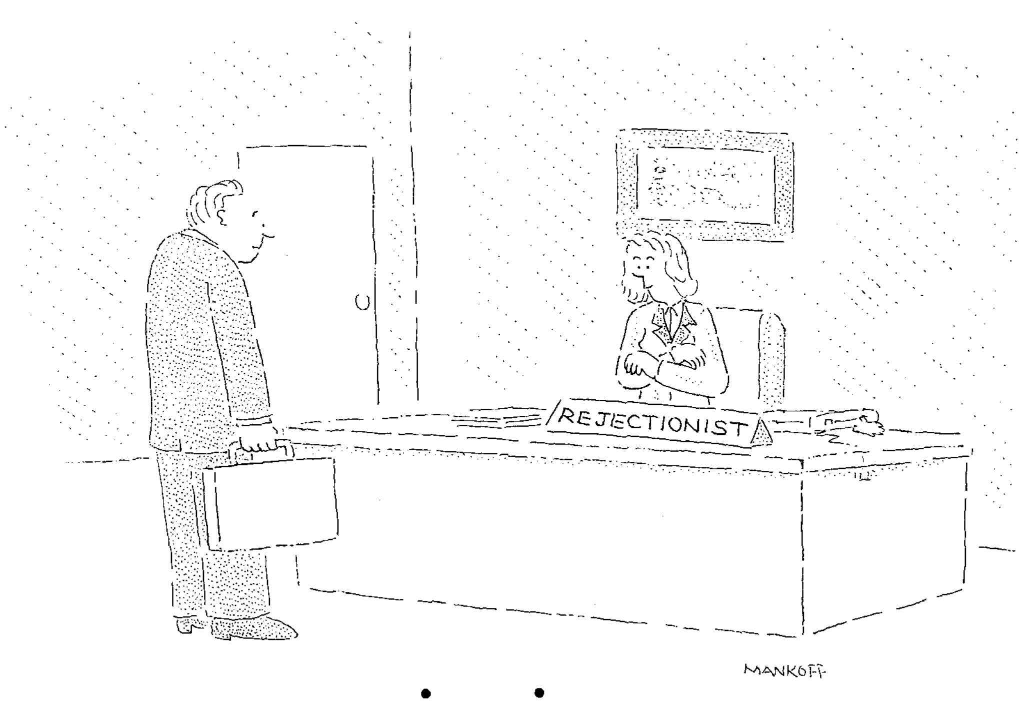
He kept going back.

The father came to expect him. He was a biggish man, undefined in his physique but not sloppy. His face was intelligent and animated—too animated. Clearly, he was a recent immigrant. This was no well-connected-on-Mulberry Street man with cousins who owned a carting business, still less a Nassau County Italian with kids at SUNY or N.Y.U. And maybe even SUNY wasn't good enough for him. William spotted *him*, too, but declined to run him all the way through his mind.

One day William came in around noon. The father was holding down the place alone—gas, grocery, and all. At first, William was the only customer, and the man was full of talk. Then there was a car sound. The man's face froze. William looked out the window to the gas pumps and saw a big old evil-looking American car, about twelve years old; then he looked back to the man. His face was still, with a contemptuous expression on it. William assumed that the man knew and disliked the people in the car.

The next time he came in, the boy was behind the counter, and William introduced himself. He did it quickly, as though he were honoring a local custom, and then he took his time in the aisles. He went up and down between the rickety shelves. He was aware of the boy, whose name was Antonio, and the movie cartons both. This made him happy. The assortment of films was interesting: lots of cheap ones—television series, old war movies, soft-core pornography, all mixed together. He was also aware of the boy's mother behind the cash register in the next room, where there was butter, eggs, cola, Doritos—all expensive in supermarket terms.

William liked the guilt associated with all this. He imagined everything stepped up, heightened, more true. He imagined the boy drawn to him, the mother throwing up her hands in disbelief, the father beating him to a pulp, perhaps.



HE drove to an old town. He used New York State as his billiard table. He caromed around. He turned from William into Willy.

Willy drove south, into the nineteenth century. Somewhere back there was the subtext of his sexuality. He worked into it bit by bit. He stopped in a small city. He was a connoisseur of cities small and large. A gourmand. He ate them up. This one was a morsel.

He found a side street ten stores long. The third and fourth ones in—these were lovely, pristine, dusty. A nineteen-year-old girl showed up in his mind. Looking in the store window, Willy thought, At first she is the pampered darling. He walked away. Her bloom is gone, Willy thought. She finds that the kind attentions of Madame have turned to indifference.

Then the Big Guy showed up. The Big Guy was the nineteenth century himself. Something stronger than Dylan or Eisenhower. To approach this man properly required a bigger, older, dirtier place. Willy got in his truck.

Where is he now, the bastard? Willy wondered. In what low place? Does he sit on his bed? The springs bowing down under him, his belly hanging out? What is his skin like? Who sees him naked?

"Shh," said Willy, driving on.

He's at the Hole House, Willy thought. So called.

"Or at the Haymarket," Willy said.

He drove a long way. He saw the highway he was on, but in his mind he pursued the big fat man. As a child, he had had imaginary playmates. He thought, He was king of the big play, and that went for oysters as well as stock, and he liked his liquids flowing freely, too, which would be champagne with oysters, water with stock.

William driving the truck, and Willy driving William's brain, found a city, a big dirty one. The Big Man gets ready for his evening, Willy thought.

Come along! At the Haymarket, the Big Man's preference is for a table at the edge of the dance floor. He is the King of the Haymarket, and whores who steal from their customers do not steal from him. The gypsters who prowl the floor, and the pickpockets, tip their hats his way. The safest place to sit, indeed, is at a table to one side or the other of him, as there isn't ever any commotion near him, except when he causes it.

And there is only one commotion he ever does cause (Willy thinks). He dances.

Isn't *that* something, when the Big Man gets up to dance! The floor clears, and a girl approaches, as timid as a bride. The Big Man gives the sign, and the band strikes up the tune he favors on these occasions: "Song of Tennessee."

The song begins now! It has a sweet, old-time lilt. The Big Man extends his arm. The girl is hidden beneath it. The Big Man sets off, drunk and clumsy but never falling. The music goes on and on. He stumbles, causing the girl to cry out. He goes on faster. The crowd roars. "He's got it! He's got it!" They scream. Men stand and applaud. When was the last time they stood up out of respect? In 1865? Mustered out of the Grand Army. Every man stands.

William drove into town. He came at last to rotting piers. One of these he entered. Some secrecy here, he thought. Not much, though. All the shadows were familiar. The sounds of water were steady underneath. Wind came up through rotted wood to his receptive shoes and touched his feet. Collapsed pier, he thought. And they used to do such a good business.

He remembered a snatch of an old song:

> The rich man's request,
> the opulent best . . .

William sat on his haunches and looked through a hole down to the water. Ah! The years advanced, and all

WALK, NIGHT FALLING, MEMORY OF MY FATHER

Downhill into town
between the flaring azaleas
of neighbor gardens: a cairn of fresh-
cut logs gives off a glow of
broken but transfigured flesh.

My father meeting me years ago
off a train at Kingsbridge: greenish
tweed cap, tan gaberdine, leaning
on a rolled umbrella, the sun
in his eyes, the brown planes of his face
in shadow, and all of a sudden
old. The distance between us
closing to an awkward
stumbling embrace. Little left

but bits and pieces: pints in Healy's
before tea; a drive with visitors
to Sally Gap; my daughter making
game with his glasses; the transatlantic calls
for an anniversary, a birthday,
or to the hospital
before his operations. Moments
during those last days
in the ward, under the big window
where the clouds over the golf course
would break or darken, his unexpected
rise to high spirits, my hand
helping his hand
hold the glass of water. And one memory
he kept coming back to: being
a child in a white frock
watching his mother and another woman
in long white dresses and broad straw hats
recline in a rowing boat on the Boyne
near Navan: how the boat rocked
side to side, the women smiling and
talking in low voices, and him sitting
by himself in a pool of sunshine
on the bank, his little feet barely
reaching the cool water. I remember
how the nurses swaddled
his thin legs in elastic bandages, keeping him
together for a day or two. By the time

I'm walking uphill again, the dark
is down and the night voices are
at their prayers and panicky conjurations:
one thrush shapes the air around him
like someone revising the day's
wild outpour to a few lines; fireflies
wink on and off in lovers' Morse, my own
head floating among them, seeing
as each opens its heart in silence
and in silence closes
just how large the dark is. White moths

brush by on ghostly wings; new moonlight
casts across this shaking summer world
a thin, translucent skin of snow. Indoors
I watch the moths—fallen angels the size
and shade of Communion wafers—beat
dusted wings against the screen, flinging
themselves at this impossible light.

—Eamon Grennan

• •

at once he was in a movie. (He and his imaginary friends had gone to the movies together, often.)

William: That's a cute hat.

Stenographer: Thank you for noticing, I'm sure.

William: New?

Stenographer: This old hat? Uh-uh.

William: I don't think I ever saw it before.

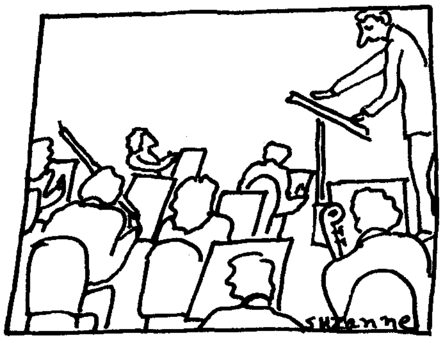
Stenographer: This old hat? You saw me wear it dozens of times. Let me see (*puts finger to cheek, cute*), I wore it when we went out to that funny restaurant. Remember that day?

William: You wore your little blue hat that day. You wore the red striped cotton dress and the blue hat.

Stenographer: Well, aren't you the one for keeping track of women's clothes! I guess you're right, Mr. Observant. I wouldn't argue with you.

Good place for drowning cats, Willy thought.

THE big blonde, who had gone to live in New York City, came up for a visit. He jumped her almost right away. He waited behind the door. When she knocked, he reached over, opened the door, and let it swing open so that for a moment she could have the experience of being alone in the place. Almost against his will (or without doing anything at all), he had been making it perfect for her: he had been making it better and better. There was a seedy subtext, but everything had beauty. There were flowers everywhere, stuck in bottles from a collection he had been making. He had fourteen one-pint booze bottles, fifty or sixty years old, that he had found on a walk in the country. He had been walking along an old logging road, and his foot found something in the leaves. A blue bottle. He went farther and saw a brick chimney collapsed on its side and, all around, pint booze bottles fifty or sixty years old. Must have been a bunkhouse, he thought. Bunkhouse booze. He went home—his arms filled, his heart happy.



She loved the place. He screwed her all over the floor, with the flowers and the old booze bottles around, the river flowing, the sun shining. Heaven.

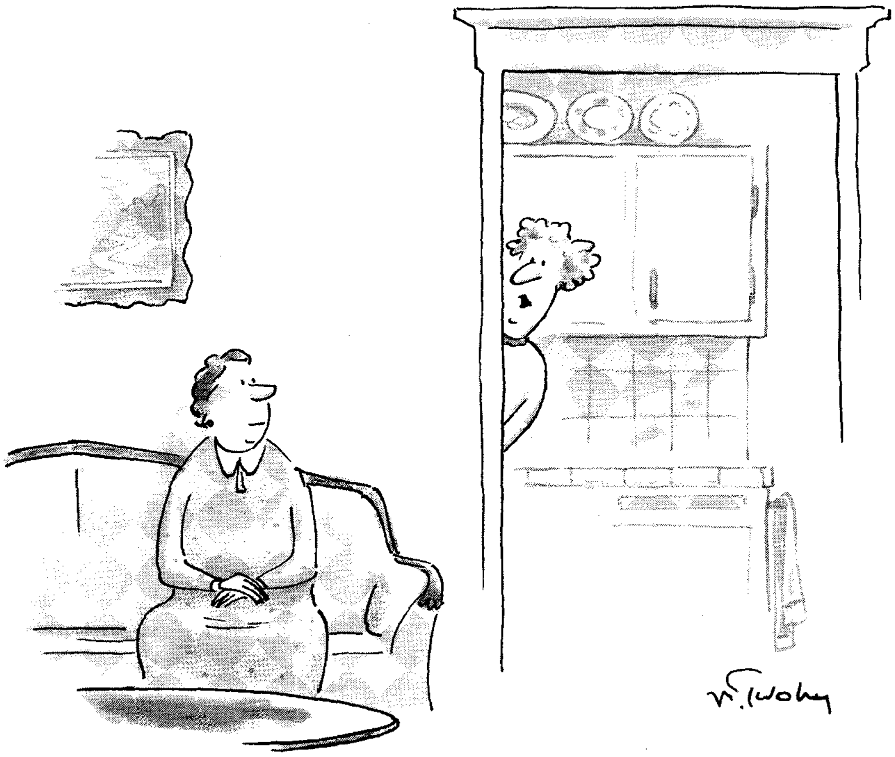
They had dinner. They went to bars. "Designated Drinker," he said.

"Drunks Against Mad Mothers," she said.

"I wish we had some drugs," he said.

"You can't have everything," she said.

Driving down the road, they passed



"Darjeeling, Earl Grey, blackberry, sassafras, chamomile, rose hip, cranberry, orange pekoe, spicy cinnamon, peppermint, licorice, strawberry patch, sesame, mint, Chinese, or carob?"

the lonely four corners where the little shop was. "Let's get a video," she said.

They went in and trashed the place. They were flaunting something that was dead for most people who had known it and did not exist at all for the family that ran the place. Everything was theirs. Nothing would ever be denied to them. All movies, for instance, all movie stars, all forms of display. She rented pornography. He made a bouquet—no other word—of film noir, just the right stuff to go with the highly colored stuff she picked. She had never been more appealing to him.

HE slept most of the next day. He let the sun travel until it shone on him through his windows, which faced due west. The big blonde had got up, pulled herself together, and gone back to New York. All around, there was video litter: cassettes and cardboard jackets. It took him an hour to rewind all the cassettes. This is what it looks like after a party now, he thought. The price you have to pay.

In the evening, he got in the car to return the stuff to the video store. The handsome son was standing outside. "Hi," Bill said.

The kid looked blank, a lot less friendly than before.

Bill went to the door, ten videocassettes in his hand, and tried to open it. Inside, he saw the father waving him back.

"It's after six. Sundays we close at six," the kid said.

"It's about two *minutes* after six," Bill said. This was something William Akers would have said, and he said it in a William Akers tone of voice. Holding the cassettes up, he made a total body gesture to the man inside: a combination of "Be real" and "Give me a break" was the meaning.

Then the man ran to the door and threw it open. He grabbed the cassettes with great violence and threw them back into his shop.

"We're close. We're close," he said, and slammed the door.

Everything rattled.

Bill raised his voice so he could be heard in the shop.

"I'll never come here again," he said.

He walked toward his truck, feeling he had ended something. He felt sad. His hand was on the handle of the door of the truck when some instinct told him to look around. The man was about to attack. All at once Bill knew this man; his brain, which had turned away from doing its work in regard to this person, quickly did the job. "Oh, I see," Bill's brain said. "An artist. There is a flute in the back of the store, or an oboe, or a manuscript."

The boy was trying to pull his father off Bill, and succeeded. Bill got up and looked at the family standing in the evening light on the paved area around the gas pumps. It was one of those offbrands they sold. It could be anything, really.

His grandeur, which had always got him into trouble, was now the only part of him able to talk. The rest of him was looking at the beauty of it—the light, the beautiful Italian family making this bit of land new for him, and the boy. He looked up at the plastic sign and liked that, too. But the grand part of his brain was turning to the mother, who, he knew, had seen it all before: her husband hardly able to control himself.

"Are you in business?" William asked. "Are we kids or what?"

The man was on him for real, beating the crap out of him. Ah, the adventure begins, Bill thought. He wanted so much to rise up with the information that he had been a collegiate boxing champion. But he had something else. He knew how to take it. He took it. On and on. He took it. Over and over again. He took it over and over again.

Now the boy was looking at him. He was right above his head. Bill thought he had a look in his eye that bespoke more than concern over a possible lawsuit. Bill was suddenly overwhelmed by a high hope. His jaw wasn't glass, after all. Bruises didn't show on him; the swelling would go down.

"Families are ruled by the weakest member," Bill told the boy as he felt himself drifting toward a deep, unconscious sleep. —George W. S. Trow

•

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

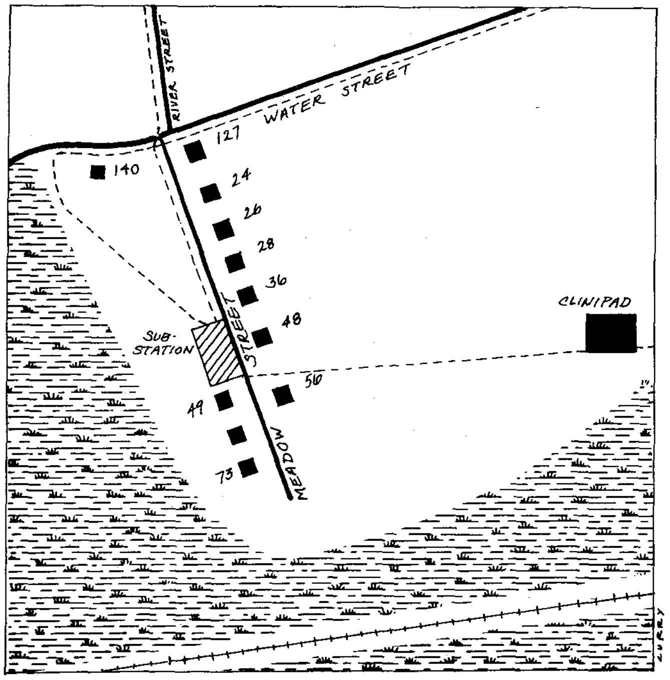
[*Listing in the Santa Barbara Independent*]

A MAGICAL EVENING OF METAMORPHOSIS

An evening of magic to benefit the video taping of a dolphin assisted human birth. The evening incl. a cosmic concert by Constance Demby, A Laser Lite Show, & a Silent Art Auction.

ANNALS OF RADIATION

CALAMITY ON MEADOW STREET



ON a Friday evening in mid-January of this year, Edna and Robert Hemstock received a visit at their home, in Guilford, Connecticut—a town on Long Island Sound about fourteen miles east of New Haven—from their friends Loretta and Fred Nelson, who also live in Guilford. Edna Hemstock, a vivacious woman in her middle forties, who is Robert's second wife, works as an office manager for a manufacturing firm; Robert Hemstock, a red-haired, forty-nine-year-old man of Irish ancestry, is a free-lance consultant for machinery design and product development. Loretta Nelson, a slender, sombre woman in her early forties, works at a nearby electronics plant; and Fred Nelson, an affable, wiry, gray-haired man of fifty-four, is an oil-burner serviceman. The two couples had become acquainted a year or so earlier, when the Nelsons' seventeen-year-old daughter, Joyce, and Charles Hemstock, Robert's twenty-year-old son by his first marriage, who had been living together in the Nelsons' house, on Meadow Street, learned that Joyce was pregnant. This was a cause of some concern to both sets of prospective grandparents, because in 1982 Joyce, who is called Missy by her family and friends, had been found to be suffering from the extremely rare combination of glomerulonephritis—a disease of the kidney capillaries, which resulted in her losing thirty-five per cent of the function of both kidneys—and partial lipodystrophy, a disorder that has caused a severe loss of fat under the skin around her face, neck, shoulders, and chest. Because of her kidney condition, Joyce was carefully monitored during her pregnancy by physicians at Yale University's School of Medicine; they did not expect her to be able to carry the baby for more than six months. Happily, however, Joyce carried her baby for a full nine-month term, and gave birth on October 23, 1989, to a healthy seven-pound-three-ounce girl. Sitting at the Hemstocks' kitchen table nearly three months later, Loretta Nelson made a point of remarking on how lucky they were to be grandparents, considering the threat that Joyce's kidney ailment had posed to her pregnancy. She added, "And considering all the other illness there's been on Meadow Street," which caused Bob Hemstock to sit up and take notice.

"That was the first time I'd heard anything about a lot of illness on Meadow Street," Hemstock said recently. "Edna and I had visited the Nelsons on several occasions while Missy was pregnant, and we had met their neighbor Suzanne Bullock, whose seventeen-year-old daughter, Melissa, had been operated on for brain cancer earlier that year, but neither of us knew about any other unusual incidence of disease down there. So I asked Loretta what she meant, and she proceeded to tell Edna and me a story that we found astonishing and disturbing."

To begin with, Loretta told her hosts that Joyce had been a healthy child of eight when the family moved to 36 Meadow Street from the neighboring town of Branford, in 1979, and that within a year she had become sickly and begun to lose weight. Loretta said that the doctors at the Yale School of Medicine had informed her and Fred that the causes of Joyce's glomerulonephritis and lipodystrophy were unknown but that her lipodystrophy might be the result of genetic vulnerability and of some type of environmental insult. She went on to say that she and Fred knew of no other case of either disease in either one's family. After reminding the Hemstocks that Melissa Bullock, who lived next door, at 28 Meadow, had developed brain cancer, she told them that Jonathan Walston III, who had lived at 36 Meadow as a child and young man, had developed a brain tumor in the late nineteen-seventies, when he was living at 48 Meadow—the house next door on the other side. She then said that Jonathan's father, Jonathan Walston, Jr., who was born at 36 Meadow and had lived there most of his life, had died there of brain cancer in 1975. She also said that a woman who had lived at 24 Meadow—three houses over—until she died of asthma, in 1989, had developed a brain tumor in the early nineteen-seventies.

Hemstock was flabbergasted by what he heard, because Meadow Street, which runs north to south and terminates at a salt marsh lying between Guilford and Long Island Sound, is only about two hundred and fifty yards long and has only nine houses on it. He said, "Good God, Loretta, do you realize how odd it is to have that much brain cancer on one small street?"

Loretta replied that she and some of her neighbors were concerned about the situation but didn't know what to do about it. She also said that she and Fred had begun to suspect that the disease on Meadow Street might be caused by an electric substation that stood diagonally across the street from their house.

Over the weekend of January 13th and 14th, Hemstock mulled over what Loretta had told him, and the more he thought about the situation on Meadow Street the more concerned he became about it, and the more certain that he should try to find out what lay behind it. He looked up "nephritis" in his Merck Manual and learned that it was a kidney disease of various origins, one of which could be connected with exposure to mercury salts. That rang a bell with him, because he thought he had read somewhere that transformers were often coated with mercury. He then looked up "transformers" in an electrical-engineering textbook and learned that they are used to either step up or step down electric voltage.

"First thing Monday morning, I called up the Connecticut Light & Power Company, in New Haven," he recalls. "I asked for customer service and went through four or five people until I got a lady who was some kind of supervisor in the customer-service complaint department. I told her I was calling about a health problem on Meadow Street in Guilford. I told her there had been a lot of brain cancer there, and I asked her if she knew about it and if it might be connected with the company's substation. 'Absolutely not,' she said. 'There have been a lot of foolish studies that don't prove any connection whatsoever between electromagnetic fields and illnesses.' She went on to say that you could get more exposure to electromagnetic fields from a toaster or a coffeemaker than from substations or power lines. I thought it was very strange how quickly she had brought up the subject of electromagnetic fields, only to deny that they could be a hazard. At that point, I knew almost nothing about electromagnetic fields, and I had certainly never heard that they might be connected with illness—yet here she was alerting me to the possibility even as she assured me that it didn't exist. I told her I was shocked that she had given me such a quick answer. I said I was calling about a serious matter and was looking for real answers, not rhetoric. With that, she got kind of huffy. 'Well, I'm sorry you feel that way,' she replied. 'I'm just telling you what our studies have shown.' This got my Irish up. I told her I was going to research the problem and find out the answer on my own. I also told her to take down my name. 'I'm Bob Hemstock,' I said, 'and you're not going to forget it.' "

That afternoon, Hemstock went to the library in Guilford and, with the help of a computer index, spent an hour or so looking up references to electromagnetic fields. He then went to the libraries in Branford and North Branford, to the west of Guilford, and did the same thing. By the end of the afternoon, he had made a list of more than a dozen articles, published in various magazines, medical journals, and newspapers around the nation, about the association of electromagnetic fields from power lines and other sources with cancer and other diseases. At the same time, he decided to investigate other possible causes of the disease on Meadow Street, such as chemicals being used at the Clinipad Corporation's factory, on High Street—about a quarter of a mile east of Meadow—which manufactures antiseptic medicinal pads. At about 5:30 P.M., he called Loretta Nelson, who had just returned home from work, and told her about his conversation with the supervisor at Connecticut Light & Power, his research at the three libraries, and his decision to investigate the chemicals being used by Clinipad. He then suggested that she get in touch with some of her neighbors on Meadow Street and hold a meeting toward the end of the week so that he could present his findings to them and learn how they might want to proceed.

THE following morning, Hemstock called WTNH, Channel 8, the ABC television station in New Haven. He said he wanted to speak to someone about a health problem on Meadow Street, and was asked to leave his name and telephone number. An hour or so later, he received a call from Becky Morris, the assignment editor at the station, to whom he related the essential elements of Loretta Nelson's story. Morris was interested—not the least of the reasons being that in December Channel 8 had broadcast a human-interest piece about Melissa Bullock's recovery from surgery for brain cancer and her return to Guilford High School, where she had been a star player on the girls' basketball team—but she appeared reluctant to cover the Meadow Street story without seeing medical records and talking to some of the doctors who had been involved. Hemstock told her about the articles he had come across, linking exposure to electromagnetic fields with brain cancer and other diseases, and his suspicion that the substation and power lines on Meadow Street might be related to the unusual occurrence of illness there. Morris said that she would consider doing a segment on the situation, and would call him back.

Later that morning, Hemstock drove to the hiring office of the Clinipad factory, and, in the course of inquiring about a job, asked for a catalogue of the company's products. A woman in the hiring office handed him an employment application but refused to give him the catalogue. Hemstock drove home, called the factory, and told a sales representative that he was thinking of putting together an industrial first-aid kit that the company might wish to manufacture. The sales rep agreed to compile a list of the company's products and their chemical components. The list included acetone, alcohol, iodine, and a dozen or so other chemicals, and Hemstock picked it up that afternoon. In the evening, he looked them up in his Merck; although acetone was described as toxic, none of them were listed as actual or suspected carcinogens. He spent much of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday at the Guilford library, looking up the toxicity of the chemicals and reading articles in various publications about the biological effects and disease-producing potential of the sixty-hertz alternating-current electromagnetic fields given off by power lines. (Current for industrial and household use is known as sixty-hertz alternating current, because it flows back and forth, first in one direction and then in the other, sixty times a second.)

On Friday evening, a group of people joined Loretta and Fred Nelson at their home: among them were Jonathan Walston III, who is called Jack; his wife, Leah; Suzanne Bullock; and Bob Hemstock. After Hemstock introduced himself to Leah and Jack Walston, who had moved away from Meadow Street in 1983 and now live a mile or so to the east, he told the group about his research.

"I started out by saying that there

had been far too much illness on Meadow Street for us not to acknowledge the existence of a major health problem, and that I was concerned about the well-being of my son and granddaughter, and of everyone else who lived there,” Hemstock recalls. “I showed them the list of chemicals used at Clinipad and said that, while I didn’t want to rule them out as a possible cause of the problem, my research had so far provided no evidence that any of them could produce cancer, or that any Meadow Street residents had been unduly exposed to them. In connection with that, I pointed out that the town’s drinking water, which is from deep artesian wells and is pumped into a holding tank several miles away, had been tested in September and found to be safe. I also talked at some length about the possibility that polychlorinated biphenyls, or PCBs—chemicals that were once widely used in transformers and are known to be toxic—might have leaked from the Meadow Street substation, or been dumped in a manner that might have exposed the residents. I then told them what I had learned about the cancer-producing potential of electromagnetic fields from power lines, and handed out copies of some of the articles I had read on the subject.”

AT THE CLASSICS TEACHER’S

You gave us phlox, blue-rose, burst on the marble
table in the back yard, the word in bloom like the sound
fire makes when it leaps—*phlox*—into being.

Our friend has gone to sleep, blue-white, this evening
on the black grass. Beside him, a pine-green spotlight falls
where, torchlight, the kerosene shines. There are no clouds.

Cloud-gray phlox in front of us, though. Not everything’s lost,
not everything’s shaken. Your clean, safe-surrounded house
has a back door into its garden. Your pinks have blue-gray

leaves. Your broken porch has a strong false floor. There’s a place
to hide just behind the trellis covered in larkspur. Across
two rivers and fifty miles, our tiny great city is crowned

in acres of gray-pink light. It smokes, it could be on fire,
with all its division and anger. Night is making it loud
even now, but we don’t hear it. In the garden tonight we’re turned

to another city—cities: How the ex-queen Hecuba cried *oimoi* over
captured daughters and two dead sons. How Troy was flicked from its
pyre of ashes and became Rome. How S. Weil proved that hounding

force, like hounding charity, turns its object to stone. Our friend
turns over and wakes up, mentions the stars. He laughs aloud: “Found
it.” He’s forgotten, he says, the whole sky except for the Bear,

• •

Included in the information that Hemstock gave his listeners was the fact that several epidemiological studies—all of them published in peer-reviewed medical journals—showed that children living near high-current electrical-distribution wires giving off relatively strong magnetic fields were developing cancer or dying of it at twice the rate of children who lived in homes that were not near high-current wires. Also included was the fact that a large number of epidemiological studies and surveys showed that men whose occupations expose them to electric and magnetic fields, such as electricians, electrical engineers, electric-utility workers, power-station operators, and telephone and power linemen, were developing cancer—particularly brain cancer and leukemia—at a rate significantly higher than that of other workers. He specifically cited a study showing that electric-utility workers in Maryland were suffering a higher than normal incidence of brain cancer, and a survey showing that electric-utility workers in East Texas were developing brain cancer thirteen times as often as expected. Hemstock went on to tell his audience about experimental studies showing that low-level electromagnetic fields, such as those given off by some power lines, could suppress the immune system, and thus suggesting how such fields might lead to the development of cancer, and about studies demonstrating that such fields could adversely affect the central nervous system, alter the chemistry of the brain in test animals, and cause birth defects and miscarriages.

“When I finished sharing what I had learned about the harmful effects of electromagnetic fields, I said that although I had not completed investigating the possibility of chemical contamination, my suspicions were very strongly directed toward the substation as the source of the disease on Meadow Street,” Hemstock recalls. “I said that if that proved to be the case we would be taking on Connecticut Light & Power—a huge entity—and would be in for a long, hard battle. For that reason, I advised everyone to gather together the pertinent medical records, and I said that we ought to think about hiring a lawyer to represent us.”

During and following Hemstock’s presentation, there was a good deal of give-and-take between him and his listeners. Leah and Jack Walston said they were convinced that the substation was a factor in Jack’s brain tumor and in his father’s brain cancer, and also in a tumor that had developed on the left leg of their daughter, Ann, when she was thirteen years old and they were living at 48 Meadow—directly across the street from the substation. A number of stories and anecdotes were told. Jack Walston remembered that at the age of three Ann had been playing in front of the house at 48 Meadow on a summer day when the substation exploded and a Connecticut Light & Power engineer, who had been working on one of the transformers, was severely shocked and blown high into the air. He went on to say that Ann had been credited with saving the man’s life, because she had run into the house to tell her mother, and Leah had called the police and an ambulance. Fred Nelson remembered standing in his kitchen, holding a cup of coffee, one morning, when a squirrel short-circuited one of the transformers, causing the substation to blow up and fill the

the Dipper, after all this time. "Look." We look, we gaze, we stare
at the ones we see and the ones we cannot see. You laugh, and send
us looking for Cassiopeia on her visible chair. We allow

as she might be somewhere. Those poor sailors, believers, swimming
cousins, their stars arranged into patterns they could understand—
how they longed, like fossils in water, to stay in mind,

their impression buried in mud of a certain kind.
We debate their conjugations, their words like men and women,
yoked to sense. How is it that the word "to bear," as in pounds

of burden, in the present (*fero*) was not at all like the word
"to bear" in the past (*tuli*), the "perfect"? We do not know,
but we can guess. And how are the slaves who bear our peace?

If we do not know, we do not know. We can guess, at the very least.
You were positing how to move a kind of knowledge into the world,
how Virgil, off on his farm in wartime, reported the sounds

of bees, soil, reaping. You stepped indoors for something: "Wait
right here." Our friend (you should know) said some words about
you. Then you came out with water, ice, sugar, lemons.

Catullus and his supper guests who had to bring their own provisions
didn't drink like this. All nose and mouth, we inhaled, we drank
what only in your buried garden tastes whole and round.

—ELIZABETH MACKLIN

• •

kitchen with a bright-red flash of light. He added that people living on Meadow Street had always had to reset their electric clocks three or four times a week, because the relays in the substation were forever being tripped, interrupting the electric service. That observation reminded Jack Walston that light bulbs had continually been burning out when he and his family lived at 48 Meadow—that they sometimes went through half a dozen bulbs a week. Loretta Nelson pointed out that practically everyone on the street suffered from severe headaches, and that the problem had become so acute in the Brunelle family, who now live at 48 Meadow, that Kevin and Mercedes Brunelle had recently taken their nine-year-old son, Kevin, Jr., to the Yale University School of Medicine's Yale-New Haven Hospital for a complete checkup and a brain scan.

DURING the week of January 22nd, Hemstock continued to visit the Guilford library and read up on the biological effects of low-level electromagnetic fields. He also received a number of telephone calls from Becky Morris, of Channel 8, who said she was still interested in doing a story about Meadow Street. At 9 A.M. on Thursday, January 25th, he telephoned Dr. John Brogdan, a general surgeon, who is the Guilford health officer. "I called Dr. Brogdan because I thought he should be alerted to the situation on Meadow Street, and because I thought he might be able to give me some advice," Hemstock recalls. "The first time I called, he hadn't come in yet, but when I telephoned again, shortly after ten, his secretary put me through. 'Dr. Brogdan,' I said, 'I'm Bob Hemstock. I'm calling about a health problem on Meadow Street.'

" 'Do you live on Meadow Street?' Dr. Brogdan asked.

" 'No, I don't,' I said.

" 'Then what business is it of yours?' he inquired.

"I was really taken aback by that question. For a second or two, I didn't know what to say. Finally, I said, 'I'm a member of the human race, Dr. Brogdan, and I'm interested in humanity. I thought doctors were, too.'

" 'Are you a doctor?' he asked.

" 'No, I'm not,' I said. At that point, he suggested that I gather up the medical records of the people on Meadow Street and bring them over to his office so that he could look at them and see if there was a problem. I told him I thought that that was an absurd idea. 'That's not my job,' I said. 'That's your job. You should be looking into the situation.'

" 'Listen, I've received a call from one of the neighbors over there that you're a troublemaker and don't even live in the neighborhood,' Dr. Brogdan replied.

"That really got my Irish up. I said, 'Well, my name is Bob Hemstock, and you're not going to forget that name.' And I hung up."

The next day, Becky Morris called Hemstock to say that Channel 8 had decided to do a story on the Meadow Street cancer cluster for that night's eleven-o'clock news broadcast, that she would arrive at the Meadow Street substation at four-fifteen, and that Kevin Hogan, a reporter, would interview him and some of the residents.

"Hogan asked a lot of questions and the camera crew shot a lot of tape," Hemstock recalls. "Most of it got left on the cutting-room floor, but some of it did make the Friday-night eleven-o'clock news."

The news segment started out with Loretta Nelson standing in the yard beside her house and expressing concern about the health problems in the neighborhood. It then showed Fred Nelson also voicing worry, and he was followed by Hemstock, who stood in front of the substation and said it appeared that the substation was involved. Next, the camera turned to Kevin Brunelle, Jr., the nine-year-old boy who lives directly across the street from the substation, and he described his illnesses and the CAT scan he had been given at the Yale-New Haven Hospital, which had been negative. Then the program showed Jack Walston, talking about the brain tumor he had suffered. Finally, John Gustavsen, a spokesman for Northeast Utilities, the parent company of Connecticut Light & Power, gave the company's assessment of the situation. "It's a terribly unfortunate coincidence, and nobody to our knowledge has contacted our company, at least more than once," Gustavsen said. "If it's electromagnetic fields we are talking about, we are aware of studies that show a correlation statistically

"You know what I like about L.A.? We don't have to be interesting anymore."

• •

only. They don't demonstrate cause and effect."

On the morning of Monday, January 29th, yellow trucks bearing the logo of Northeast Utilities were to be seen everywhere in Guilford. Three trucks, together with a supervisor's sedan, were parked on Meadow Street in front of the substation, and half a dozen men were working inside. Another yellow truck, carrying three workers, was parked beside a utility pole in front of a house at 140 Water Street, just around the corner from Meadow. Two of the workers were standing on the sidewalk by the pole, and the third worker had climbed the pole and was examining the wires strung from its crossbar. A Northeast Utilities sedan was parked farther east on Water Street, toward the center of town, and a young man and a young woman who had got out of it were walking slowly along the sidewalk. The young man was calling out the serial numbers of distribution transformers that were mounted on utility poles, and the young woman, who was carrying a clipboard, was writing them down. Still farther along the street, a yellow van belonging to Northeast Utilities and bearing the sign "Infra-Red Survey" was parked beneath the wires, and a worker wearing coveralls and carrying some kind of instrument in his hand was standing beside it. Hemstock, who was driving along Water Street at the time, parked on Meadow, got out, and walked back toward him.

"As I approached, he put the instrument in the back of the van, where there were a lot of gauges and equipment, and closed the door," Hemstock recalls. " 'What're you guys doing?' I asked, and he said, 'Oh, we're just looking for energy loss—heat loss—so we can improve the electrical service.' "

On Thursday, February 1st, the New Haven *Register* ran a story about the situation on Meadow Street, beneath a headline saying "POWER STATION STIRS FEARS OF HEALTH RISK." The story was by Judith Lyons, a staff writer for the newspaper, who had interviewed several of the residents.

"Something is very wrong here," Kevin Brunelle told her. "My son and I are experiencing terrible headaches. Four people who have lived on this street have had brain tumors."

Brunelle's wife, Mercedes, told Lyons that brain scans and other tests had not been able to determine the reason for their son's headaches. "I'm scared," she said. "We have two other young children, too, to worry about."

Suzanne Bullock talked about her daughter Melissa's brain cancer, and said that the substation had not been ruled out as a possible cause. She also commented upon the unusual number of utility-company trucks that had been seen at the substation during the previous week. "We are glad they are there," she said. "We just want to see something done."

Henry Prescott, a spokesman for the utility, denied that any special measures were being taken in response to the residents' complaints. He said that workers had been sent to the Meadow Street substation to install devices that minimize short circuits.

Two residents of the street expressed skepticism that the substation was the cause of any illness. So did Robert Adair, a physicist at Yale University, who was described as an expert on electromagnetic energy. Adair had written in the November 15, 1989, issue of the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute* that anyone who believed that electromagnetic fields could promote cancer "would believe in perpetual motion or cold fusion." Not surprisingly, he supported the position of the Connecticut Light & Power Company that there was no evidence that the substation had contributed to any illness. He dismissed a much publicized recent study conducted by Genevieve Matanoski, an epidemiologist at Johns Hopkins University's School of Hygiene and Public Health, and two colleagues; they had studied New York Telephone Company cable splicers, who are exposed to electric and magnetic fields from power lines, and found a significantly increased incidence of cancer—including seven times the rate of leukemia and almost twice the rate of brain cancer that was found among the company's office workers. He told Lyons that the electromagnetic fields produced by substations were "extremely weak," and that the currents going into and out of substations tended to cancel each other out.

The fact is that substations are known to produce very strong electromagnetic fields, and also transient high-frequency electromagnetic pulses. Moreover, because the currents carried by high-voltage lines going into a substation and those carried by lower-volt-

As every teacher and parent inevitably discovers, there is a curious truth to curiosity: It often defies their best efforts to inspire it.

Yet, many of these same teachers and parents can tell of magic moments when, exposed to new facts or fresh experiences, young minds awaken.

Aroused, they become eager to know all we can teach.

That's why, since 1976, we've funded and provided free-loan educational films to schools, to encourage learning. And to show where learning can lead.

Already millions of students have seen "American Enterprise," an exciting profile of U.S. economic history; "The Search for Solutions" on science and problem solving; and "The Challenge of the Unknown," covering mathematics, all in an entertaining and involving way.

We don't have all the answers for stimulating the curiosity of every young person who sees these films. But we hope to provide the new fact or fresh experience that might serve as the first step.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY PHILLIPS 66

To obtain these films for your local school, write to Educational Films, Phillips Petroleum Company, 16C-4PB, Bartlesville, OK 74004.

age distribution wires leaving a substation are almost never in balance, the magnetic fields they produce—invisible lines of force that readily penetrate virtually anything that happens to stand in their way, including the human body—almost never cancel each other out. They certainly did not at the Meadow Street substation, where measurements taken at various places near the peripheral fence of the facility shortly after Adair made his statement showed magnetic fields ranging from twenty to several hundred milligauss. (A gauss is a unit of measure for magnetic-field strength; a milligauss is one-thousandth of a gauss; and levels of between two and a half and four and a half milligauss have been associated in several epidemiological studies, including the Matanoski study, with the development of cancer in human beings.) Adair, however, declared that a television set would have a greater biological effect on Meadow Street families than the substation would. Yet magnetic-field levels given off by the average television set fall off to biologically negligible strengths within two to three feet of the appliance, whereas strong magnetic fields can often be measured within a hundred feet of a distribution substation, such as the one on Meadow Street, and within the same distance of the high-current distribution wires leading from it. Adair concluded by telling Lyons that he found it "inconceivable" that the substation could have "anything to do" with illness among nearby residents.

e Met
Museu
of Art

On the same day that the *Register* ran its story about Meadow Street, several residents received telephone calls from Dr. Brogdan's secretary, to tell them that on February 5th town officials were planning to meet with officials of Connecticut Light & Power and discuss the health problems that had been reported. The meeting between officials of Guilford and Connecticut Light & Power was soon cancelled, however, and not rescheduled. Over the six weeks following the broadcast and the news story, the utility's yellow trucks and vans kept showing up at the Meadow Street substation with such unusual frequency that some residents of the street began to jot down their license numbers. The residents not only observed power-company employees working on the equipment in the substation but also noticed that a number of them were carrying instruments similar in appearance to gaussmeters—devices used to measure the strength of a magnetic field. They concluded that the company was engaged in an effort to reduce the amount of power being handled by the substation. One indication that this may indeed have been the case came in March, when an official of the Connecticut Department of Public Utility Control, in New Britain, told Hemstock that the Connecticut Light & Power Company had recently informed him that the Meadow Street substation was then receiving only twenty-two thousand six hundred volts—a substantial reduction, considering the fact that the facility had previously been fed voltage from several hundred-and-fifteen-thousand-volt lines. Another indication was that the loud and constant hum given off by the vibration of the laminated iron sheets of the substation's transformers—a sound most Meadow Street residents had grown so used to that they'd ceased to notice it—suddenly diminished.

A SUBSTATION is an assemblage of equipment—circuit breakers, disconnecting switches, transformers, and the like—that is designed to change and regulate the voltage of electricity. At power-generating plants, alternators produce medium voltages—typically, twenty thousand volts, or twenty kilovolts. The transformers at generating plants raise these to higher voltages—typically, a hundred and fifteen thousand volts, or a hundred and fifteen kilovolts, or else two hundred and thirty thousand volts, or two hundred and thirty kilovolts—which are required to transmit electrical energy economically over long distances to cities, towns, and other load centers. At those centers, distribution substations step down the transmission voltages to lower voltages—typically, 13.8 kilovolts or twenty-seven kilovolts—which then carry electric current to neighborhoods. There pole-mounted transformers step down the voltages further, to the two-hundred-and-forty-volt and hundred-and-twenty-volt levels required to operate household lights and appliances. In this respect, electric current—a flow of charged particles which always produces an electromagnetic field—can be likened to water flowing in a pipe, and voltage can be thought of as the pressure that pushes current through a circuit.

Like other distribution substations, the one on Meadow Street, which was built in 1932, was fed high voltage by a transmission line from Branford, and it sent out strong current at lower voltages on primary wires for distribution to various load centers in the Guilford area. (Stepped-down voltage invariably results in increased current, and the stronger the current the stronger the magnetic field.) As the demand for electricity grew in the region, the substation was required to handle and distribute an increasing amount of energy, and during the late nineteen-fifties and again in the sixties it was enlarged to accommodate additional high-voltage lines brought in from Branford, until it had grown to more than twice its original size. By the spring of 1972, the demand for electricity in the rapidly growing shoreline communities of Connecticut was such that Connecticut Light & Power proposed to run a hundred-and-fifteen-kilovolt transmission line from Branford, through the northern sections of North Branford, Guilford, Madison, Clinton, and Westbrook, to Old Saybrook—some fifteen miles to the east—and to construct a bulk-supply substation in Madison for distributing electricity to load centers throughout the region. At the time, company officials estimated that a second substation would have to be built in Guilford in 1978, and another hundred-and-fifteen-kilovolt line would have to be brought to the proposed substation by 1985 to supply the growing loads expected in the town. They told officials and residents of the affected towns that burying the proposed transmission line would cost at least six times as much as stringing it aboveground.

Strong opposition from citizens' groups and zoning boards tied up the power company's proposal in regulatory proceedings for several years, and it was not finally approved by the Connecticut State Power Facility Evaluation Council until 1979. Meanwhile, the Meadow Street substation, which started out as a relatively small distribution facility, had begun to serve as a bulk-power substation for most of Guilford. One set of high-current distribution wires crossed Meadow Street between the house at 48 and the house at 56, and traversed an adjacent salt marsh in an easterly direction, toward Madison. A second set of distribution wires ran north from the substation on telephone poles along Meadow Street, crossed Water Street, and continued north up River Street to the Boston Post Road, about a mile away. A third set of distribution wires ran over the salt marsh in a northwesterly direction to Water Street near the West River, and then east along Water Street toward the center of Guilford, passing beneath the second set of wires at the corner of Water and Meadow. (High-current distribution wires are thick, large-gauge wires that are attached to utility poles with large glass or porcelain insulators.) These three sets of distribution wires were carrying very strong current—enough to supply the electrical needs of a wide region—and by 1974 they were creating magnetic fields powerful enough to interfere with television reception in the neighborhood.

During 1975, Robert Bryden, who lives at 140 Water Street, began to observe drastic warping and blurring of his television picture, and to experience pain and swelling in his eyes; his wife was suffering from swelling of the face and numbness and nerve tingling in one of her arms. He then wrote more than a dozen letters of complaint to Guilford and Connecticut officials; to the Federal Communications Commission, in Washington, D.C.; to the representative for his congressional district; and to Senator Abraham Ribicoff. As a result of requests from the F.C.C., whose officials clearly believed that power lines were creating the interference, Connecticut Light & Power on several occasions sent representatives to Bryden's neighborhood to investigate the problem. However, after trying to correct the interference by working on the power lines, the company decided that its equipment was not to blame, and recommended that the problem be solved by the F.C.C., which informed Bryden that it had more important matters to deal with. Early in 1976, Bryden gave up and arranged to have cable television installed in his home. Many of his neighbors had already done so. Apparently, neither he nor they were aware that, just as someone

PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

THE NAUTILUS

Elegant, versatile, yet rugged. Completely hand-crafted in Switzerland, Water-resistant,

18K Gold. His,$22,500. Hers, $14,300.

18K Gold & Stainless Steel, His, $11,500. Hers, $8,750.

Madison Ave. & 52nd St.
Seventh Ave. & 34th St.
Major credit cards welcome
Inquiries & Orders **(212) 758-3265**
Outside NY **1-800-223-1288**
Corporate Gift Div. (212) 888-2955

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

THE TOURNEAU
TRADE-IN POLICY

Now you can still trade beads, your old watch or old jewelry for something you want in Manhattan! At Tourneau, we've improved on history's original idea, and turned it into the perfect trading-in and trading-up policy!

Bring us your old watches or jewelry that you no longer want or wear, and we'll give you a free trade-in appraisal towards any new watch or jewelry.

If your trade-in was originally purchased from Tourneau, you'll get an extra trade-in bonus. And that's a policy that has stood the test of time.

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK
BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST.
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS, INQUIRIES & ORDERS NY (212) 758-3265/1-800-223-1288.

YOUR DOLLAR'S WORTH

ARE YOU GETTING IT?

Some steps we're taking at Lands' End to make sure you do from us.

From the very beginning at Lands' End, we've said: "We're not just out to make a sale to you, we want to build a relationship." In today's uncertain marketplace, alive with all sorts of artificial incentives, promotions, and other sales stimulants, however well-intentioned, it seems appropriate to reaffirm our commitment to you.

That commitment stands, as it always has, for quality first, then a price that assures value, and always, always service. We don't propose to tell you what you want. Nor do we try to read your minds. We do, however, read the mail you send us. We listen to what you have to say on the phone.

And we try to shape our offerings to meet your needs which, these days, understandably, are concerned with getting your dollar's worth.

There's the matter of our pinwale corduroy skirt

It first appeared in our catalog in September, 1986—a fully-lined skirt, beautifully made from the finest Japanese pinwale corduroy, obtained in modest quantity through an importer, and in those robust times, a sound value at $49.50. You liked it and said so.

A year later, in September 1987, it became an even greater value. We were able to import the material ourselves, choose our own manufacturer, and offer you the same skirt for just $36.50—the kind of thing Lands' End loves to do whenever feasible.

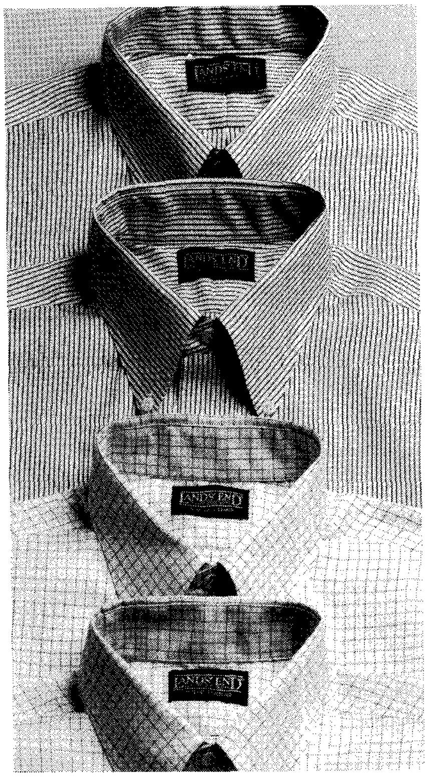
Ah, but then came 1989. The price of material and costs of manufacture rose substantially. Try as we might, we couldn't hold the $36.50 price. We had to go to $42.50—still a solid value for the dollar, but you had second thoughts.

Then a curious thing happened

Some of you wrote wondering if we could possibly offer a corduroy skirt that wasn't lined, that you could throw in the washer, and thereby save the time and expense of dry cleaning.

We got the message. And today—without doing anything to that skirt but remove the lining—we can offer it to you fully detailed at just $34.50—the best "dollar's worth" we've been able to deliver yet, for what you indicate you really want—a quality skirt you can machine wash!

There's a postscript, but an important one: for those who still want the ultimate fully-lined skirt it's still available at $42.50—just as sound a value as it ever was. Look for both skirts, starting in September.



Come Fall, a few more surprises

Lest you men suspect us of showing favoritism, here are two steps we're taking in your behalf.

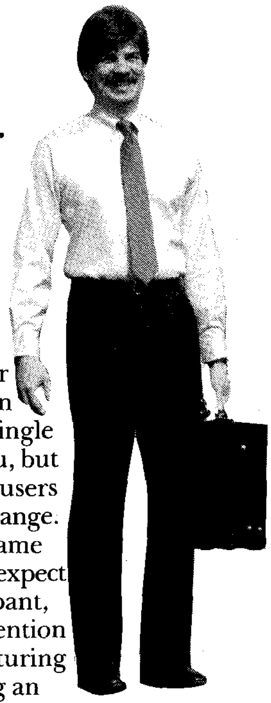
The first involves our Pinpoint Oxford shirt—a demonstrably exceptional value at our $33.50 price. (You'd do well to get a comparable pinpoint elsewhere for $10 more per copy.)

Now then, because we now are by far the largest consumer of 100% quality pinpoint fabric—and taking advantage of the present economy—we have entered into a contract to buy a volume of material so sizeable that we can offer this same pinpoint shirt—complete in every detail—for just $29.50. Admittedly, we are wagering that the increase in sales volume this step will stimulate warrants our taking less of a mark-up. A risk, yes, but what are friends for?

LANDS' END®
DIRECT MERCHANTS

©1990, Lands' End, Inc.

And finally, consider a dress trouser under $60!



It is scheduled for offering starting in July—not just a single trouser, mind you, but a full range of trousers in the $50 to $60 range. Trousers of the same fine material you expect in a Lands' End pant, and the same attention to basic manufacturing detail—including an optional plain or pleated front. What have we left out? The watch pocket. And full-taping of interior seams. But then, again, for under $60 you can now dress suitably for the workplace. And should you still wish the full elegance of our $75 to $90 trousers, they're still there for you as well. Both lines, understand, deliver your dollar's worth. GUARANTEED. PERIOD.®

All this, and the Lands' End experience, too

A toll-free phone call brings the catalog (1-800-356-4444). A leisurely riffle through its pages tunes you in to other solid values. A phone order received today usually leaves our premises tomorrow. Or even sooner if you elect Federal Express. You don't start the car, drive it, or try to park it. You pick up the phone, and lean on your elbow. And, whatever you order, you get your dollar's worth, you can bet on that.

We do, day in day out.

Please send free catalog.
Lands' End Dept. G-77
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______

☐ Please send information about your new international service.

Write or call toll-free:
1 800 356 4444

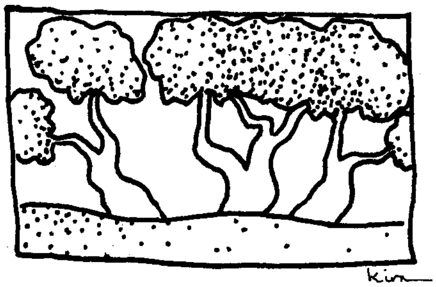
can distort the lines of a drawing by jiggling the elbow of the artist who is making it, strong magnetic fields given off by power lines can distort a television picture by interfering with the path of the electron beam that forms the picture on the screen. Nor were they aware that in 1973 the members of a seven-scientist committee convened by the United States Navy had found the results of several Navy-financed studies of the biological effects of extra-low-frequency electromagnetic fields in human beings and animals so disturbing that they had recommended unanimously that the Navy (which suppressed their recommendation) warn a Presidential advisory panel of possible danger "to the large population at risk in the United States who are exposed to 60 hz fields from power lines and other 60 hz sources."

MEANWHILE, in September of 1975, Jonathan Walston, Jr. (whose physician was Dr. Brogdan), died of brain cancer, at the age of fifty-four, at his home, at 36 Meadow. He had lived there from 1920, when he was born, until 1939, when he married a young woman named Marian Peck, and moved to North Street, about a mile away. His father, Jonathan, Sr., died, of a bleeding ulcer, in 1947, at 36 Meadow, and, shortly thereafter, Jonathan, Jr., Marian, and their three children—Jonathan III (Jack), Emily, and Wanda—moved there to live with his mother. During the next dozen years, Jonathan, Jr., worked as an iceman, as a firewood carter, and in construction; in 1960, when he was forty years old, he turned to lobster fishing. A few years later, he bought the house next door at 48 Meadow for twelve thousand dollars from a builder who had converted it into upstairs and downstairs apartments during the late nineteen-fifties. Jonathan, Jr., rented out both apartments at 48 Meadow and continued to live at 36 Meadow, and in May of 1971 he rented the downstairs apartment at 48 to his son, Jack, who moved there with his family.

Jack was born in 1942, while his father and mother were living up on North Street, and he went to live at 36 Meadow in 1947, after his grandfather's death. He quit high school at sixteen to work as a laborer, laying water mains in Guilford, and later went lobstering with his father. He lived at 36 Meadow until 1968, when he married Leah Craven, who was working as a secretary-receptionist for Guilford Pediatrics. During the first three years of their marriage, she and Jack lived up on Church Street, near the center of town, and their daughter, Ann, was born there in 1969. A few weeks after they moved to 48 Meadow, Leah gave birth to their son, Jonathan IV.

The year Ann was born, Jack's twenty-five-year-old sister, Wanda, who had recently married and was living in Branford, developed a nonmalignant ovarian tumor; it was removed by surgery. She was born on North Street in 1944, and had lived at 36 Meadow for almost twenty-three years. She was the first of four members of the Walston family to develop a tumor, either malignant or nonmalignant, while or after living at 36 Meadow or 48 Meadow. The second was her father, Jonathan, Jr.; the third was her brother, Jack; and the fourth was Jack's daughter, Ann.

Jack Walston is a heavyset man with dark eyes, dark hair falling over his brow, long dark sideburns that give him a rakish look, and an impish sense of humor. In the middle of his forehead is a tablespoon-size depression extending up to his hairline, where surgeons at Yale-New Haven Hospital removed a tumor from his olfactory groove, in the front part of the brain. In 1972, about a year after he moved back to Meadow Street—he was then working as a mechanic and welder for the Guilford Septic Tank Company—he experienced a blackout while driving to Branford for National Guard duty. A year or so later, he blacked out again, in a bathroom at the National Guard armory. Early in 1979, he became irritable and began to experience terrible headaches and blurred vision—"It got so bad I couldn't see the welds," he says—so he went to a local eye doctor, who prescribed new glasses, which didn't do any good. In June, he went to another eye doctor in Guilford. This one told him that he had something growing on his optic nerve, and referred him to an eye doctor in nearby Middletown. The Middletown eye doctor said he had developed optic neuritis, and sent him to Dr. Thomas Walsh, a neurologist and ophthalmologist at Yale-New Haven Hospital.


Kin

"By that time—September—things had got so bad that whenever I lay down on my side to watch TV I went blind on that side, whichever it was," Walston recalls. "I had also lost most of my ability to smell and taste. Dr. Walsh gave me a CAT scan that showed a large mass in the olfactory groove, and recommended that I go see Dr. Dennis Spencer, a neurosurgeon, who is the head of Neurosurgery at Yale-New Haven. After examining me, Dr. Spencer told me that I had a large tumor in the front part of my brain, and that I had to get it operated on as soon as possible, so I went into the hospital the following week, and on September 28th he operated on me for seven hours. He removed my forehead bone in two pieces and took out a meningioma—a generally nonmalignant but often fatal tumor—which was the size of a small grapefruit and had got entangled in my optic nerves and stretched them out as fine as ribbon. In order to take out the tumor, he had to sculpt out a small piece of my brain—about five centimetres' worth of the right frontal tip—which the tumor had been pushing against. Then he patched my upper sinuses with tissue taken from a muscle on my skull, put the two pieces of forehead bone back in place, and sewed me up. I got out of bed the next day, because they wanted me to get my lungs working, but some kind of fluid began running out of my nose. It turned out that the tissue patch had come loose and I was leaking brain fluid, so they did another CAT scan and found out I was getting air into my head when I inhaled. They put gauze under my nose and told me to lie flat, so my brain would heal, but my lungs weren't working right, and I developed double pneumonia and got put on a respirator and went into a semicoma for about a week and a half. When I came out of it, in early October, they set me up for another operation, during which they drilled a hole through my forehead bone and syringed out the air. However, they still had to replace the tissue patch, so I had to undergo still another seven-hour operation, in which Dr. Spencer took out my forehead bone all over again, and repatched my sinuses with more tissue, from my thigh."

Leah Walston is a calm, forthright woman. She says that since the operation Jack has been on Dilantin to prevent brain seizures, and that his short-term memory has been impaired. "If someone were to ask him his telephone number, he might give the number at 36 Meadow when he was a boy," she said not long ago. "He gets irritated when he can't remember recent dates and things."

Looking back on events, Leah realizes that there was an unusual series of health problems on Meadow Street all during the nineteen-seventies. "It's hard to know how many of them were related to the substation, which often blew up in those days, but, taken all together, they make you wonder," she said. "In 1972, I lost our third child because of a miscarriage. At about the same time, the woman who lived four houses over from us, at No. 24, developed a meningioma just like the one Jack had later except that hers was attached to her skull bone, so she had to have part of the bone replaced with a steel plate. Then there was the time the substation blew up in the summer of that year. My sister, Brooke, was visiting us, and we were all over at Jack's parents' house, next door, in the evening, when a thunderstorm came up. I started back to our house with Ann, and Brooke and Jack came behind me with little Jonathan. While they were walking along the street, a bolt of lightning hit the substation. Brooke grabbed up little Jonathan, and she and Jack made a dash for the house, and while they were running there was a loud hum from the substation, and it got louder and louder until there was an explosion, as if a bomb had gone off. A huge flash lit up the neighborhood with all the colors of the rainbow—gorgeous blues, greens, and yellows—and hung over us for a second or two. The lightning bolt had put the substation out of commission and knocked the power out in the whole town.

"A month later, when Brooke was vacationing up on Cape Cod, she had a grand-mal seizure in the kitchen of the house where she was staying. She fell down and cut herself on the head, but she came straight home to Connecticut without seeing a doctor. Then, in 1973, she had two more seizures, so she did go to a doctor. He diagnosed the problem as epilepsy—an electrical dis-

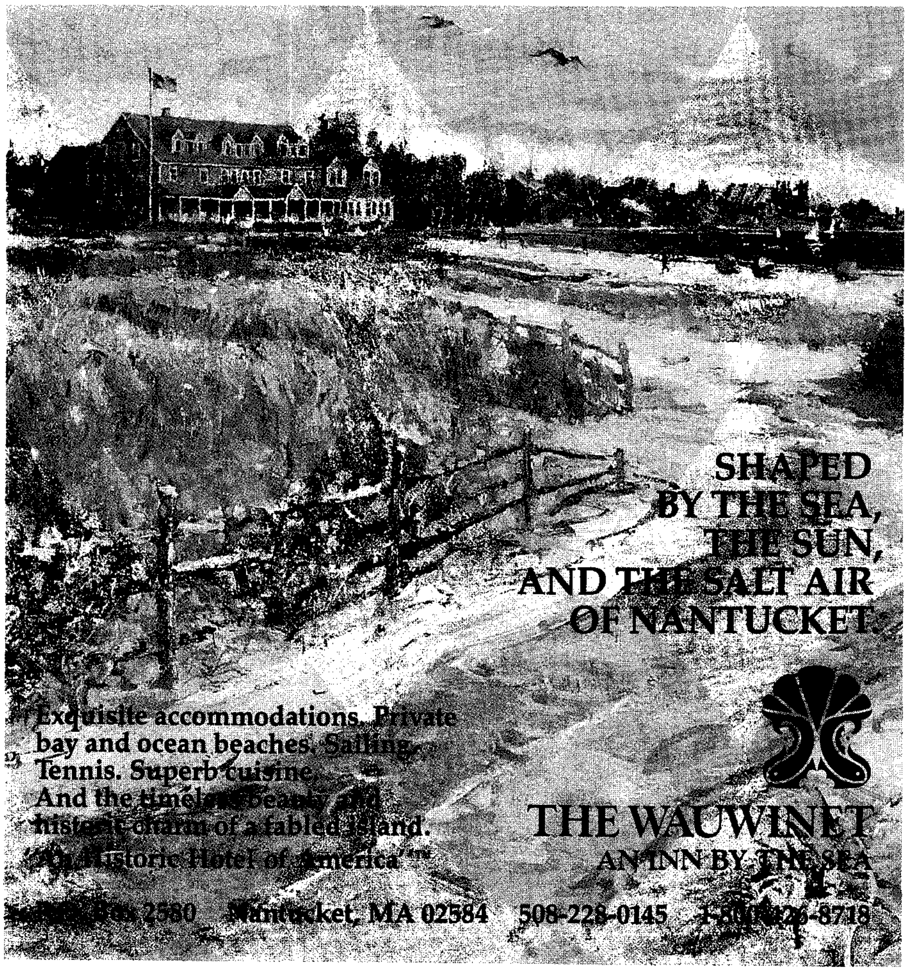
DISCOVER THE MAGIC
OF BEV DOOLITTLE

And discover why Bev Doolittle's camouflage art has made her today's most sought after artist in print. Here's just one of the striking images that make up her latest release: *Hide and Seek*, a limited edition subscription suite of seven dramatic prints. Limited quantities available.

GWS Galleries
2600 Post Road, Southport, CT 06490
1-800-243-4260 • FAX 203-255-9340

Please send me a free full-color brochure on *Hide and Seek* by Bev Doolittle.

Name ______________________ Telephone ______________
Address ______________________________________
City ______________________ State ______ Zip __________ NYO



SHAPED
BY THE SEA,
THE SUN,
AND THE SALT AIR
OF NANTUCKET.

Exquisite accommodations. Private
bay and ocean beaches. Sailing.
Tennis. Superb cuisine.
And the timeless beauty and
historic charm of a fabled island.
"An Historic Hotel of America"™

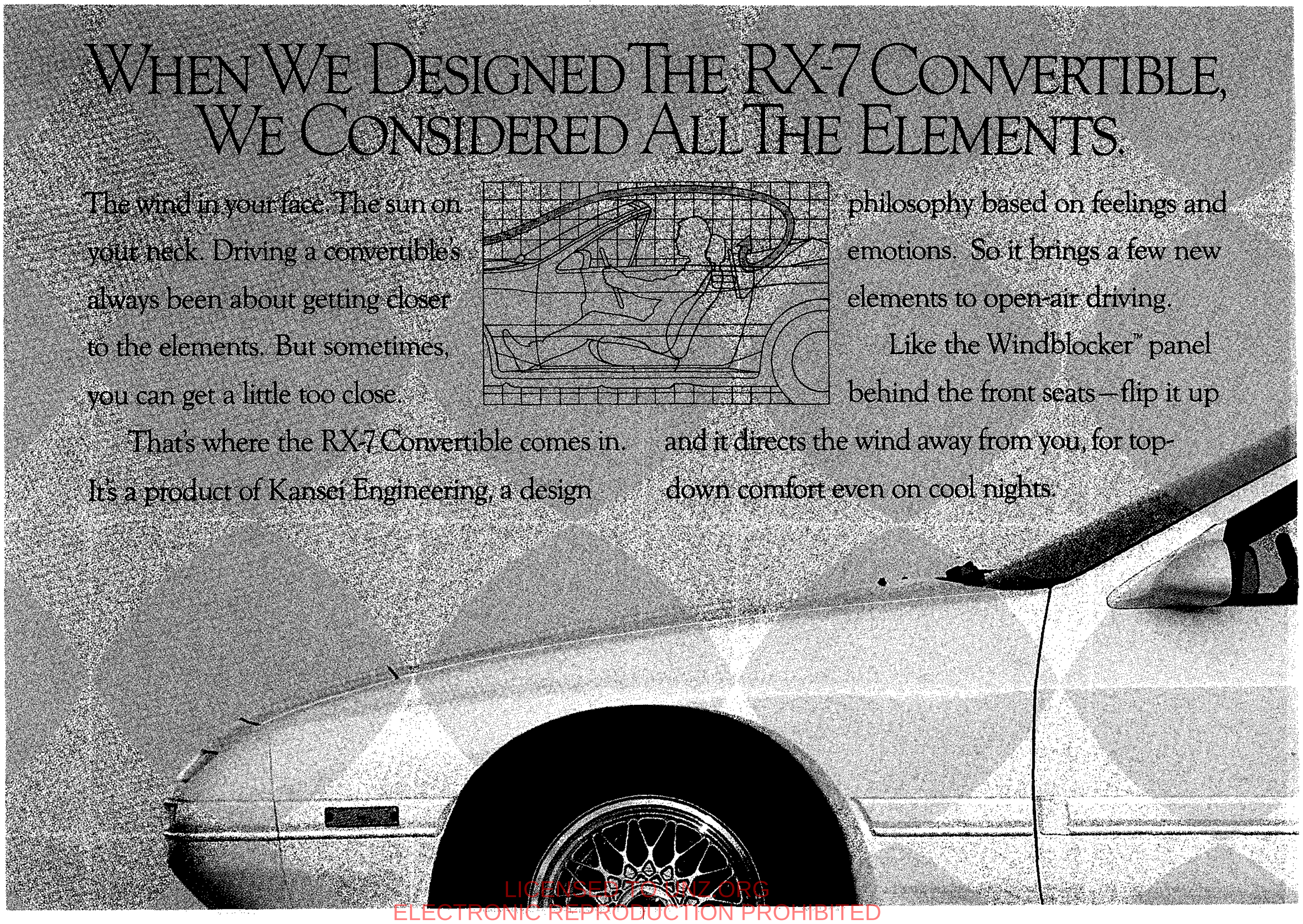
THE WAUWINET
AN INN BY THE SEA

[illegible] Box 2580 Nantucket, MA 02584 508-228-0145 1-800-426-8718

turbance in the brain—and put her on Dilantin. She stayed on Dilantin for a couple of years, and then weaned herself from it and never had any more seizures.

"Meanwhile, Jack's father had died of brain cancer, and when Jack developed his meningioma, in 1979, Brooke said there had to be something in the air on Meadow Street that was giving people cancer—first of all, Jack's sister Wanda, and then the woman at 24, and then Jack's father, and now Jack himself. Brooke said we should look into the substation, because she felt there must be some connection, but we resisted the idea. About that time, we learned that little Jonathan had Osgood-Schlatter Syndrome—a condition in which the knee tendons don't grow properly, and the kneecaps don't join with the tendons. Then, in 1982, Ann, who was thirteen, developed a nonmalignant tumor, on her left tibia, just below the knee. She had first started to have pain in the knee and leg that winter, but our local doctor said that that was normal for growing females, so we didn't pay much attention. In late August, however, a lump the size of a marble developed below her knee, and the skin around it turned brown. We took her to Dr. John Ogden, an orthopedic surgeon at the Yale School of Medicine, and he X-rayed her and made the diagnosis. When Dr. Ogden operated on her, in September, the tumor was embedded so deep in the shinbone that he had to go through almost to the last quarter inch. Ann wore a full hip-to-ankle cast for a month, and she was on crutches for another month. Brooke got angry when she learned what had happened, and insisted that we do something about the substation. She and I quarrelled about it until she finally gave up."

Leah continued, "In 1983, we moved from Meadow Street up to North Madison Road, near Guilford Lake. Around that time, we found out that Ann had developed a mild case of scoliosis, which is curvature of the spine. A year or so later, she developed blurred vision. Like little Jonathan, she had had bad headaches practically the whole time we lived at 48 Meadow. We took her to Dr. Laura Ment, a pediatrician and neurologist at Yale-New Haven. She gave her an EEG and said Ann was suffering from temporal-lobe epilepsy. Dr. Ment put her on Dilantin, and although she had one epileptic seizure—in October of 1984—she was able to graduate from high school in 1987 and then from the hairdressing academy in Branford. In 1985, she developed a ganglion cyst in her left wrist. We took her to Dr. Kendrick E. Lee, an orthopedic surgeon at the Yale School of Medicine, and he removed it. The cyst has recurred three times, and it has now affected the nerves of her hand so badly that she can't work as a hairdresser. Back in 1980, I had developed some very large and incredibly painful keratinous cysts under my arms and in my groin. The doctors at Yale-New Haven said it was because my sweat glands were plugged up, so they operated on me and removed the cysts from under both my arms. Then, about the time Ann developed her ganglion cyst, my face swelled up terribly, and Dr. J. Cameron Kirchner, an ear-nose-throat surgeon at Yale-New Haven, had to remove the parotid gland from my left cheek, because it had become grossly inflamed and wasn't functioning prop-



WHEN WE DESIGNED THE RX-7 CONVERTIBLE, WE CONSIDERED ALL THE ELEMENTS.

The wind in your face. The sun on your neck. Driving a convertible's always been about getting closer to the elements. But sometimes, you can get a little too close.

That's where the RX-7 Convertible comes in. It's a product of Kansei Engineering, a design philosophy based on feelings and emotions. So it brings a few new elements to open-air driving.

Like the Windblocker™ panel behind the front seats—flip it up and it directs the wind away from you, for top-down comfort even on cool nights.

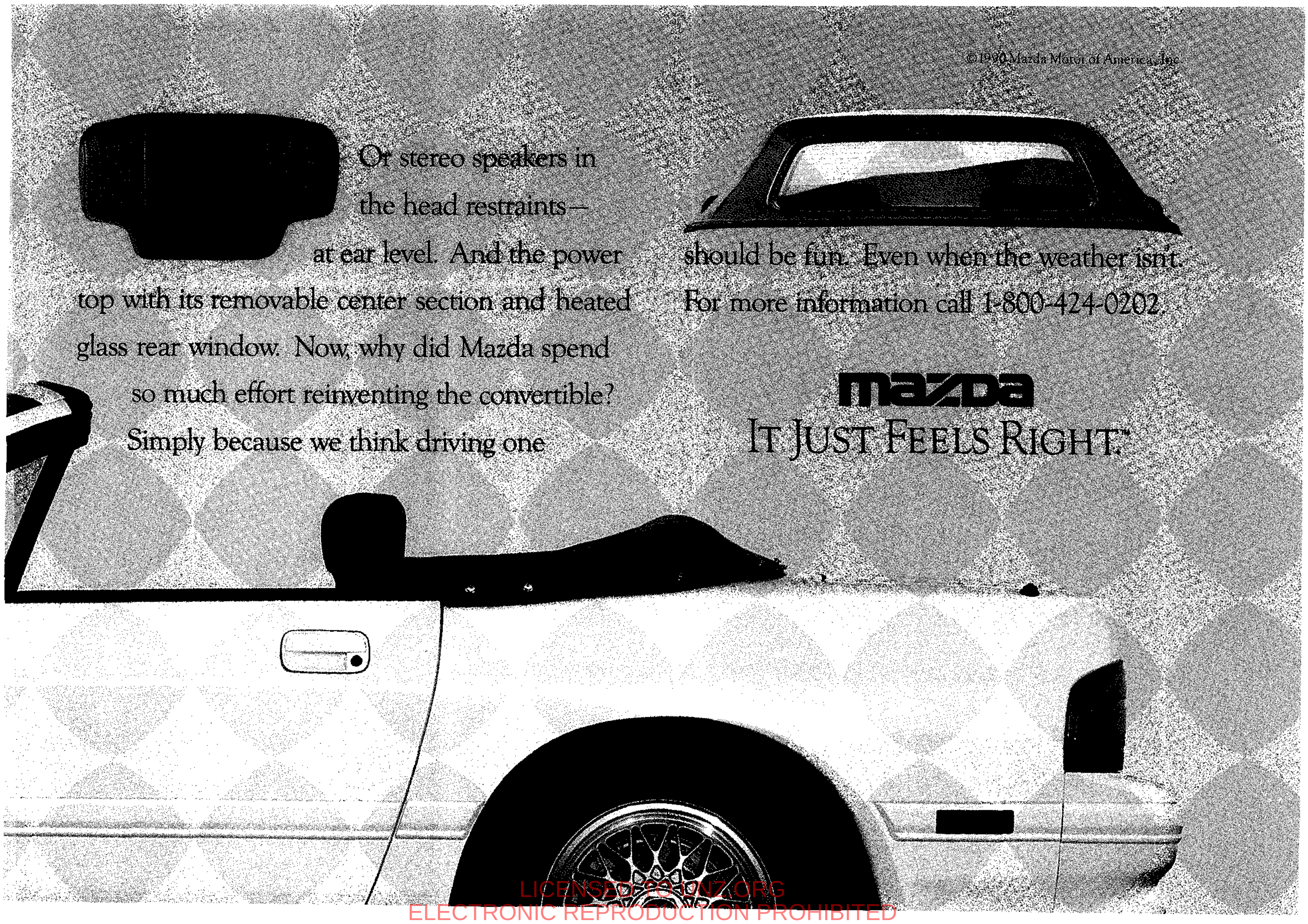
erly. When you think of all the trouble we had—just one family—it makes you wonder."

Jack Walston said, "The builder who sold the house at 48 Meadow to my father had bought it from a couple whose son was born crippled and was never able to walk. They also had another son and a daughter, who were normal. The builder, who had three children, too, lived in the house only briefly, and moved away soon after he converted it into upstairs and downstairs apartments. All the bedrooms in both apartments faced the substation, just across the street. The upstairs apartment was rented to a couple, and they lived there for several years. They had three children. One was born with a deformed spine, and it was corrected by surgery at Yale-New Haven Hospital. After my father bought the house, he rented the upstairs apartment to a couple who had one son. The husband worked for a local company that manufactured electrical equipment for boats, and he had a steel plate in his head, because of a wound he had suffered during the Second World War. He later committed suicide with a gun. After that family moved away, my father rented the upstairs apartment to a couple who had a son who was born mentally retarded in 1967 and had epileptic-type seizures as he grew, and was treated at Yale-New Haven Hospital. My father rented the downstairs for several years to a couple who had two sons during that time. One was born with hypospadias—a defect of the penis—and the other was born with a hole in his heart. Both defects were repaired by surgery at Yale-New Haven. After those people moved away, another couple rented the apartment until, in 1971, Leah and I moved in."

"How were any of us to know that the substation might have caused all that trouble," Leah said. "One of the doctors who operated on Jack came to dinner at our house in 1980, and he didn't say anything to us about the substation being across the street. All the doctors who later treated Ann were told about Jack's brain tumor and the fact that his father had died of brain cancer, and none of them seemed to think there was anything unusual. Only my sister, Brooke, made the connection between the substation and what had happened to us, and we didn't believe her."

JACK WALSTON's mother, Marian, whose sixth child was born dead in 1954, because of a premature separation, sold the house at 36 Meadow to a builder in 1976, soon after Jack's father died. The builder remodelled the house and rented it to a family. They lived there from 1977 until 1979. Then the builder sold the house to Loretta and Fred Nelson. Loretta and Fred have two children—Fred, Jr., who was born in 1968, and Joyce (Missy), who was born in 1972—and they bought the house at 36 Meadow for thirty-seven thousand dollars in September of 1979, just at the time Jack Walston's brain tumor was diagnosed.

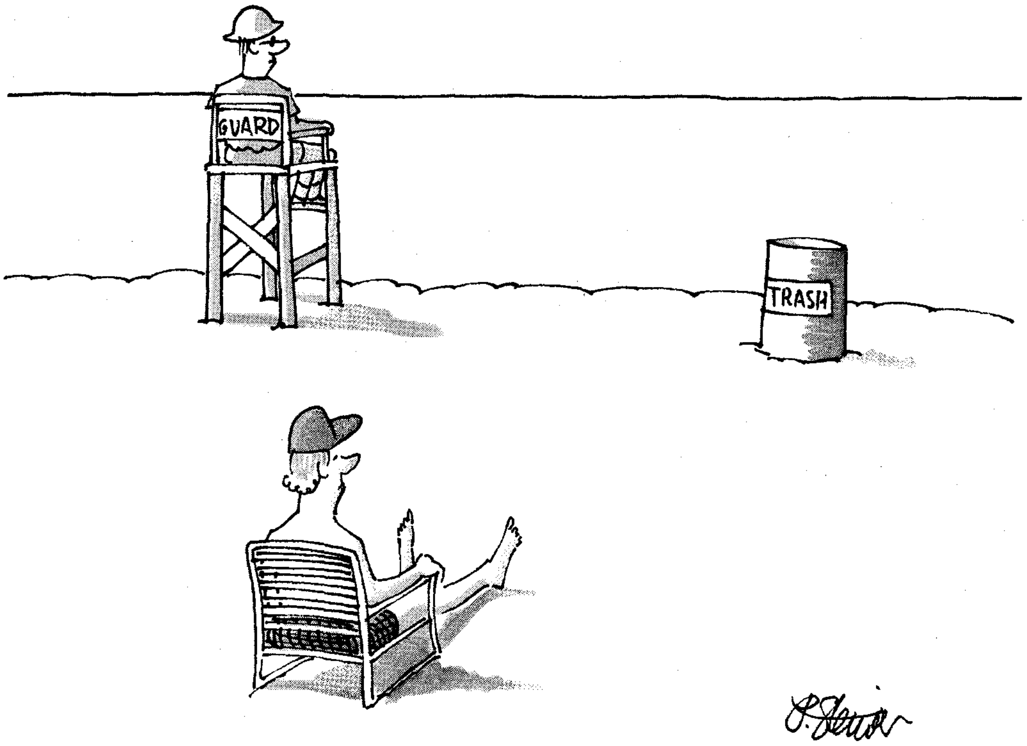
"About a year after we moved here, Joyce began to lose her face," Loretta recalls. "Her face was shrinking and hollowing out. In the spring of 1981, she developed a strep throat and a high fever, and her urine turned a dark-brown color. I was working at the electronics plant, so Fred took her to our pediatrician. He said she had a kidney problem, and sent us to


©1990 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.

Or stereo speakers in the head restraints—at ear level. And the power top with its removable center section and heated glass rear window. Now, why did Mazda spend so much effort reinventing the convertible? Simply because we think driving one should be fun. Even when the weather isn't.

For more information call 1-800-424-0202.

mazda
IT JUST FEELS RIGHT.™



SUMMER READING

Dr. Norman Siegel, a nephrologist at Yale-New Haven Hospital. Dr. Siegel performed a biopsy on her in May, and that's when he told us that she had glomerulonephritis and had lost thirty-five per cent of her kidney function. Other physicians at the hospital then diagnosed her lipodystrophy—the breakdown of fatty tissue that was causing her to lose her face. The combination of the two is extremely rare. In fact, Joyce was only the second case they had ever seen at Yale-New Haven. The doctors told us they didn't know what caused it, and we had no reason then to think that it might be associated with the substation here on Meadow Street, but now that we look back and think about all the cancer and headaches in this neighborhood we've begun to wonder. All of us—Fred, Sr., and Fred, Jr., and Missy and me—have had fierce headaches since we came to live here. A lot of other people on the street have them, too. The Brunelles, next door, for example, and a family who live up on the corner of Meadow and Water. And that's not all. Six months ago, Fred, Sr., developed a bump the size of a quarter on the back of his left hand, which got sore and caused him to lose the grip in his fingers. It turned out to be a keratoacanthoma, which is a benign tumor, and it had to be removed by a plastic surgeon. I'm afraid of the substation now. I keep remembering the couple who used to live next door to the big substation in Branford, in a frame house on Mill Plain Road, where the brick apartment buildings are now. The husband lived there in the middle nineteen-sixties, and when he was in his late twenties he died of cancer. It was all over his body. His wife also got cancer. I found out when I met her in the early nineteen-seventies at the hairdressing academy, while I was getting my hair cut. She told me she'd had chemotherapy. One of my biggest worries these days is Fred, Jr. He joined the Airborne two years ago, when he was nineteen. He was stationed at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Last year, when he was at Edwards Air Force Base, in California, they gave him an X-ray and told him he had either a tumor growing in his side or an extra rib. My other worry is little Amber, Missy's baby. When my friend Jane Harrison, who works with me at the electronics plant, heard that Melissa Bullock, next door, had brain cancer, she said we ought to get the baby off the street."

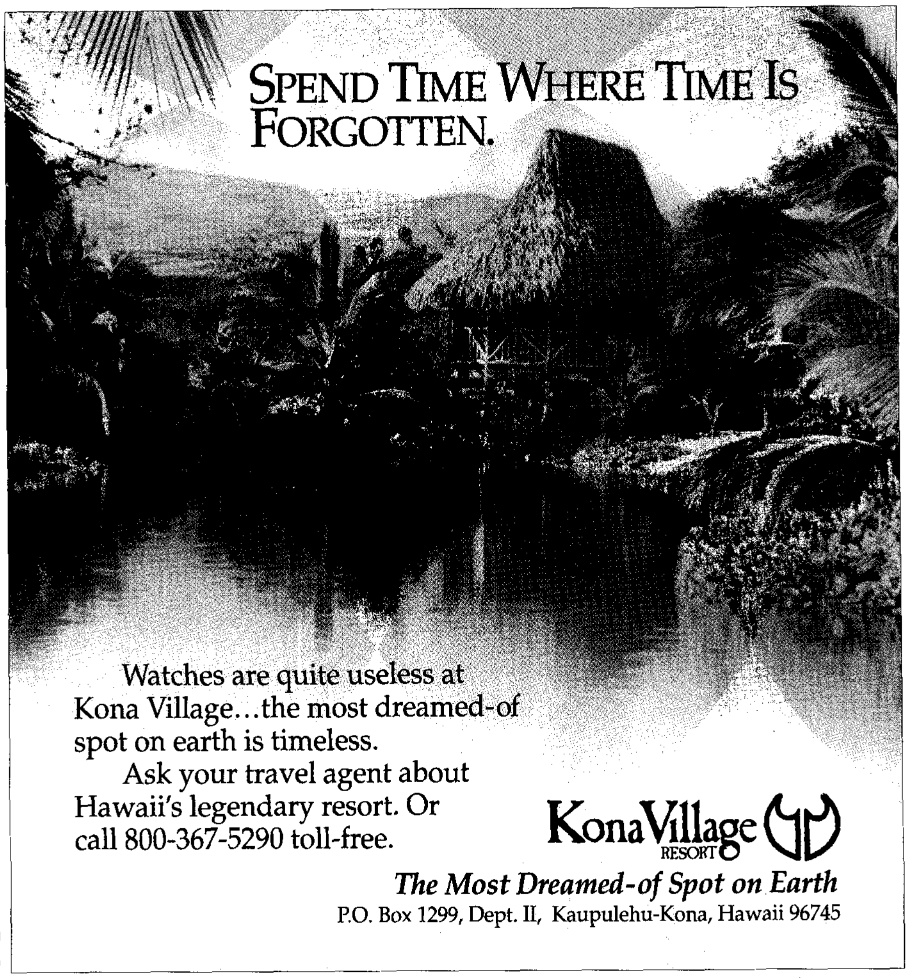
Loretta had become friends with Melissa's mother, Suzanne, when both were living in Branford during the nineteen-seventies. When Suzanne and her husband, Marshall, and their two children, Melissa and Corey, moved to Meadow Street, in the winter of 1979, Loretta came to visit them on several occasions. "I wish I had a house of my own," she used to say, and eventually Suzanne and Marshall persuaded her and Fred to buy the house next door.

Neither Melissa nor Corey encountered any unusual health problems while they were growing up on Meadow Street. By the time Melissa was sixteen, and a junior at Guilford High School, she had become an exceptionally beautiful young woman, almost six feet tall, who was a star player on the girls' basketball team. She was also a straight-A student, played the flute and piano, and had plans to go to college and ambitions to become a model. However, on the night of December 29, 1988—a day before her seventeenth birthday—she suffered a grand-mal seizure on the high-school basketball court during a game against Plainville. She was taken by ambulance to the emergency ward at Yale-New Haven Hospital, and was given a CAT scan and examined by a neurologist on staff duty. He said that what he saw looked like "an old injury," and prescribed Tegretol to forestall any further seizures. She was back home in her bed in Guilford at one in the morning. The next day, Suzanne called her pediatrician, in Branford, and he referred her to Dr. Isaac Goodrich, a neurologist and surgeon in New Haven. On January 5, 1989, Dr. Goodrich sent Melissa to an outpatient radiology clinic for a magnetic-resonance-imagery examination. The M.R.I. showed a mass consistent with a low-grade tumor in the posterior lateral portion of the brain beside her left ear. Dr. Goodrich told Suzanne that it was a fairly common tumor, and was probably Grade One—that is, small—and nonmalignant, but that it should be removed as quickly as possible.

On January 19th, Dr. Goodrich operated on Melissa at the Hospital of St. Raphael, in New Haven, and removed the tumor, which was so close to the optic nerve controlling right-side vision that he warned Suzanne that Melissa's sight on that side might be impaired. He sent tissue samples from the tumor to the hospital's pathology laboratory for testing, and when the final result came back, a day later, he didn't believe it, so he sent a sample to Yale-New Haven Hospital for another opinion. The report that came back from Yale-New Haven was the same as the report from the first lab: Melissa had developed a Grade Three astrocytoma—advanced malignant tumor of the brain.

"Dr. Goodrich was real shook up when he told me the news," Suzanne recalls. "He took it very badly. The tumor had become encapsulated, and that may have made the original CAT scan and subsequent M.R.I. diagnoses difficult. In any event, the cancer had spread far enough into the brain so that the prognosis for Melissa now had to be guarded. Late in January, Dr. Goodrich recommended that she begin radiation therapy, and starting in February she received two hundred rads in each of twenty treatments—five days a week for four weeks—at Yale-New Haven's Department of Therapeutic Radiology. She never got sick from the radiation, but she lost all her beautiful blond hair. Then, on March 27th, she went back to Yale-New Haven, and Dr. Joseph Piepmeier, a neurological surgeon, drilled two burr holes in her skull around the tumor site, inserted plastic tubing in each of them, and placed three seeds—tiny metal balls containing radioactive iodine—in each tube. The idea was that the iodine seeds would radiate outward and kill any cancer cells that remained in her brain. While she was in the hospital recovering from the operation, she suffered a full focal seizure, and they had to give her a huge dose of phenobarbital to pull her out of it. She also had trouble breathing and had to go on a respirator, but she was in top physical shape, because she's an athlete, so she bounced back quickly, and in two days she was able to come home.

"Dr. Goodrich had recommended that she undergo chemotherapy as well, and in June we went to Dr. Leonard Farber, an oncologist in New Haven. He gave her the first of two doses of an anticancer drug called CeeNU. She missed half a year of school, but, thanks to the homebound-studies program, she was able to start her senior year last fall. Since the operation, however, she



SPEND TIME WHERE TIME IS FORGOTTEN.

Watches are quite useless at Kona Village...the most dreamed-of spot on earth is timeless.

Ask your travel agent about Hawaii's legendary resort. Or call 800-367-5290 toll-free.

KonaVillage RESORT

The Most Dreamed-of Spot on Earth

P.O. Box 1299, Dept. II, Kaupulehu-Kona, Hawaii 96745

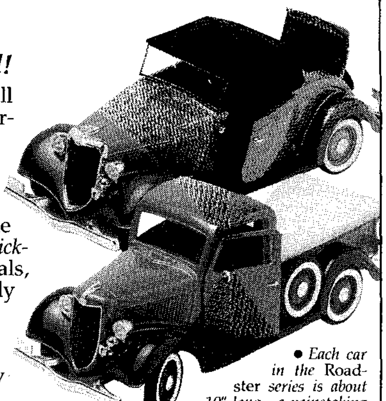
Bring back the age of finest automotive craftsmanship, with . . .

Ford® 1930's Roadster Series only $39.95 each*

But read this ad for an even better deal!

Listen to your father or grandfather. They will tell you that the 1930's were the years of America's unquestioned world leadership in automobile production. The cars of the *Ford® Roadster Series* were the most representative, the most beloved, and the most popular of that era. A small workshop in France now brings us replicas of two of the vintage cars in this series—the *Roadster* and the *Pick-up.* Both are scaled down to 1:18 of the originals, with every small detail authoritatively and lovingly reproduced. There is the gear-shift, the hand brake, the gauges on the panel, even the floor mat. The doors open and close, the rumble seat of the *Roadster* and the back of the *Pick-up* actually work, and the steering wheel moves the wheels.

We are one of the largest distributors of these authentic reproductions in the U.S. and can bring them to you for just $39.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90 and we'll send you an equally authentic 1:18 reproduction of the 1955 Cadillac Convertible, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Re-live this age of quality and elegance, and order the cars of the *Ford® 1930's Roadster* series today!



● *Each car in the* Roadster *series is about 10" long—a painstaking reproduction of the 30's original. The cars are made of die-cast metal and plastic, with baked on metallic enamel finish. The color of the* Roadster *is metallic gold and that of the* Pick-up *metallic green.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give **Code #4301 A435** for the *Roadster,* **Code #4302 A435** for the *Pick-up* and **Code #4304 A435** for the set of three cars (two Fords and a Cadillac). If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping insurance: $4.95 for one car; $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. 30-day return, 1-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

has had trouble reading, and has gone from a Level One student—someone who gets straight A's—to Level Two. What happens is she'll get stuck on a word and lose the context of a sentence. She also has trouble understanding abstract concepts, such as irony. She often misuses words that have a similar sound—for example, 'pole' for 'pool.' In addition, she has lost part of her vision. In fact, from about one to four-thirty on the right side of both eyes she has a total blackout. She's back on the basketball team, though, playing first string and compensating amazingly well, considering her handicap.

"The strange thing about all this is that my mother, who's a retired registered nurse, never wanted me to move to Meadow Street. She was suspicious of living so close to a substation. Around the time Melissa's tumor was diagnosed, Loretta and I talked about the unusual number of cancer cases there had been on the street, so I asked Dr. Goodrich about it. I asked him if there was any chance that the substation was causing it and if the same thing could happen to Corey. In fact, I wanted Corey to have a CAT scan, but Dr. Goodrich said there was only a one-in-a-hundred-thousand chance of anything like that happening to him. Later, I read an article in a women's magazine about a study showing cancer in children who lived near high-current power lines. And recently I heard about a Vietnamese boy who got leukemia while living up on River Street, on the other side of Water, near the same high-current wires that come past our house here on Meadow. A few months ago, I developed a cyst in my breast, which my doctor tells me is going to have to be monitored with mammography every three months from now on. It seems there's no end to the disease around here, so if it isn't the substation that's causing it, what can it be?"

MALIGNANT brain cancer is a rare disease in the United States, striking about one in every twenty thousand people each year. Nonmalignant meningioma is even rarer, occurring in about one in a hundred thousand people annually. The rates for brain cancer and meningioma in Connecticut are approximately the same as for the rest of the nation. Thus, to have two brain cancers and two meningiomas occurring in a span of twenty years among a handful of people living on a street of nine houses in Connecticut, or, for that matter, anywhere else in the United States, would be highly unusual—indeed, extraordinary—in and of itself. But the situation on Meadow Street is probably even worse than it appears, for the simple reason that when a thorough investigation of the health experience of its residents over the past thirty or forty years is conducted the cancer rate will undoubtedly have to be revised upward. Good reason for thinking so comes from the fact that just a few weeks ago it was learned that still another resident of the street, Mrs. Judith Lehman Beauvais, had developed cancer. She was born in 1941, and she lived at 56 Meadow, within a few feet of the high-current wires that cross over from the substation, from the time she was seven until she was twenty-one. Then she married and went to live on Mulberry Point Road, in Guilford. Five years ago, at the age of forty-four, she developed a malignant tumor of the optic nerve behind her left eye. It was treated with radiology at Yale-New Haven Hospital, leaving her partly blind in that eye and with limited vision in the other.

The fact that two malignant brain tumors, a malignant eye tumor, and a nonmalignant brain tumor have developed in people living in four adjacent houses on Meadow Street which are situated across from the substation and close to its high-current wires, together with the fact that the other nonmalignant brain tumor occurred in a woman who lived just a few houses away, speaks for itself. The fact that one of the brain cancers has been found in a seventeen-year-old girl, whose chances of developing such a neoplasm are only about one in fifty thousand, makes the substation additionally suspect. So does the fact that a nonmalignant ovarian tumor occurred in a twenty-five-year-old woman who had lived most of her life at 36 Meadow, and that her niece—a thirteen-year-old girl, who had lived for eleven years at 48 Meadow—developed a nonmalignant tumor on her tibia.

Moreover, these tumors are simply some of the more serious afflictions that have beset the inhabitants of the dwellings at 28, 36, 48, and 56 Meadow over recent years. Ann Walston not only developed the tibial tumor at the age of thirteen but suffered brain seizures when she was fifteen, and has since developed—and been operated on for—painful and disabling ganglion cysts of the wrist. Her mother, Leah, who had suffered a miscarriage while living at 48 Meadow during the early nineteen-seventies, underwent surgery for painful and debilitating cysts during the early nineteen-eighties, and, more recently, had to have an inflamed parotid gland removed from her cheek. Leah's sister, Brooke, suffered brain seizures during the early nineteen-seventies, when she was in her late twenties, and shortly after visiting the house at a time when the substation was struck by lightning, causing it to blow up and send powerful transient electromagnetic pulses throughout the neighborhood.

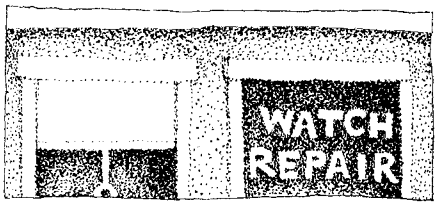
Fred Nelson, who has lived at 36 Meadow for the past ten years, recently developed a disabling growth on one hand, which had to be removed by surgery. By the age of sixteen, his daughter, Joyce, had developed glomerulonephritis and partial lipodystrophy—a kidney disease and a fatty-tissue disorder—which are extremely rare in combination and may be the result of some environmental insult. And Suzanne Bullock, the mother of Melissa, has been found to have a suspicious-looking cyst in one of her breasts.

Also disturbing is the extraordinary incidence of birth defects in children who were conceived and carried at 48 Meadow. Serious birth defects occur in about one in every twenty children who are born in the United States. However, no fewer than five of the nine children who were born to parents living in this house during the ten-year span from the middle nineteen-fifties to the middle sixties—it was during that time that the substation across the street was enlarged to handle higher and higher voltages—were afflicted with serious congenital anomalies. Two other children—Ann Walston and her brother, Jonathan Walston IV—developed either spinal or ligamental disorders as they grew. Additionally unsettling is the fact that a great majority of the residents—both children and adults—of 36 and 48 Meadow during the past twenty years have experienced excruciating and recurring headaches.

During the past thirty-five years, the fifty or so children and adults who were living in the four adjacent houses on Meadow Street which are opposite the substation have been seen hundreds of times for their various ailments by local physicians and pediatricians in Guilford and Branford, and those doctors have sent most of the patients whom they found to be suffering from serious illness, or disease they could not identify, to the Yale University School of Medicine's Yale-New Haven Hospital for examination, diagnosis, and treatment by a battery of oncologists, neurologists, nephrologists, geneticists, anesthesiologists, neurological surgeons, orthopedic surgeons, pathologists, radiologists, and chemotherapists—specialists who, depending upon the individual case, have proceeded to question them about their symptoms and family medical histories; to give them CAT-scan, X-ray, and EEG examinations; to delve into their brains and innards; to excise their malignancies, tumors, and other growths; to suture their wounds; to give them postoperative radiology and chemotherapy; to prescribe all manner of drugs and medicines; and to conduct follow-up examinations, without asking any of these patients about the neighborhood in which the patient lived. However, even if the cluster of malignant and nonmalignant tumors of the brain among the residents of Meadow Street had come to the attention of the doctors at the Yale School of Medicine, or if local health officials had become curious enough to stick pins denoting malignant neoplasms, nonmalignant tumors, and serious birth defects into a detailed street map of Guilford and thus been confronted by a forest of pins on Meadow Street near the substation, the physicians might have ascribed it to chance statistical variation—the rubric under which members of the nation's medical and scientific community have long chosen to file away (and avoid dealing with) cancer clusters. As for the particular cancer hazard posed by electromagnetic emanations from power lines and substations, the physicians are for the most part keeping silent until it appears safe to speak out—just as they did with the asbestos-cancer epidemic that will end up killing hundreds of thousands of shipyard and construction workers, and as they have done with the ongoing destruction of the ozone layer by chlorofluorocarbons, which, by significantly increasing the amount of harmful ultraviolet radiation reaching the earth, will inevitably result in a greatly increased incidence of malignant melanoma. In short, before the physicians and the scientists feel free to acknowledge that substations and high-current power lines constitute a serious public-health hazard, it will undoubtedly be necessary to identify some additional Meadow Streets.

Unfortunately, this turns out to be not difficult to do. For example, in May of 1989, Dr. Sorrell Wolfson, a sixty-three-year-old physician, who is the director of the Salisbury Radiation Oncology Center, in Salisbury, North Carolina—a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants about forty miles north of Charlotte, in Rowan County—had four brain-tumor patients referred to him for treatment in a single week. Wolfson, a native of Tampa, Florida, received his medical degree from the Vanderbilt University School of Medicine, in Nashville; did a two-year residency in pediatrics at the University of California Medical School in San Francisco; and then had a year's fellowship in pediatric oncology and hematology at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, in New York City. After completing his training, he returned to Tampa and spent the next twenty-two years treating children who had developed cancer and various blood diseases. During that time, he was a professor of pediatrics at the University of Florida, in Gainesville, and at the University of South Florida, in Tampa, where he became chairman of the Department of Pediatrics.

Discouraged because he was seeing many of his young patients die, Wolfson gave up his pediatric practice in 1980 to study radiation oncology, and since 1983 he has specialized in treating cancer with radiation therapy—first in Tampa, and then, starting in October of 1988, in Salisbury. Because he had treated only a few brain-tumor patients during the five years he practiced radiation oncology in Tampa, and only one brain-tumor patient during his seven months in Salisbury, he was naturally surprised to have four cases referred to him in a single week. He became concerned when he learned that all four patients lived near the small town of China Grove, which is in the southwestern part of Rowan County, about ten miles from Salisbury, and he became even more concerned when his interviews with them revealed that six other people from that area had also developed brain tumors in recent years. At that point, Wolfson called the Rowan County Health Department, and was referred to Dr. C. Gregory Smith, an epidemiologist with the Environmental Epidemiology Branch of the North Carolina Department of Human Resources, in Raleigh, and Dr. Smith sent him a set of cancer-cluster-investigation forms to fill out.



After verifying the ten brain-cancer cases in southwestern Rowan County through the medical records of hospitals in which they had been treated, Wolfson returned the cancer-cluster forms to Dr. Smith on June 21st. The ten cases went back to 1978, and all ten were primary brain cancers; that is, they had originated in the brain, and not metastasized there from elsewhere in the body. On July 5th, Smith wrote back to say that he planned to discuss the cases with an epidemiology intelligence officer from the Centers for Disease Control (C.D.C.), in Atlanta, who was scheduled to join the state's epidemiology branch on August 1st. Wolfson was elated to hear this, and two days later he gave a long interview to Rose Post, a reporter and columnist for the Salisbury *Post*. She then wrote a two-part series on the cancer cluster, which appeared in the newspaper on July 9th and 10th.

In the first article, Post quoted Wolfson as saying that since the incidence of brain tumor was one in twenty-five thousand in the general population each year, four brain cancers were "a huge number for anybody to see in a week's period of time." Dr. Smith, for his part, told Post that the cluster "could be coincidence," and that the basic question to be answered was whether it had occurred by statistical chance or because of specific risk factors.

In the second article, Smith was even more cautious in his remarks to Post. He told her that his organization re-

This Summer,
Discover
Four Seasons
Canada.

For information call:

1•800•622•5456

Four Seasons Hotel Toronto 30004
Situated in the heart of Toronto's fashionable Yorkville district, Toronto's only "5 Diamond" hotel is surrounded by fine shops, restaurants and galleries.

Le Quatre Saisons Montreal 30027
Canada's Paris, Montreal boasts incredible shopping, in a unique French cultural setting. Our summer package includes parking, continental breakfast for two, use of our pool and Gymtech health club, all in Montreal's only "5 Diamond" hotel.

$135 per night, double occupancy.
Price based upon minimum two nights stay. Children under 18 stay in parent's room free. Rooms subject to availability. Quoted in US dollars. Offer expires September 2, 1990. For reservations call 1-800-332-3442, or your travel agent.

Four Seasons
Hotels • Resorts

Advertisement

ceived reports of "perceived clusters" each week but did not investigate all of them. After noting that one out of every four people develops some form of cancer in his or her lifetime, Smith said that because there were so many retirement communities in North Carolina "you can go door to door and find lots of cancer." He went on to tell Post that his office was interested in the cluster that Wolfson had reported because it "involves a relatively rare type of malignancy over a relatively short period of time." He said that the state study would require statistics on brain cancer in Rowan County and in the surrounding counties, but that North Carolina's cancer-incidence registry was only two years old, so "unfortunately, all we have in the way of cancer statistics at this time are death certificates." He assured Post that the state investigators would look into the life styles and occupations of the brain-cancer victims and also into any family history of cancer.

On July 12th, a third article by Rose Post appeared. She wrote that Dr. Wolfson had learned about twenty-four new brain-tumor cases in Rowan County that week, including another possible cluster of cases in the Trading Ford-Dukeville area—two small communities about five miles northeast of Salisbury, near the Duke Power Company's Buck Steam Plant, on the Yadkin River. The next day, she wrote that four additional cases—all of which, like the twenty-four previous ones, were unconfirmed—had been reported, bringing the total to twenty-eight. Dr. Smith said he was not surprised by this. "That's not uncommon," he told Post. "Many times that's what happens when a cancer cluster is reported to the media." Smith went on to say that the state would investigate and verify all the newly reported cases, and take special note of whether they were primary brain cancers. "It's very common for many other types of cancer to metastasize to the brain," he said. "Most lay people don't realize that." Smith advised Post against going out and interviewing any of the cancer victims herself, observing that untrained people asking questions might provide patients with information that "becomes part of their knowledge base and part of their answers," and "may be woven into their recollections of their own life experiences." He also pointed out that cancer-cluster reports "can turn into a firestorm pretty quickly," with the result that "everybody gets upset and makes urgent demands for things to be done, sometimes unreasonable demands."

After the publication of this fourth article, Post was unable to make further contact with Dr. Smith; he informed her that the epidemiology branch was receiving so many requests for interviews from television reporters, radio stations, and other segments of the news media that she would henceforth have to go through the Department of Human Resources' public-relations office. Meanwhile, other researchers joined him in expressing doubt that the pending investigation would turn up anything of much importance. "It's extremely rare that a study of what appears to be a cluster comes up with any likely cause," Leslie Boss, an epidemiologist at the Centers for Disease Control, told Pam Moore, another writer for the Salisbury *Post*. Boss went on to say that such studies "consume a tremendous amount of time and a tremendous amount of money," but that "from a political point of view" they had to be carried out. Boss noted that three or four people could be expected to die of brain cancer each year in Rowan County, but that "we don't get as excited about" the fact that there were thirty to thirty-five deaths from lung cancer and about thirteen deaths from breast cancer in the county each year. Dr. Glyn Caldwell, who said that he had participated in studies of more than a hundred cancer clusters during eighteen years he had spent at the C.D.C., agreed with the tone of Boss's remarks. He told Moore that he had never worked on a brain-cancer cluster, but that he was unaware of any such cluster in the United States which researchers had been able to authenticate. He went on to suggest that the new doctor in town (Wolfson) "may be the cause of the cluster"—meaning that the cases could have existed for some time and it was only Wolfson's own discovery of them that made them appear significant.

On July 18th, the *Post* ran a story by Rose Post about the reported link between exposure of electric-utility workers to electromagnetic fields and the development of brain cancer and leukemia. On this subject she interviewed David Savitz, an epidemiologist at the University of North Carolina, in Chapel Hill. He told her that he and some colleagues were conducting a study to determine whether power linemen and power-station operators were more likely to be afflicted with brain cancer and leukemia than other utility workers, such as office personnel and truck drivers, who do not have the same exposure to electromagnetic fields. (The study was being financed by the Electric Power Research Institute, or EPRI—an organization in Palo Alto, California, that is, in turn, financed by major utility companies across the nation. For nearly twenty years, EPRI has sponsored research on power-line health effects which has advanced the proposition that the electromagnetic fields given off by power lines do not pose significant health hazards.) Savitz had previously conducted a study for the New York State Power Lines Project, which confirmed an earlier finding, by the epidemiologist Nancy Wertheimer, of Boulder, Colorado, that children living near high-current wires developed cancer (including brain cancer) at twice the rate of children who did not live near such wires. However, he did not tell Post that just a few weeks earlier, at the annual meeting of the Society for Epidemiologic Research, he and a colleague had presented disturbing findings about deaths from brain cancer among electrical workers. Savitz and his associate, who subsequently published their results in the *American Journal of Epidemiology*, had analyzed 410,651 deaths—among them 1,095 deaths from malignant brain tumors—occurring in sixteen states that participate in an industry-and-occupation-coding program of the National Center for Health Statistics, and had found that electrical workers had a fifty-per-cent greater rate of death from brain cancer than other workers.

In gathering material for her July 18th article, Post also interviewed Michael Mullen, a spokesman for the Duke Power Company, in nearby Charlotte. He told her that Duke Power was affiliated with EPRI, and that the weight of evidence of studies done during the past few decades "gives us confidence that we are providing electricity to our customers in a safe manner."

Post devoted a major portion of this article to the cluster of brain-cancer cases that Dr. Wolfson had reported from the Trading Ford-Dukeville area, near the Duke Power Company's Buck Steam Plant. That section read:

> Two people who grew up as neighbors in the Dukeville community adjacent to the Buck Steam Plant have raised questions since members of both familes died of brain cancer.
>
> Bill Gilland's mother, Edna Gilland, died of primary brain cancer in January, 1988. "When she died," he said, "we started thinking of the people in that community who had died of the same thing."
>
> He listed seven people. Two died 10 or more years ago, but the other five have died within the past three years.
>
> Those names have been turned over to Dr. Sorrell Wolfson, director of the Salisbury Radiation Oncology Center. Wolfson prompted the study here when he contacted the Environmental Epidemiology Branch, State Division of Health Services, after he became concerned about four current brain-tumor cases in southwestern Rowan. Those four led to information about six others in the same area. All 10 cases have been verified.
>
> ### OTHER CASES
>
> The Post asked Duke Power about the study after questions were raised by relatives of people with brain cancer in China Grove and Trading Ford. The New York Times reported last week that accumulating scientific evidence had convinced many that there is cause for concern.
>
> On that [the Dukeville] list is Walter Koone, who died of a brain tumor in March, 1986, right after his 50th birthday.
>
> Koone's sister, Margaret Koone Murphy, who now lives in Las Vegas, Nev., believes there's enough evidence of a connection to warrant further study.
>
> "It's kind of amazing," she said, that so many people with brain tumors can be counted who worked at the power plant and lived in a community that had—at most—300 people.
>
> "I don't know what caused it," she said, "but I think there has to be something, whether it's food, water, or the electromagnetic field. I just feel like the numbers are too high." If the normal incidence of brain cancer is one in 25,000, "and you have that many brain cancers, not considering other types of cancer that people in this area have, it's a high number."
>
> Mrs. Murphy and her two brothers grew up in Dukeville village. Their father, who died Aug. 23 with cancer of the lung, worked at Buck Steam Plant all his life.
>
> "And I'm home now," she said, "nursing my mother back from cancer of the breast."
>
> Her brother, Walter, lived in the village until he graduated from high school. After four years in the Army, he moved to Belmont where he worked at the Allen Steam Plant until he died. Her other brother lives in Mount Holly and works for a Duke Power plant.
>
> "My mother still lives on Dukeville Road," she said, "about a mile from the plant. Mrs. Gilland was my mother's closest friend."

Since health officials in North Carolina had been playing down the importance of the initial brain-cancer cluster, reported by Dr. Wolfson, it may not seem surprising that neither Dr. Smith nor anyone else at the state epidemiology branch apparently made any attempt to follow up the information about the incidence of brain cancers in the Trading Ford-Dukeville area which had been provided by Rose Post in the Salisbury newspaper. Somewhat more surprisingly, no other North Carolina newspaper, and no television or radio station, picked up Post's story. On January 6th of this year, however, the Charlotte *Observer* ran a long piece about the controversy over whether electromagnetic fields can cause cancer and other disease. The article quoted a review, prepared in 1989 for Congress's Office of Technology Assessment, stating that "the emerging evidence no longer allows us to categorically assert that there are no risks" entailed in exposure to electromagnetic fields, and that there was "some evidence to support the possibility that exposure can act as a cancer promoter." The *Observer* piece also cited the findings of the study recently conducted by Genevieve Matanoski, the epidemiologist at Johns Hopkins; namely, that the incidence of brain tumors among forty-five hundred New York Telephone Company cable splicers—men whose work near power lines and substations exposes them to electric and magnetic fields—was almost twice as high as that of the company's office workers, and that their leukemia rate was seven times as high. Nancy Wertheimer told the newspaper that a majority of the scientific studies conducted since 1979 showed that there was an association between exposure to electromagnetic fields and the development of cancer. However, Dr. Philip Cole, the chairman of the Department of Epidemiology of the University of Alabama, who had appeared at a 1987 congressional hearing to support the position of EPRI that power-line fields did not pose a health hazard, said that the findings of the studies were inconsistent, and added, "My own conclusion is that there's nothing going on here." David Savitz, for his part, declined an invitation from the newspaper to advise people to reduce their exposure to electro-

"Sorry, Chief, but Bianca Jagger is here to check on human-rights abuses."

• •

magnetic fields. Doing nothing "may not be irrational," he told the *Observer*. This seemed an unusually sanguine observation from the author of a study that reported finding nearly twice the expected number of cancer cases among children living near high-current wires; and, as it happened, Savitz was about to publish a new analysis of data from the same study, showing four times the expected rate of brain cancer in children whose mothers used electric blankets in their first trimester of pregnancy, as well as higher than expected levels of leukemia.

In any event, the members of the North Carolina Environmental Epidemiology Branch had been doing essentially nothing about the cluster of brain cancers in Rowan County which had been reported more than six months earlier. Dr. Smith's plan to turn the cases over to the epidemiology-intelligence officer from the C.D.C. in August of 1989 apparently had not worked out, because at the end of this March—ten months after Dr. Wolfson reported the first ten brain cancers in southwestern Rowan County, and eight and a half months after Rose Post wrote about a second brain-cancer cluster, in the Trading Ford-Dukeville area—Dr. Peter Morris, a state epidemiologist, went to Salisbury and spent two days interviewing the families and the surviving victims in nine of the initial ten cases.

A week or so before Morris conducted these interviews, he told Post that the state had already studied mortality rates for Rowan and the surrounding counties, and that "nothing out of the ordinary is going on in the area as a whole, for brain cancer, at least." He said that he intended to ask for detailed occupational and residential histories in the nine cases, "to see if there is anything these people have in common, or that a large proportion have in common." He went on to say that it could be significant, for example, if many or all of the brain-cancer victims had worked in the same plant twenty years ago. He also said that he did not expect the interviews to provide any definitive information, because cluster studies generally provide only suggestive information. During his stay in Salisbury, Morris did not visit Trading Ford or Dukeville, and when he was asked if he had reviewed the reported cases of brain cancer that Dr. Wolfson had sent to the epidemiology branch from that area he said he had not.

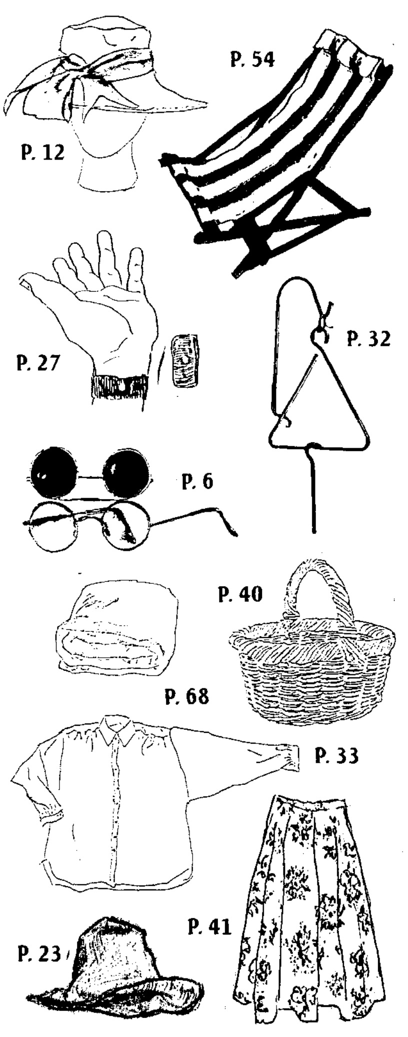
If Dr. Morris and his colleagues at the epidemiology branch had investigated the brain-cancer cluster reported among residents of the Trading Ford-Dukeville area, they would have discovered that all seven victims of the disease had indeed had something in common: they had worked at the Buck Steam Plant or had lived in Dukeville, a village of eighty-six houses, for married workers and their families, and a dormitory, for single workers, which the Duke Power Company had built near the plant, so that its employees could walk to work. Indeed, Dukeville was situated not only close to the plant but also adjacent to a large substation, where the medium voltages produced by the plant's alternators were raised to two hundred and thirty thousand volts and sent out over more than half a dozen transmission lines radiating from the plant, to carry electrical power throughout the central Piedmont.

The Buck Steam Plant—it was named for James Buchanan (Buck) Duke, who died in 1925—was built in 1926. At that time, the company constructed forty-two four-, five-, and six-room houses for its employees, and those who occupied them paid no rent and were provided with free coal for heating. Twenty-two more houses were built in 1942, when Duke Power was called upon to produce extra electricity for the war effort, and another twenty-two were built in 1945, just after the war ended. In 1955, however, the company decided to sell its real estate in Dukeville, giving the resident employees the opportunity to buy their houses for between a hundred and a hundred and fifty dollars a room. The company offered the purchasers a number of lots on either side of Dukeville Road, at the top of a hill about a quarter of a mile away, for three hundred dollars apiece. About thirty of the houses were moved to the top of the hill, which is about midway between the power plant and Trading Ford, an old riverside supply post, and most of the other houses were moved elsewhere in the vicinity.

Today, almost nothing is left of the original village of Dukeville, but the Buck Steam Plant, which was partly shut down during the nineteen-fifties and sixties, is being renovated and is scheduled to go back into operation soon. As for the three hundred or so people who lived in the village or worked at the plant (or did both), what is known of their health experience indicates that it has been unfortunate, to say the least. In addition to the seven people who have died of brain cancer, four others, who simply lived near the plant or the high-voltage transmission lines radiating from it, have also died of the disease. Moreover, a preliminary inquiry among people living on Dukeville Road reveals that there have been at least eight deaths from leukemia, lymphoma, and other cancers among people who had either lived in the village of Dukeville or worked at the Buck Steam Plant—including the death from lung cancer of a man who never smoked. By assigning this cancer cluster to the category of chance statistical variation, the North Carolina authorities seem to have overlooked an extraordinary hazard that—like the one on Meadow Street which confronted the physicians at Yale-New Haven Hospital for so many years—has been right in front of them. As for the likelihood that the inhabitants of Dukeville and the residents of Meadow Street were exposed to similarly powerful electromagnetic emanations from the substations near their homes, it is interesting to note that, just as Jack Walston remembers going through half a dozen light bulbs a week while he and his family were living at 48 Meadow, a former resident of Dukeville recently recalled "going through light bulbs down there like crazy."

IN April of 1989, several weeks before the first brain-tumor cases were referred to Dr. Wolfson, a parent living in the neighborhood of Santa Rosa Lane, in Montecito, California—an affluent community of nine thousand people near Santa Barbara—got in touch with officials of the Santa Barbara County Department of Health Care Services to report a cluster of leukemias and lymphomas among children and young people in the area. When Dr. Alan Chovil, who is the director of Preventive Medical Services for the county, asked the California Department of Health Services, in Sacramento, to verify the report, the parent's concern was confirmed: six cases of leukemia and lymphoma—including one case of leukemia in a three-year-old child who had died earlier in the year—were diagnosed between 1981 and 1988 among residents of Montecito eighteen years of age or younger. According to researchers at the state environmental-health-hazards section, that was almost five times the number of leukemias and lymphomas that would normally be expected to occur during an eight-year period in a population the size of Montecito's, and was an event that could be expected to happen by chance in only about two out of a thousand communities of that size. After receiving the verification, Dr. Chovil asked the Department of Health Services' Environmental Epidemiology and Toxicology Section to help investigate the cluster, and plans were drawn up to interview the parents of the afflicted youngsters and to conduct an environmental investigation that would include reviewing historical records for information about possible contamination of the area with pesticides or other chemicals, taking soil samples, testing drinking water, and measuring the electromagnetic fields at the local elementary school. The last factor was introduced into the study when Bronte Reynolds, the principal of the Montecito Union School, which is near the intersection of San Ysidro Road and Santa Rosa Lane, told state investigators that he and a group of parents were worried about electromagnetic fields because an electrical substation owned by the Southern California Edison Company was situated next to the school's kindergarten playground, and because an electric-transmission line crossed school property.

During the first week of August, shortly before state investigators were scheduled to interview the parents of the leukemia and lymphoma victims, the Santa Barbara *News-Press* ran a story about the cluster, by a staff writer named Melinda Burns. She reported that three of the afflicted children "live so close together"—presumably on or near Santa Rosa Lane—"that they can see each other's homes," and that four of the children had attended the Montecito Union School. Since the school has an enrollment of about four hundred students, and cancer occurs in only one in ten thousand children, the incidence of cancer among the student population of Montecito Union was at least a hundred times what might have been expected. Burns interviewed a number of people about the study that was in progress. Among them was Dr. Chovil, and he seemed ambivalent about it. "We've been trying to play it as low-key as possible," he said. "This is a tight little community, and we've been keeping in close touch with resi-



The J. Peterman
Catalogue. (No. 6)
Summer '90.

©1990 The J. Peterman Company

Catalogue to ____________ name
address ____________
city ______ state ______ zip ______

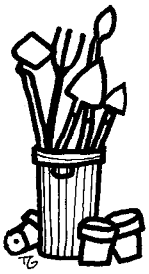
The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive
Lexington, Kentucky 40509
(800) 231-7341
NY7/9

GALAPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition.
50 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-420-1550
1311Y 63rd ST, EMERYVILLE, CA 94608

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to the Village of Fearrington
Be neighbors with bluebirds, hollyhocks, shops, a country inn, and fascinating people of all ages. For complete information – 1-800-334-5475 or Box 111-N, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

dents in the area." He also said, "There are more coincidences than you'd like to see," and added that he was "not a bit surprised that the citizens got concerned."

Dr. Lawrence Garfinkel, of the American Cancer Society, gave an assessment of the situation which sounded very much like the ones that the C.D.C. researchers had given Rose Post. "It's very, very rare to find a cause for a reported cluster," he said. "The conclusion that epidemiologists have to come to is that it's a chance phenomenon." Robert Schlag, a toxicologist with the California Department of Health Services, was even more pessimistic. "We'd like to find the cause of this," he said. "We don't think that we will." Schlag told Burns that by ruling out obvious environmental factors the state investigators would at least be able to assure the residents of Montecito that "there's no environmental hot spot here," so "they don't have to move out of town." He went on to say, however, that the cancer cluster among their children was "one of the sad facts of life," and that such a cluster "will happen again." Concerning the electromagnetic fields being given off by the substation and by the power line, Schlag said that very little was known about such radiation, and that the state was still in the process of obtaining the proper instruments to measure it.



On Sunday, September 24th—a time of the week when power demand is invariably lower than on weekdays, and when the strength of the magnetic fields given off by high-current wires is invariably reduced—staff members of the Environmental Epidemiology and Toxicology Section, who had never made electromagnetic-field measurements before, used borrowed equipment to measure the strength of the magnetic fields in a number of locations in the vicinity of the substation next to the Montecito Union School and a sixty-six-thousand-volt high-current feeder line that originates at the substation and passes forty feet in front of the school. (Curiously, no readings were taken inside the school.) Even on Sunday, however, a level of twelve milligauss was found under the power line opposite the substation, and one of four magnetic-field readings taken on the kindergarten patio was nearly two milligauss—a level just below that shown in three different epidemiological studies to be associated with twice the expected incidence of cancer among children.

The report of the state investigators, which was issued in draft form in December, under the title "Investigation of the Montecito Leukemia and Lymphoma Cluster," tried to put the best face on these measurements. "Exposure to electric and magnetic fields is an inevitable consequence of living in a society that uses electricity," it stated. "The earth has a DC [direct current] magnetic field of about 500 milligauss, and electric power lines and appliances generate AC EMF [alternating-current electromagnetic fields] of various magnitudes that decrease with distance from the source." With such language the authors of the report glossed over the fact that human evolution has occurred in the earth's steady-state, direct-current magnetic field, and ignored the fact that man-made sixty-hertz alternating-current magnetic fields will cause anything magnetic in their path, including the molecules of the human brain and body, to vibrate to and fro sixty times a second. The report went on to say that "we are all exposed to various degrees from ambient sources, household appliances, and from occupational sources," and to include a diagram of various sources of exposure which had been drawn up by EPRI.

The EPRI diagram indicated that magnetic fields close to household appliances are far stronger than those at the edge of a power-line right-of-way. It failed to point out, however, that the fields from almost all appliances fall off sharply within a few inches of their source, and that since people rarely stay as close as that to hair dryers, toasters, vacuum cleaners, and the like for eight hours a day, they cannot possibly be subjected to the same long-term chronic exposure as that of, say, a child attending a school situated within a few feet of a high-current feeder line. (Notable exceptions are electric blankets and electrically heated water beds.)

A page later, this paragraph appears:

> The Southern California Edison substation and electric lines around the school are features relatively unique to Montecito Union Elementary School. Measurements were taken around school grounds to see if the substation was responsible for EMF's higher than those measured in other places in the area and in the country and to inform members of the community who were calling the principal and the health department about this concern. Measured levels fall within the range of measurements taken in other studies. They indicate that the EMF environment around the school does not appear to be different from other parts of the country even though there is a substation nearby.

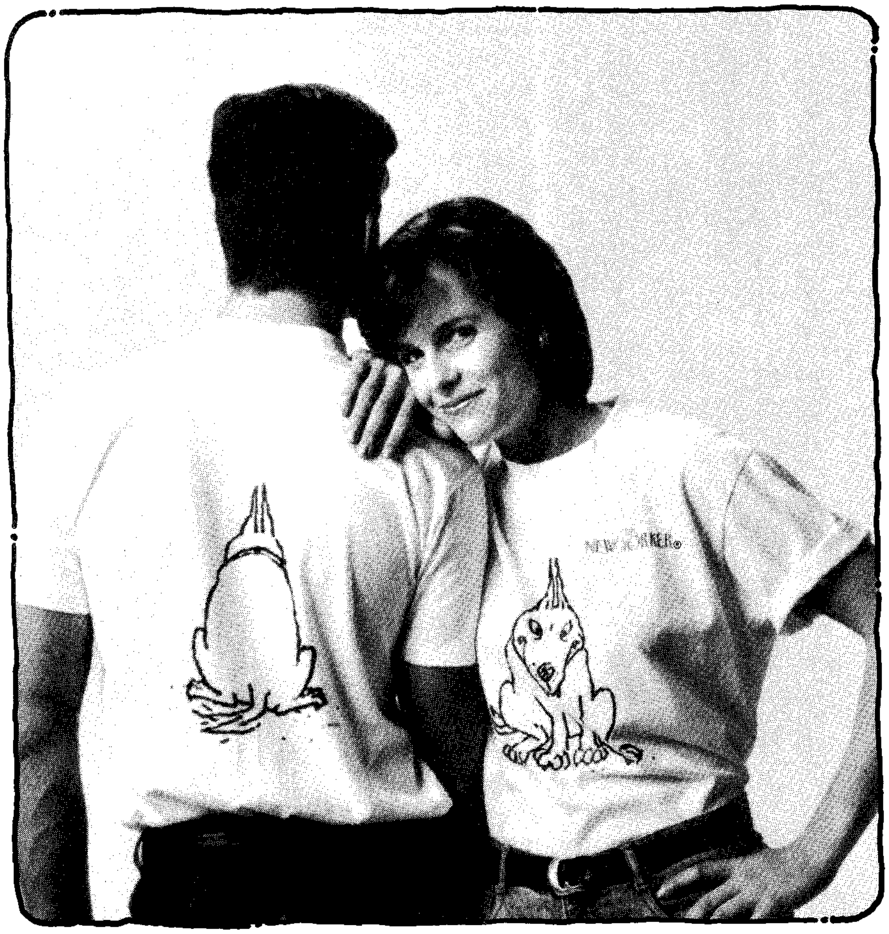
After advancing the proposition that substations and the high-current distribution wires leading from them—well known to electrical engineers as sources of powerful alternating-current magnetic fields because the wires leading from them are carrying all the current to be delivered to a given load area—do not contribute to the electromagnetic-field environment, the authors of the state report asserted that they had "found nothing that might have caused the cancers." They concluded by recommending that the California Tumor Registry "maintain the Montecito area under surveillance for cancer cases, and report yearly on trends in cancer occurrence in the area."

ON December 14th, the day the findings of the state report were presented to more than a hundred Montecito residents in the school auditorium, *Montecito Life*—a weekly community newspaper—ran a front-page story, by a reporter named Laurie Koch Thrower, under the headline "RESEARCHERS CAN'T EXPLAIN MONTECITO'S CANCER CLUSTER." Dr. Chovil told Thrower that tests of Montecito's water showed it to be "squeaky clean," and that readings of a transformer in the schoolyard did not indicate that it was emitting any excess radiation. Richard Kreutzer, an epidemiologist with the Environmental Epidemiology and Toxicology Section, told Thrower that "nothing turned up in the investigation that explained the cases," and that "any combination of causes you can think of is possible." One possibility, of course, was that chronic exposure to sixty-hertz magnetic fields, which have been shown in experimental studies to be capable of hindering human T-lymphocyte cells from combatting cancer, could have promoted cancer in children attending the Montecito Union School by suppressing their immune systems.

Many Montecito residents were puzzled by the lack of answers in the state report. Some were distressed by the way the California authorities had mea-

ADVERTISEMENT

PUT ON THE DOG



NOW YOU CAN WEAR ALL THE PERSONALITY AND WIT OF THE NEW YORKER. THIS 100% COTTON T-SHIRT FEATURING THE IRASCIBLE BULL TERRIER CREATED BY NEW YORKER ARTIST GEORGE BOOTH WILL SUIT THE MAGAZINE'S FANS TO A TEE.

670034

Please send me ___ Booth dog T-shirts, ___ Large and ___ Extra-large at $14.95, plus $2.50 UPS shipping per item. Add sales tax in CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY.

Make check or money order payable to The New Yorker and mail to:

New Yorker Wear℠
P.O. Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336

Name ______________________

Address ______________________
UPS will not deliver to a P.O. Box. Please use street address.

City/State/Zip ______________________
Please allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery. U.S. and Canada only.

© 1990, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

sured the magnetic fields near the school. One reason for the distress was that several parents had bought gaussmeters and taken their own readings of the magnetic fields on weekdays, when their children were in school. Not surprisingly, these readings turned out to be considerably higher than the ones taken by the state investigators on a weekend. In view of this disparity, Bronte Reynolds, the school principal, said that until more was known he was in favor of shielding the power lines. (Unfortunately, that would not help, because there is almost no way to shield the magnetic fields given off by power lines.) The state investigators responded by saying that they would address the concerns that had been raised, and present additional findings in their final report.

During January and February of this year, Thrower continued to cover the story in detail for *Montecito Life*. On January 18th, she reported that Montecitans and their school representatives had been dissatisfied with the research conducted by county and state health officials, and had arranged for those officials and officials of Southern California Edison to remeasure the strength of the magnetic fields given off by the power lines near the school. John Britton, the area manager for Southern California Edison, told her that the company would coöperate fully in the new investigation. He pointed out, however, that state regulations mandating that new schools be situated at least two hundred feet from lines carrying a hundred thousand volts or more did not apply to power lines carrying less than that. Britton did not point out that a sixty-six-thousand-volt feeder line, such as the one passing within forty feet of the Montecito school, could at that distance give off magnetic fields exceeding those given off by high-voltage transmission lines at a distance of two hundred and fifty feet.

On February 8th—the day when funeral services were held for an eighteen-year-old leukemia victim who had attended the school—*Montecito Life* ran a front-page story by Thrower under the headline "CANCER STRIKES SEVENTH CHILD IN MONTECITO." The new case involved a non-Hodgkin's lymphoma that had been diagnosed a few weeks earlier in a fifteen-year-old girl who had been attending the Howard School, which is a block and a half from Montecito Union. County health officials told Thrower that they were not going to consider the case part of the cancer cluster under study, because they had found no evidence of a common denominator between it and the six original cancer cases. Dr. Chovil had another explanation. "We know we have too many cases," he said, but "if we haven't found it"—the cause—"among six, one more isn't going to help." He went on to say that so little was known about the effects of electromagnetic radiation upon health that when the results of the new measurements of the power-line fields at Montecito Union were made available he and his colleagues would not know what to do with them. "Even if we discovered all the children had been exposed to the same levels, it would not prove this was causing the cases," he said. Chovil then told Thrower that the seventh case of cancer had raised the hypothesis that "air travel could be a factor," because of the cosmic rays that air travellers are exposed to.

On March 1st, Chovil told Melinda Burns, of the *News-Press*, that the substation at the Montecito Union School was "completely irrelevant" to the ongoing study of the cancer cluster. A day later, Jack Sahl, a researcher for Southern California Edison, who was monitoring the magnetic-field measurements being made at the school, echoed Chovil's opinion. "Montecito looks like just a normal school in terms of electromagnetic fields," he said. "These fields have been here as long as Montecito has had electricity. We're confident they're not associated with the cancer cluster." After conceding that he could not guarantee that there was no danger from magnetic fields, Sahl said that more studies were needed to verify the findings of the studies that had already been conducted. Perhaps the most interesting revelation came from Chovil: he told Burns that one student at Montecito Union had been afflicted with testicular cancer but had not been included in the study, because the identified cluster did not include such cancers. This reasoning flew in the face of a number of epidemiological studies; for example, both Wertheimer and Savitz had found that deaths from cancer of all parts of the body were significantly elevated among children living near high-current wires, and Matanoski had found that cancer of all parts of the body was significantly elevated in telephone-company cable splicers.

GOURMET
POPCORN
OPEN
B Ernst

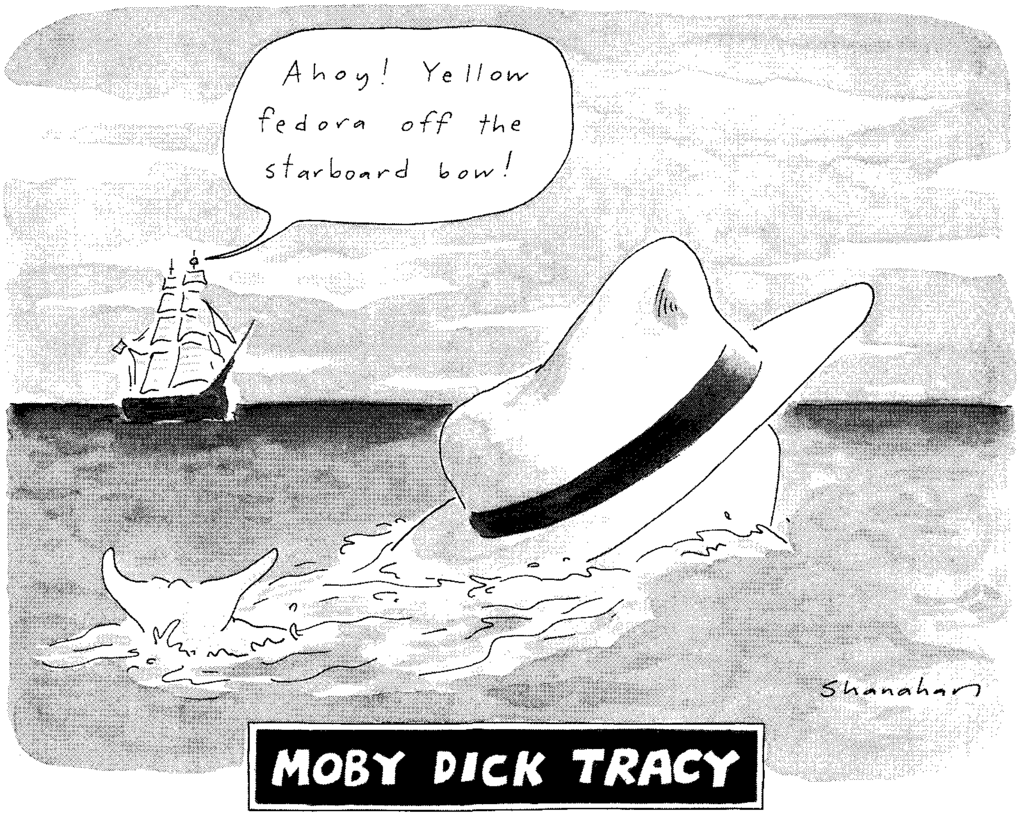
In an article that appeared in the *News-Press* on March 2nd, a staff writer named Pamela Harper reported that many parents were alarmed by reports that the substation and the high-current wires near the school might be producing dangerous magnetic fields, and that a mass exodus of students to private schools in the area was feared. Harper went on to note that Montecito had some of the most expensive homes in Santa Barbara County, and that "an underlying fear that some parents—as well as residents in the nearby neighborhood—have is that publicity about the [cancer cluster] will bring property values crashing down." And Barbara Koutnik, a real-estate agent and the mother of two children who were attending Montecito Union, told Harper that prospective buyers had recently taken several houses out of escrow, and she suspected that they might have used fear of cancer as a reason for terminating the deals.

By now, there were a considerable number of people in Montecito who wished to "keep a lid on the situation," as one member of the Montecito School Board put it, and who blamed the press for making disclosures about the cluster which could adversely affect the community. On March 8th, *Montecito Life* ran an editorial that addressed this issue head on. It began:

> To report or not to report, that is the question. At least it sometimes is in small communities, where editors are occasionally rebuked for covering events that might be perceived by some as adversely affecting the public welfare.
>
> During a recent gathering of parents at the Montecito Union School, it was suggested, from the audience, that media coverage of the possible relationship between electromagnetic radiation levels emitted by power transmission lines and the high

> number of cancer cases in the Montecito Union School District was irresponsible. Panic potential was given as one reason. Unstated, but understood privately, is the effect this kind of news might have on property values. This attitude by no means reflects how most at that meeting felt. But it crops up frequently enough so that journalists must pause to consider why we relentlessly pursue the public's right to know.

The editorial concluded by declaring, "While we're not sure how Montecito residents might react to adverse information concerning the effects of power line radiation, and no case has been made at this time, our job is to provide the conduit for conveying information from reliable sources, even though we are ever mindful of the line from Shakespeare's King Henry IV that 'The first bringer of unwelcome news, hath but a losing office.' "


Ahoy! Yellow fedora off the starboard bow!
Shanahan
MOBY DICK TRACY

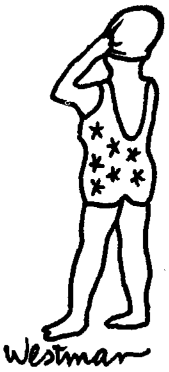
Meanwhile, on March 6th, Bronte Reynolds told a hundred parents who had gathered in the school auditorium that after looking at the results of the latest magnetic-field measurements he and a parents' task force would make recommendations to the school board for "immediate temporary measures" to restrict student exposure. Reynolds said that the measures might include roping off portions of the school, changing classroom seating, and calling for the rerouting of nearby power lines. Charles Cappel, a spokesman for an ad-hoc parents' committee that had called for the meeting, said that, according to Southern California Edison, burying the wires, so that the magnetic fields would cancel each other out, might also provide a solution to the problem. "We were certainly not willing to let our children be made guinea pigs in some experiment," he told Thrower. "We wanted something done now—we weren't sure what we wanted it to be—but we wanted something done, by God!" According to an account of the meeting that appeared in the *News-Press*, a Montecito resident who asked whether the authorities planned to measure the magnetic fields under high-current wires on nearby streets was told by Dr. Chovil that there were no such plans, "because at the moment EMF is not considered to be a cause of cancer." Chovil was supported in this contention by Dr. George Fisher, a physician in Montecito, who said that there was no reason to be concerned about the school, because no laboratory studies had produced cancer in animals by exposing them to magnetic fields. "It makes just as much sense to rope off your toaster, your electric blanket, your computer and your TV set," Fisher declared. "I think there's a little hysteria going on." He was evidently unaware of Savitz' findings, or that back in November—presumably as a result of the childhood-cancer studies and of other studies showing an association between electric-blanket use and miscarriages—*Consumer Reports* had advised children and pregnant women not to use electric blankets.

On March 15th, the parents' task force, in a meeting with the Montecito School Board, recommended that a determination be made whether the metal cyclone fence along the north side of the kindergarten playground was contributing to the electromagnetic field that had been measured there, and that if this was found to be the case the fence be replaced by one of wood. The task force also recommended that those portions of the kindergarten patio with magnetic fields of more than two milligauss be roped off; that benches and playground equipment on some terraces beneath the sixty-six-thousand-volt feeder line be moved farther away; that desks be removed from the southeast corner of a classroom that was near a high-voltage transformer in one of the school's parking lots; and that stripes marking ten-foot "restricted" zones be painted around the transformer and around a high-voltage circuit-breaker panel in the fire lane outside the main building.

At the same meeting, the parents' task force released the preliminary results of magnetic-field measurements that had been made earlier in the month by Enertech, an engineering consulting firm in the Bay Area, and that had been paid for by Southern California Edison. The results showed levels of between four and six milligauss on the kindergarten patio and along its fence; a level of almost seven milligauss on the benches beneath the feeder line; a level of seventeen milligauss in the corner of a classroom on the southeast side of the school; and levels of between six hundred and a thousand milligauss next to the transformer in the parking lot. Obviously, these measurements were far higher than the ones taken on the Sunday in September by officials of the California Department of Health Services' Environmental Epidemiology and Toxicology Section.

At a meeting held at the school that

night and attended by about fifty parents, the school board voted unanimously to accept the task-force recommendations. "To me these measures are like buckling your seat belt," one of the board members said. "What's the harm?" This question was addressed by Dr. Fisher, who said that he was representing twelve other physicians with children at the school. According to an account of the meeting written by Melinda Burns, Fisher claimed that the school board had no business making a decision based on the opinion of laymen, and added that the scientific evidence of a health hazard from exposure to electromagnetic radiation was inconsistent and contradictory, that the magnitude of risk was small, and that the focus on the school was misguided. "We believe that significant emotional trauma will come to our children if we selectively isolate areas of the campus as potential cancer zones," he declared. Dr. Abraham I. Potolsky, a hematologist in Santa Barbara, disagreed. "It's ridiculous not to take these minimum measures to avoid these potential hazards," he said.



During the last week of May, the California Department of Health Services issued a second draft report, in which it tried once again to put the best possible face on the situation at the Montecito Union School. The report's authors declared that magnetic-field levels at Montecito Union were "not unusually high in most parts of the school," and that there was no evidence that they posed a health hazard. They went on to say that the levels near the power lines along the north side of the school, which had been found to include some distribution wires buried in an alley along the kindergarten patio, were in the five-to-thirty-milligauss range, and they described these fields as "similar to what one is exposed to when near a common electrical household appliance such as a TV or a radio." This, however, had little, if any, relevance to the situation at Montecito Union, for the simple reason that one would be exposed to five milligauss from a television or a radio only if one sat within a few inches of it, and to thirty milligauss only if one pressed one's face to certain locations on its side.

On June 1st, officials from the Department of Health Services met with members of the Montecito School Board and the parents' task force to discuss the state's report. At the meeting, Charles Cappel pointed out that a person can decide how close to get to household appliances, but that attendance at school constitutes involuntary long-term exposure. Dr. Raymond Neutra, the chief of the health department's special-epidemiological-studies program, declared that not enough was known about the effects of electromagnetic radiation to say if the levels measured at the school posed a health threat. According to Neutra, it would take at least two more years before enough data were collected to make such a judgment. Meanwhile, Southern California Edison informed school authorities that in the absence of conclusive evidence of a health hazard it would not underwrite the sixty thousand dollars necessary to unearth the wires near the kindergarten patio and move them farther away. On June 20th, the members of the Montecito School Board used similar reasoning in deciding not to underwrite the cost of moving either the underground wires or the sixty-six-thousand-volt overhead feeder line. They declared that not enough was known about the biological effects of electromagnetic radiation to warrant taking any permanent action. Six days earlier, the *News-Press* had reported something that Dr. Chovil had known since July of 1989, and that state health officials had known since December—that four cases of leukemia had developed in young children who attended the Montecito Union School in the late nineteen-fifties.

STRONG measures should, of course, be the order of the day in schools that are close to power substations and high-current wires. Unfortunately, there are many such schools—one reason being that in years past utilities have often sold company-owned land cheap to cities and towns for schools and other municipal buildings, in return for assistance in acquiring easements for new power lines and substations; another being that, because of aesthetic considerations, land is less desirable in the vicinity of power lines than elsewhere, and can thus be purchased cheaply. For the latter reason, no fewer than five elementary schools in the Fountain Valley School District, which serves both Fountain Valley (a city of fifty-five thousand, in Orange County, about thirty miles south of Los Angeles) and part of Huntington Beach (a city of a hundred and seventy thousand, just to the west of Fountain Valley), have been built on land next to an easement for a pair of two-hundred-and-twenty-thousand-volt lines and a high-current feeder line. These lines carry power for Orange County from Southern California's generating plant at Huntington Beach. As in the case of the Montecito Union School, high-current distribution wires have been buried in the ground beside many of these schools, and transformers have apparently been installed near some classrooms. As a result, magnetic-field strengths far exceeding those associated with the development of cancer in children and adults have been measured in areas immediately adjacent to several of these schools, including a level of twenty-five milligauss at the doorway of a boys' room at the Samuel E. Talbert Middle School; a level of fifteen milligauss at a kindergarten playground beside the Roch Courreges Elementary School; a level of nearly ten milligauss beside some outdoor lunch tables at the Harry C. Fulton Middle School; and a level of five milligauss in the kindergarten playground of the Tamura Elementary School. Because of resistance by officials of the Fountain Valley School District, no measurements have yet been taken inside any of these schools. The superintendent of the school district has said that the evidence of magnetic-field hazards is too inconclusive to warrant taking any action. Interestingly, in January of this year, school-district officials entered into a multimillion-dollar joint venture with a developer to build at least sixty homes on land occupied by the James O. Harper Elementary School, which was shut down five years ago, and is next to the same power-line right-of-way as the other schools.

Not surprisingly, serious magnetic-field hazards exist elsewhere in Fountain Valley. Levels as high as twenty-five milligauss can be measured at a public playground directly under the two-hundred-and-twenty-thousand-volt lines in the right-of-way; levels of fifteen milligauss can be measured near houses built alongside the high-current feeder line on the north side of the power-line corridor; and similar levels can be found in a number of neighborhoods traversed by other high-current distribution wires. Up to this point, no studies have been conducted of the health experience of children who have attended schools near the power-line right-of-way, or who live near the right-of-way or in the vicinity of other high-voltage or high-current lines. However, a preliminary survey gives some cause for concern. An eleven-year-old girl at the Fulton school, who previously attended Courreges, and lives near a high-voltage line, has been afflicted with ovarian cancer, and has undergone several operations—including a hysterectomy, and chemotherapy. A two-year-old girl who lived directly opposite the Courreges school, in a house next to the high-current feeder line in the right-of-way, died of leukemia. And a five-year-old boy living in a house close to a high-current feeder line on Magnolia Street—a main thoroughfare—suffered cancer of the eye, and lost the eye.

Farther south, in La Jolla—a wealthy community of thirty thousand inhabitants, which is on the Pacific Coast, about fifteen miles north of San Diego—concern expressed last February by the parents of an eight-year-old girl, who had developed precancerous lesions on her head, resulted in the San Diego Gas & Electric Company's measuring magnetic-field strengths at the four-hundred-and-seventy-pupil Bird Rock Elementary School, where the child is a student. The school is within a few feet of a pair of high-current distribution wires that run along La Jolla Hermosa Drive. In spite of the fact that a level of more than five milligauss was found in the school auditorium, and a level of nearly four milligauss at the kindergarten jungle gym—both of which are situated on the side of the school nearest the power lines—company officials assured the parents of children attending the school that the readings were "quite low," posed no hazard, and could be found throughout the community.

In April, Stellan Knöös, a physicist and engineer, two of whose children attend the Bird Rock school, measured magnetic fields there, using a state-of-the-art gaussmeter manufactured in Sweden. Knöös, who was accompanied by Douglas Adams, the safety coördinator for the San Diego Unified School District, not only corroborated the measurements that had been taken by San Diego Gas & Electric but also found magnetic-field levels of eight milligauss at the typical eye position of children using color-display monitors in the school's crowded computer room. (Recent measurements of some color-display monitors show that many of them routinely emit levels of over four milligauss at a distance of twelve inches from their screens, and up to fifteen milligauss at the same distance from their sides.)

Early in May, Knöös, again accompanied by Adams, measured magnetic-field levels of between six and almost eighteen milligauss in three classrooms at the Brooklyn Elementary School, which is in the Golden Hill section of San Diego, just a few feet from a high-current feeder line that runs along Fern Street. In a report to the school district on May 17th, Knöös recommended that classrooms with magnetic-field levels between two and four milligauss be marked for limited use only; that classrooms with levels above six milligauss be closed immediately; and that a thorough analysis be made of the health records of the children who attend the school. Elsewhere in San Diego, the magnetic-field hazard is extensive, as it is in virtually every other city in the nation. Strong magnetic fields can be measured, for example, near hundreds of homes close to high-current feeder lines emanating from a substation at El Cajon Boulevard and Iowa Street, and very strong fields can be measured at the four-story Kearny Villa Medical Center, on Kearny Villa Road, in Kearny Mesa, which is situated a few feet from a high-voltage line that runs along Route 805 and feeds into the substation from the north.

The danger posed by substations and nearby high-current feeder lines appears to be particularly acute. Nancy Wertheimer, in her investigation of the association between alternating-current magnetic fields and childhood-cancer deaths, discovered that of the six children in her study population who had lived within five hundred feet of a power substation and within a hundred and thirty feet of a high-current feeder line coming from the substation, all were cancer victims—four of leukemia, one of a nervous-system tumor, and one

Enjoy Washington On Very Civilized Terms

When you stay at the Hay-Adams Hotel, you're at the center of all the activities you've come to enjoy.

We offer you the comforts, grace and attention you'd expect in a fine, private home, at an address second to none.

All at an exceptionally civilized price.

$99 * Per night, single or double.

Please call 800-424-5054 or 202-638-6600 or your travel agent.

The Hay-Adams Hotel

Preferred Hotels Worldwide

* Plus taxes. Availability is limited, reservations required. Additional cost for White House view.

Located across from the White House at
One Lafayette Square, Washington, DC 20006
William N. Trimble—General Manager

Blue Note
WORLDS FINEST JAZZ CLUB·131 W. 3rd ST. 475·8592

Direct from the Broadway hit "Black & Blue"
RUTH BROWN
Tue thru Sun July 10-15 at 9 & 11:30

JIMMY & JEANNIE CHEATHAM
Double Feature plus
CHARLES BROWN July 17-22

COURTNEY PINE QUARTET
plus CHRISTOPHER HOLLYDAY QUARTET July 24-29 Double

WEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT. & SUN.

How busy parents shop for great toys

Good toys help your child develop coordination and creativity. That's why smart parents turn to the **Childcraft** catalog. With 45 years of experience in selling children's products, Childcraft offers you the easiest way to find top-quality, *smarter* toys.

FREE CATALOG!

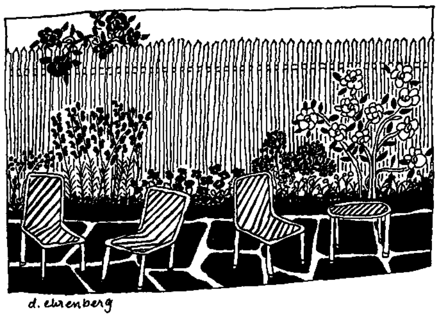
Childcraft, Inc.
20 Kilmer Rd., Dept. SA008
Edison, NJ 08818
1-800-346-4365

of a sarcoma. Since her study population consisted of three hundred and forty-four children who had died of cancer and a matched control group of three hundred and forty-four living children, Wertheimer believed this to be a highly unusual finding. "Although these numbers are small, they are striking," she wrote in the March, 1979, issue of the *American Journal of Epidemiology*, and pointed out that "each cancer case had lived at the substation address within three years or less of his illness."

Wertheimer's finding seems all the more striking in view of the extraordinary incidence of cancer among the residents of Meadow Street, the residents of Dukeville Road, and the children attending the Montecito Union School. The cancer victims on Meadow Street and in the Montecito school were spending a good part of each day within a hundred feet or so of a power substation and within fifty feet or so of high-current wires leading from the substation, while most of the cancer victims in the Trading Ford-Dukeville area had either worked at the Buck Steam Plant or lived in the company village, both of which were adjacent to a large substation and to more than half a dozen high-voltage transmission lines that were surely giving off very strong electric and magnetic fields. In all three situations, people were afflicted with brain cancer and brain tumors or with leukemia and lymphoma at rates far greater than the expected incidence of these diseases in the general population.

Since many, and perhaps most, of the residents of Meadow Street and Dukeville were undoubtedly subjected daily to magnetic-field levels approximating those to which electricians, power-station operators, and power and telephone linemen are exposed, and since children attending the Montecito Union School were similarly exposed to magnetic-field levels approximately half as strong as those associated with a sevenfold increase of leukemia among telephone-company cable splicers, it seems appropriate to point out that during the past ten years nearly two dozen epidemiological studies have been conducted and published in the peer-reviewed medical literature here and elsewhere in the world, showing that electricians, power-station operators, power and telephone linemen, and other workers whose occupations expose them to electromagnetic fields develop and die of leukemia, lymphoma, brain cancer, and brain tumors at rates that are significantly higher than those observed in unexposed workers. The first of these studies was conducted by Dr. Samuel Milham, Jr., a physician and epidemiologist with the Washington State Department of Social and Health Services, in Olympia. Milham examined the data for four hundred and thirty-eight thousand deaths occurring among workingmen in Washington between 1950 and 1979, and he noticed that among men whose occupations required them to work in electric or magnetic fields the ratio of deaths caused by leukemia was higher than the proportionate mortality ratio in ten out of eleven occupations he investigated. Milham's findings, which were published as a letter in the *New England Journal of Medicine* in July of 1982, have since been supported by similar findings among electrical workers in Los Angeles, New Zealand, Canada, and southeastern England.

Even more striking has been the growing evidence of a link between such exposure and brain tumors. This link was recently examined in some detail by Louis Slesin, the editor and publisher of *Microwave News*, which is a newsletter that reports on non-ionizing radiation and is published six times a year in New York. In the March-April, 1990, issue of the newsletter, Slesin pointed out that, according to a study in the medical journal *The Lancet*, brain-cancer deaths had nearly tripled among older white men and women in the United States between 1968 and 1983, and he went on to list no fewer than twelve studies conducted, published, or reanalyzed between 1985 and 1989 that showed significantly increased rates of brain tumors among people exposed to electric and magnetic fields at home or at work. Among the studies were an investigation revealing that a higher than expected number of white male residents of Maryland who were employed as electricians, electrical and electronics engineers, and utility servicemen had died of brain tumors between 1969 and 1982; an analysis by Dr. Milham of data from his earlier survey showing that electricians in Washington State experienced a fifty-five-per-cent greater risk of dying of brain tumors than other workers; and a 1988 study of people who had died of brain cancer in East Texas between 1969 and 1978 which showed that the risk for electric-utility workers was thirteen times that of workers who were not exposed to electromagnetic fields. Also included was the recent finding by Genevieve Matanoski and her associates at Johns Hopkins that telephone-company cable splicers are afflicted with brain tumors at almost twice the rate of other workers; a 1989 study by Susan Preston-Martin and some colleagues at the University of Southern California School of Medicine, in Los Angeles, showing that men with high exposure to electric and magnetic fields were more likely than other workers to develop brain cancers, such as gliomas, particularly astrocytomas; an analysis of data from the earlier childhood-cancer study by David Savitz and his colleagues, which found that children living near high-current power lines are almost twice as likely to develop brain tumors as children living near low-current wires; and another finding by Savitz and an associate that electrical and electronic technicians develop brain tumors at three times the rate of workers who are not exposed to electromagnetic fields, while electric-power repairmen and installation workers develop such tumors at more than twice that rate. Particularly disturbing were the results of a study published in 1989 in the *International Journal of Epidemiology* by Christine Cole Johnson, the head of epidemiology at the Division of Biostatistics and Research Epidemiology of the Henry Ford Hospital, in Detroit, and by Margaret R. Spitz, an epidemiologist in the Department of Cancer Prevention of the University of Texas M. D. Anderson Cancer Center, in Houston. They found that children whose fathers were electricians ran three and a half times the risk of developing tumors of the central nervous system that other children ran; indeed, tumors of the brain stem had been diagnosed in no fewer than four of seven children of



electricians in their study population.

As for the ways that exposure to electric and magnetic fields might adversely affect the central nervous system and the brain, and either cause or promote cancer, there is a wealth of information on that subject, starting with a 1965 study conducted by Dr. Robert O. Becker, an orthopedic surgeon at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Syracuse, New York, and Howard Friedman, a psychologist at the hospital, which showed that exposure to strong pulsed magnetic fields considerably slowed the reaction times of human volunteers. In 1964, a Soviet investigator named Yuri Alexandrei Kholodov had reported that exposure to strong magnetic fields produced areas of cell death in the brains of rabbits. Shortly thereafter, other Soviet scientists reported that workers in high-voltage switchyards were experiencing fatigue, drowsiness, headaches, and other symptoms of central-nervous-system stress. During the nineteen-seventies, Dr. W. Ross Adey, a neurological scientist, who was then the director of the Space Biology Laboratory at the Brain Research Institute of the University of California at Los Angeles, conducted a series of experiments demonstrating that weak electromagnetic fields oscillating at extra-low frequencies could significantly alter the chemistry of the cerebral tissue of chickens and of the brains of living cats.

During the early nineteen-eighties, Adey, who had become associate chief of staff for research and development at the Jerry L. Pettis Memorial Veterans' Hospital, in Loma Linda, California, conducted experiments with some colleagues which demonstrated that electromagnetic fields pulsed at the electrical-distribution-system frequency of sixty hertz could inhibit the ability of cultured T-lymphocyte cells from mice to kill cultured cancer cells—a result suggesting that these fields may be acting as cancer promoters by suppressing the immune system. Subsequently, an associate of Adey's used simulated sixty-hertz high-voltage power-line fields to produce the same result. Also worrisome are the results of a 1986 experiment in which Adey and his colleagues found that a one-hour exposure to a sixty-hertz electric field of between one-tenth of a millivolt and ten millivolts per centimetre produced a fivefold increase in the activity

Here's your chance to achieve a small moral victory.

What would you do if you saw a lost, frightened child?

You'd probably stop, brush away his tears and help him. Without thinking about it. And there's a reason.

You know what's right.

Just like it's right for you to act instinctively and help a desperately poor child faraway. A child who may not have enough to eat. The chance to go to school. Or hope.

As a Childreach Sponsor, for only $22 a month, you can change a child's life through better nutrition, health programs, schooling. And you can help the sponsored child's family and community work together for a better future.

In return, you receive your sponsored child's picture. Personal story. Letters. Progress reports. You'll see for yourself the difference your personal caring is making.

Imagine. Only 72 cents a day could change a lifetime. As a Childreach Sponsor, you help a child through Plan International USA (formerly Foster Parents Plan)–one of the oldest and most respected sponsorship organizations in the world.

Please don't wait now either.

Reach out to a needy child overseas. Achieve a small moral victory today!

CALL NOW

1-800-225-1234

childreach
SPONSORSHIP

Help so personal, you touch a child for life.

Gabriel Cortez
Colombia, Age 4

YES, I want to make a difference.

Enroll me as a Childreach sponsor to:
___ the child who needs my help most

___ Girl ___ Boy ___ Either
___ South America
___ Central America/Caribbean
___ Asia
___ Africa

☐ My $22 check for the first month is enclosed. Please send my new Sponsor Kit with my child's picture & personal story.

☐ I haven't made a decision yet, but I'd like to know more about the child I could help.

PLAN INTERNATIONAL USA L375

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐ Ms.

Name ________________

Address ________________

City ________________

State ________ Zip ________

Mail to: Kenneth H. Phillips, President
Plan International USA
157 Plan Way, Warwick, RI 02886

Any Recording By Phone or Mail

Now you can order any CD, Tape, or LP in print from our 200-page catalog. Send $6.00 (refundable on your first order) for our 45,000 title catalog with $50 in merchandise credits. Subscribers get our Annual Catalog + 1 year of **FREE** updates covering new releases & specials. Absolutely no obligation or unrequested shipments.

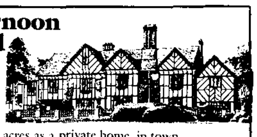
BOSE EXPRESS MUSIC CATALOG

Call ☎ 1-800-233-6357 or send to
Bose Express Music, D2, 50 W. 17th St NYC, NY 10011

Enjoy an Afternoon in England

Tour AGECROFT HALL in Richmond, Virginia—a Tudor Manor House, built in Britain before America was discovered. It crossed the Atlantic in 1926 and was re-created on 23 acres as a private home, in town. Now a unique Museum, exquisitely furnished, authentic in every detail. With superb gardens, film and guided tour. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for brochure. Open all year.

AGECROFT HALL 4305 Sulgrave, Richmond, VA 23221



12-DAY CRUISES FROM $99/DAY

Belize • Great Barrier Reef • Guatemala • Jungle River • Mayan Ruins • Florida Everglades • Dry Tortugas • Virgin Islands • Caicos • Columbus Discovery • RI-FL Intracoastal Nov. & May • Canada Saguenay via Erie Canal Summer

800-556-7450 For Free Brochure

American Canadian Caribbean Line, Inc.
The Small Ship Cruise Line Warren, RI 02885

Top o' the Cove

As special as La Jolla

Wine Spectator Grand Award Winner
Voted Most Romantic Dining,
San Diego Magazine 1984-88

(619) 454-7779

Sunsets, complimentary

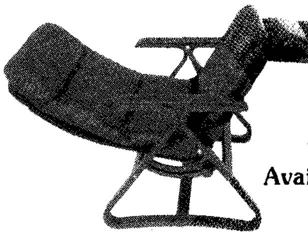
THE ULTIMATE CHAIR
for back relief and relaxation!

. . .and 25 other products for a healthy back!

Office Model Available!

BackSaver **FREE 14 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write**

53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. NYH, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940



"I'm a bachelor myself."

• •

of an enzyme known to be associated with the development of tumors.

Following the publication of these results in the journal *Carcinogenesis*, in October of 1987, Adey said that he and his colleagues could now theorize that "exposure to low-energy fields, such as those emanating from power lines, may provide a tumor-promoting stimulus." This was an ominous hypothesis, because an alternating-current electric field of one-tenth of a millivolt is present at all times in the tissue of a human being who is standing beneath a typical overhead high-voltage transmission line. It becomes additionally ominous in the light of a study conducted in 1987 by Reba Goodman, a geneticist and cell biologist at Columbia University's Medical Center, in New York, and Ann S. Henderson, a molecular biologist at Hunter College, who have demonstrated that weak, pulsed sixty-hertz electric and magnetic fields similar to those given off by power lines may trigger the development of cancer by altering RNA transcription—the way genetic instructions are carried out in organisms—to increase the production of proteins frequently found in tumor cells.

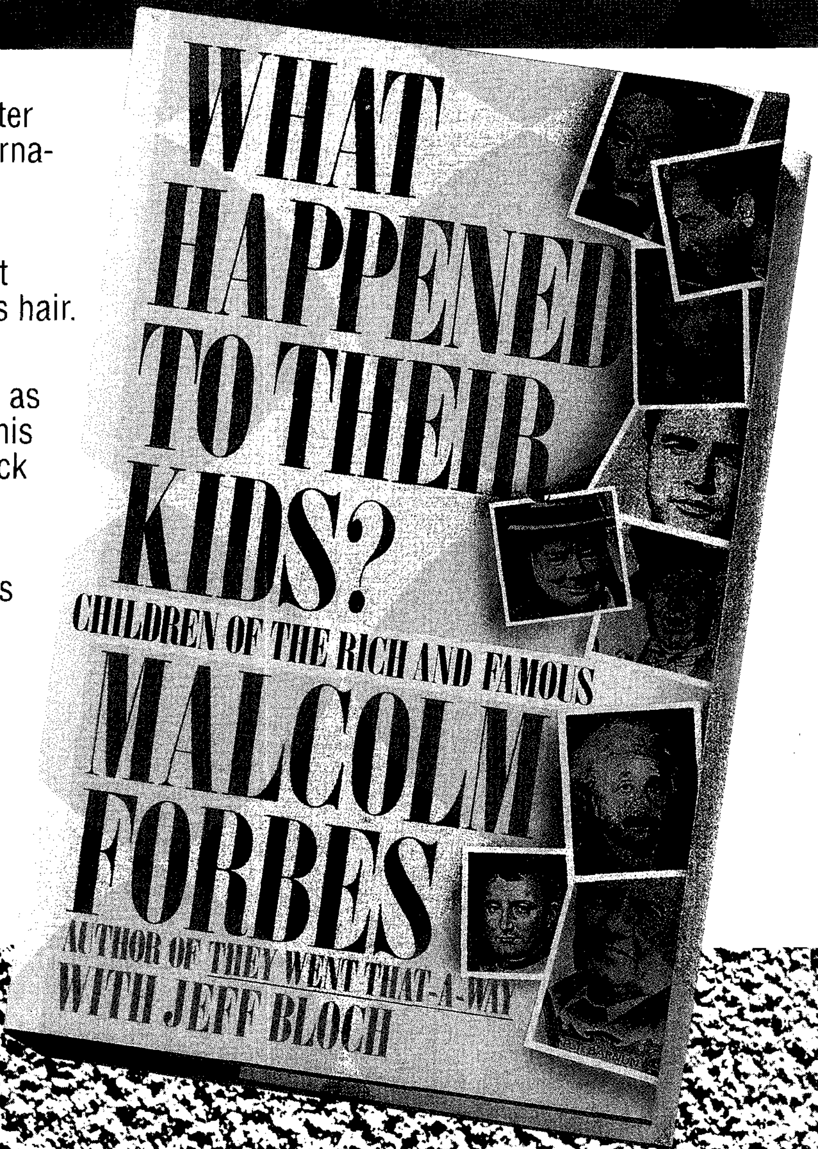
All this epidemiological and experimental evidence of the cancer-producing potential of power-line electric and magnetic fields is, of course, frighteningly relevant to the predicament of thousands upon thousands of people who, like the residents of Meadow Street, live so close to substations and high-current wires that they are continuously exposed within their own homes to electromagnetic fields of occupational levels. In addition, there is epidemiological and experimental evidence from Sweden and the Soviet Union to suggest that electromagnetic fields can cause fertility problems among men working in high-voltage substations and switchyards, and an increased rate of birth defects among their children—findings that certainly appear to be relevant to the experience of many of the residents of 48 Meadow over the past thirty-five years. For example, in 1983, Professor S. Nordström, of the Department of Public Health and Environmental Studies of the University of Umeå, in Sweden, and some colleagues reported in the medical journal *Bioelectromagnetics* that they had found a significant increase in congenital anomalies among the children of men who worked in high-voltage switchyards and were thus being constantly "electrically charged and then discharged," causing "cell disturbances, including chromosomal aberrations." Laboratory studies of lymphocytes from a sample of high-voltage substation workers in Sweden indicate that chromosome breaks and aberrant cells are significantly more common among these workers than among a control group of unexposed men. Other studies suggest that such effects may be caused by exposure to the electrical pulses (spark discharges) that are given off by transformers and other equipment in substations, rather than to the sixty-hertz electromagnetic fields. In this connection, it is interesting to note that a recent study conducted by researchers at McGill University's School of Occupational Health, in Montreal, shows that certain electric-utility workers (and so, quite probably, the residents of Meadow Street) have been exposed to ten times the ordinary background level of sixty-hertz electric and magnetic fields, and up to a hundred and seventy times the background level of the high-frequency transient electromagnetic fields that are common in the vicinity of substations and other facilities where switching operations are conducted. For this reason, Slesin points out that future epidemiological studies should take these transient fields into account, as well as the sixty-hertz electric and magnetic fields. Unfortunately, only one (the ongoing McGill study) of the two dozen investigations of residential and occupational exposure now being conducted around the world is doing so.

THE response of the electric-utility industry to this growing body of evidence scarcely seems designed to enlighten the public about the power-line hazard. Last year, the Edison Electric Institute, of Washington, D.C.—an association of electric companies—published a brochure stating that measurements of behavior and brain function in animals exposed to power-line electromagnetic fields showed "some small effects that may be the result of body rhythm changes," but that "the connection between these laboratory results and human health is not known." The credibility of this assertion was soon placed in doubt by news that a team of experimental psychologists had found that men subjected to strong electromagnetic fields exhibited motor responses ten per cent slower

RASPUTIN'S DAUGHTER JOINED THE CIRCUS.

- John D. Rockefeller's daughter believed she was the reincarnation of King Tut's bride.
- Marlon Brando's son put out the fire in Michael Jackson's hair.
- Al Capone's son quit his job as a used car salesman when his boss wanted him to turn back the odometers.
- Benjamin Franklin's son was arrested as a British spy.
- Mozart's son used Salieri as a job reference.

Available now at your local bookstore . . . $18.95


WHAT HAPPENED TO THEIR KIDS?
CHILDREN OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS
MALCOLM FORBES
AUTHOR OF THEY WENT THAT-A-WAY
WITH JEFF BLOCH

In writing this surprising and entertaining new book, bestselling author Malcolm Forbes looked beyond the surface fame into the private lives of some of the world's most celebrated rulers, tycoons, stars, artists, and criminals —and their not-so-famous progeny.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEIR KIDS? unearths a richly varied collection of human stories, by turns amusing, alarming, illuminating, and sometimes deeply moving.

SIMON AND SCHUSTER
A PARAMOUNT COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY

Forbes Photo: Harry Benson Jacket design © 1990 by Lawrence Ratzkin Jacket photos of Churchill, Einstein, Napoleon, and Barnum by Culver Pictures/Peter Levy Research

than those of their unexposed counterparts, and slower heartbeat rates and brain-wave patterns as well. The Virginia Power Company and the North Carolina Power Company recently published a newsletter offering the assurance that "there is always some electrical current in everyone's body and it is necessary for life," and that "electric and magnetic fields induce small additional amounts." In a pamphlet mailed to consumers in 1989, the Commonwealth Electric Company, of Massachusetts, acknowledged the existence of an epidemiological study showing that childhood-cancer victims are "more likely" (the study's actual finding is twice as likely) to have high-current power lines outside their homes *than are children without cancer*, but it added, "Just what the results of this study mean is not at all clear." The authors of a bulletin issued by the Southern California Edison Company—no doubt written before the most recent cancer cluster at the Montecito Union School came to light—pose the question of whether magnetic fields given off by power lines are harmful to human health, and supply an answer that contains an interesting euphemism for cancer. "There is no proven health hazard from electric and magnetic fields from electric utility facilities," they declare. "However, some studies *suggest* that there may be an association between either magnetic or electric fields and certain health risks."

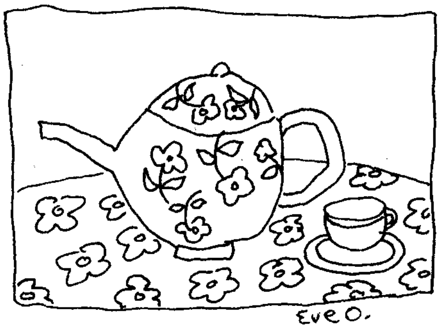
As for the federal government, its response to growing evidence that the magnetic fields from power lines pose a public-health hazard has been cautious at best and irresponsible at worst. Thanks to budget cuts imposed by the Reagan Administration, a promising program of investigation into the biological effects of extra-low-frequency (ELF) electromagnetic fields, which had been under way for ten years at the Environmental Protection Agency's Health Effects Research Laboratory, at Research Triangle Park, in North Carolina, was shut down in 1986. Since that time, almost no funding has been made available by the E.P.A. for research in this area, and federal-government involvement has been limited to a modest research program financed by the Department of Energy, which, as can be seen from the gross mismanagement of the nuclear plants under its jurisdiction, has shown little interest in protecting the public health.

During the past year, the E.P.A., by its own admission, has been "swamped" with requests from the public for information about electromagnetic fields, and in May it released preliminary information about a draft report prepared by its Office of Health and Environmental Assessment, which belatedly acknowledges the existence of a possible link between cancer and low-level electromagnetic fields, such as those given off by power lines. At the time, William Farland, the director of the office, told the press that the evidence showed only a statistical and not a causal association between the development of cancer and exposure to electromagnetic fields. "We are only saying that we are seeing a link that may be *significant*," he declared.

What Farland did not tell the press in May was that his own staff had recommended in the initial draft report that ELF electromagnetic fields be classified as "probable human carcinogens," and that this classification had been deleted from the executive summary of the E.P.A. report after a meeting, on March 6th, between agency officials and the White House Office of Policy Development. The deleted paragraph containing the E.P.A.'s original conclusion reads:

> Concerning exposure to fields associated with 60 Hz electrical power distribution, the conclusion reached in this document is that such exposure is a "probable" carcinogen risk factor, corresponding to a "B1" degree of evidence that it is a risk factor. This conclusion is based on "limited" evidence of carcinogenicity [in] humans which is supported by laboratory research indicating that the carcinogenic response observed in humans has a biological basis, although the precise mechanisms [are] only vaguely understood.

The deletion of the classification, which would have mandated measures to protect the public health, was revealed in the May-June issue of *Microwave News* by Slesin, who had acquired a copy of the original E.P.A. report. Slesin noted that the March 6th meeting had been attended by Teresa Gorman, the associate director of policy development for environment, energy, and natural resources at the White House Office of Policy Development; Dr. James Wyngaarden, the associate director for life sciences at the White House Office of Science and Technology Policy; Richard Guimond, the director of the agency's Office of Radiation Programs; Farland; and a representative of William Reilly, the administrator of the E.P.A., as well as representatives of the Department of Energy, the Centers for Disease Control, and the National Cancer Institute. This roster was notable in that high-ranking members of at least two of the organizations in attendance had been involved in attempts to deny that ELF electromagnetic fields could pose a biological hazard. In 1989, Dr. Wyngaarden, who was then the director of the National Institutes of Health (N.I.H.), in Bethesda, Maryland, was persuaded by adverse publicity to initiate a review of the circumstances under which three scientists at the National Cancer Institute had testified, in a court trial in behalf of the New York Power Authority, that there was no scientific basis for concluding that exposure to electromagnetic fields from power lines could cause cancer, and had received payment from the Power Authority for their testimony which far exceeded N.I.H. regulations governing remuneration for outside work and activities. (The N.I.H. has refused to make public the review ordered by Wyngaarden, but it has been learned that at least one of the researchers involved faced restrictions on outside work.) In addition, investigators and epidemiologists at the Centers for Disease Control, who were called upon during the nineteen-eighties to study clusters of miscarriages and birth defects occurring among women who while they were pregnant had worked with video-display terminals, dismissed the possibility that there could be any connection between miscarriages and birth defects and exposure to the low-frequency electromagnetic fields given off by display monitors. What was of chief interest about the March 6th meeting, however, was the apparent involvement of the White House in countermanding the efforts of responsible government officials to define and take action regarding an important environmental-health issue, and in forc-



ing the E.P.A. to dilute its assessment of a major public-health hazard.

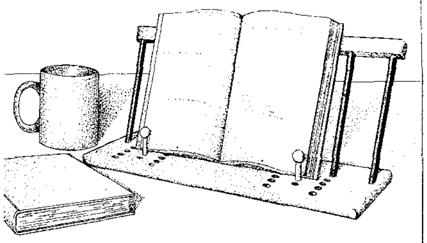
Farland has subsequently claimed that he ordered the description of ELF electromagnetic fields as a probable human carcinogen to be deleted from the E.P.A. report because of the absence of both a mechanism of interaction and an observed dose-response relationship. Even if this were true, however, it would not provide a rationale for sound public-health policy, any more than the fact that the mechanism by which asbestos fibres cause cancer remains unknown, or the fact that a precise dose-response relationship between asbestos and cancer has not been observed, or the fact that the dose-response relationship for any carcinogen to which there is repeated, cumulative exposure cannot be precisely quantified could justify delaying the implementation of measures to prevent exposure to asbestos and other cancer-producing agents.

Thanks to the E.P.A.'s retreat from its mandate to safeguard the public health against environmental hazards, such as the magnetic fields given off by power lines, it will be left to the public to cope with the problem on its own until public concern about power-line fields forces the Bush Administration to deal with the matter on its merits and not out of political considerations. Meanwhile, utilities all over the nation are hurrying to install new power lines and upgrade old ones before any regulations can be implemented to prevent them from doing so. In Washington State, Seattle City Light—a municipally owned utility that in 1988 was prevented by a neighborhood group called Citizens Against Overhead Power Lines, Inc., from constructing two two-hundred-and-thirty-thousand-volt overhead transmission lines close to homes along Route 509 in the Highline area of South Seattle—is proceeding with a plan to build a large substation in the area, next to the Kennedy High School, and to construct new twenty-six-thousand-volt overhead feeder lines in the neighborhood, which will give off strong magnetic fields. Through its attorneys, the citizens' group has put Seattle City Light on notice that it intends to hold the utility "legally responsible for any adverse health effects that may result from any new installations of electrical power lines and/or substations," and also for any devaluation of property resulting from such installations. In addition, the group has written to Mayor Norman Rice, informing him that it may seek a court-ordered injunction to stop Seattle City Light's proposed construction of the new high-current feeder lines in the Highline area.

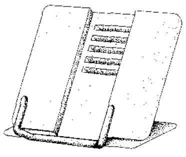
As might be expected, significant devaluation of residential property situated close to substations, high-current wires, and high-voltage transmission lines has already occurred in various sections of the nation where the power-line health hazard has become known, and wholesale devaluation appears to be in the offing as information about the problem continues to be disseminated. Together with the health hazard itself, the devaluation is resulting in widespread concern and litigation. During the past six months, numerous lawsuits have been brought against utilities in states from Maine to California and from Washington to Florida, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, more are clearly in prospect. In many states, citizens' groups similar to Citizens Against Overhead Power Lines are being organized to fight the installation of new power lines and substations in residential areas, and to seek a rerouting and redesign of existing power lines whose magnetic-field emissions are posing a serious health hazard in neighborhoods, schools, and office buildings.

Though spokesmen for some utilities have irresponsibly attempted to suggest that if worst comes to worst people will just have to endure the risk of being subjected to the harmful effects of alternating-current magnetic fields or else forgo the advantages of electric power, there are many relatively inexpensive measures that can be taken now to mitigate the problem. A simple and often-used procedure is to pull high-current distribution wires close together with spreaders; that can decrease their magnetic-field emissions and reduce exposure, especially in cases where residences are very near the wires. Vertical instead of horizontal placement of high-current wires on utility poles can also significantly reduce magnetic-field emissions, provided the current loads in the two circuits are equal. The use of the Delta-connection system of distribution—a system in which primary wires are grounded only at substations and are never directly connected to

Take a Stand



Levenger's Oak Bookstand
Let this handsome, wooden bookstand support your reading habits. It works well for large books up to 4-inches thick, and the pegs move to hold magazines and newspapers folded in half. Display and enjoy your favorite illustrated books. Order with natural or black-lacquered birch dowels, which complement the rich, northern-red oak. The base measures 5-1/2 by 14 inches. Made in the USA exclusively for us. **$31**, or 2 for **$58.50** postpaid.



Metal Bookstand
Enjoy one-handed page turning while reading paperbacks and standard hardcovers. This sturdy stand adjusts to five angles and folds flat. White enamel with felt bottom. **$20**, or 2 for **$35** postpaid.

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER™
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYOS4, Delray, FL 33445

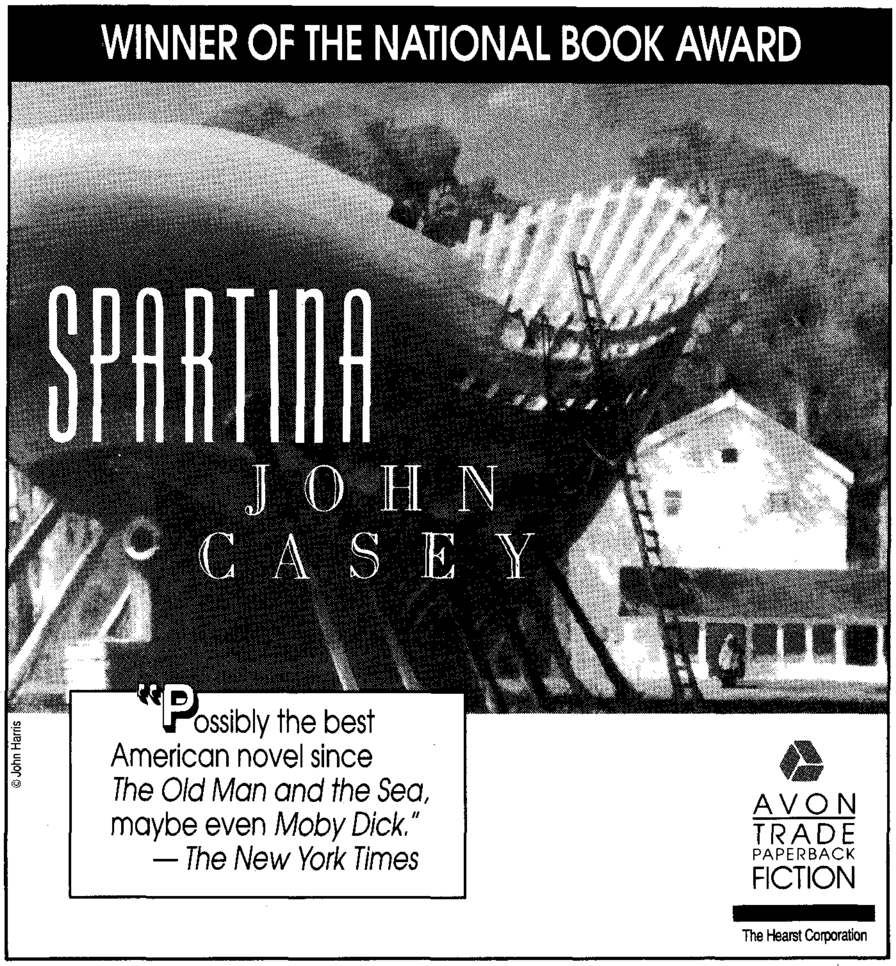
V·E·R·M·O·N·T

Mountain Top Inn
AND RESORT
This warm New England country inn is secluded on a 1,000 acre estate, nestled in the Green Mountains of central Vermont. Spectacular views, fantastic foliage, pristine lake, relaxing atmosphere, and fine dining. Swimming, sailing, golf, fishing, canoeing, horseback riding, tennis, antiquing, hiking, sightseeing, heated pool, sauna and whirlpool.

Call **TOLL FREE 800-445-2100**. In VT and Canada, call collect (802) 483-2311. Or write Mountain Top Inn, Box 446, Chittenden, VT 05737.

Polished Pewter Apples
HAND CRAFTED IN THE U.S.A.
WILL NEVER TARNISH

Large—3" $45
Small—2" $21
add $3.50 for shipping/handling
VISA/MC/CK/MO
N.J. residents add 6% tax
Laraine K. Inc.
Brochure Available:
(201)848-1747
(201)891-8734
103 Godwin Ave. Midland Park, NJ 07432


WINNER OF THE NATIONAL BOOK AWARD

SPARTINA
JOHN CASEY

"Possibly the best American novel since *The Old Man and the Sea,* maybe even *Moby Dick.*"
— *The New York Times*

AVON
TRADE
PAPERBACK
FICTION
The Hearst Corporation

© John Harris

If a family member should require extended care for a psychiatric illness, you may want to consider the Greystone Program as an alternative to hospitalization. Since 1980, we have been providing services for a small group of residents in a warm, distinctive setting within our arboretum-like campus. The Greystone Program emphasizes personalized care in the Quaker tradition of respect for the individual. For more information, call (215) 831-4779 or write Barbara Hines, R.N.,M.S.N., The Greystone Program at Friends Hospital, 4809 Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia, PA 19124.

FREE! 56 PG. CATALOG full of great things for infants and children!

RESERVE YOUR COPY OF THE BIG HOLIDAY '90 EDITION NOW!

Just for Kids!™
20 Kilmer Rd., Dept. SA007
Edison, NJ 08818
1-800-334-9132

Recorded Books

Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409
Charlotte Hall
MD 20622

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send two dollars for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over eighty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N.Y. 12412

BLACKWATER GALLERY
Specializing in Fine Primitive Arts from New Guinea, Indonesia, Africa, Central & South America
3703 Parkridge Dr.
Rapid City, SD 57702

secondary-wire grounds—can reduce net-current effects and thus magnetic-field emissions. Spun secondary wires—wires wrapped together—encourage the current entering a house to return the way it came, instead of jumping to the plumbing to which the electrical systems of most houses are grounded, and creating imbalanced currents and strong magnetic fields. And the use of concrete water mains and polyvinyl-chloride (PVC) water pipes can effectively interrupt the conductive path provided by metal plumbing, and thus furnish another method of keeping imbalanced currents from producing high levels of magnetic-field exposure.

As for substations and high-current wires that are already situated dangerously close to dwellings, they will have to be relocated or rerouted—or, if necessary, buried—in a fashion that will prevent hazardous magnetic-field emissions. Until such preventive measures are taken to protect the public, and until physicians and public-health officials begin acknowledging the power-line hazard and seriously investigating the cancer clusters associated with it, alternating-current magnetic fields given off by substations and high-current lines on Meadow Streets across America will continue to prove that they can result in brain cancer, leukemia, and other malignancies as a matter not of statistical chance but of biological course. —PAUL BRODEUR

•

THE RIVER AT WOLF

Coming East we left the animals
pelican beaver osprey muskrat
  and snake
their hair and skin and feathers
their eyes in the dark: red and green.
Your finger drawing my mouth.

Blessed are they who remember
that what they now have they once
  longed for.

A day a year ago last summer
God filled me with himself, like gold,
  inside,
deeper inside than marrow.

This close to God this close to you:
walking into the river at Wolf with
the animals. The snake's
green skin, lit from inside. Our second
  life.

—JEAN VALENTINE

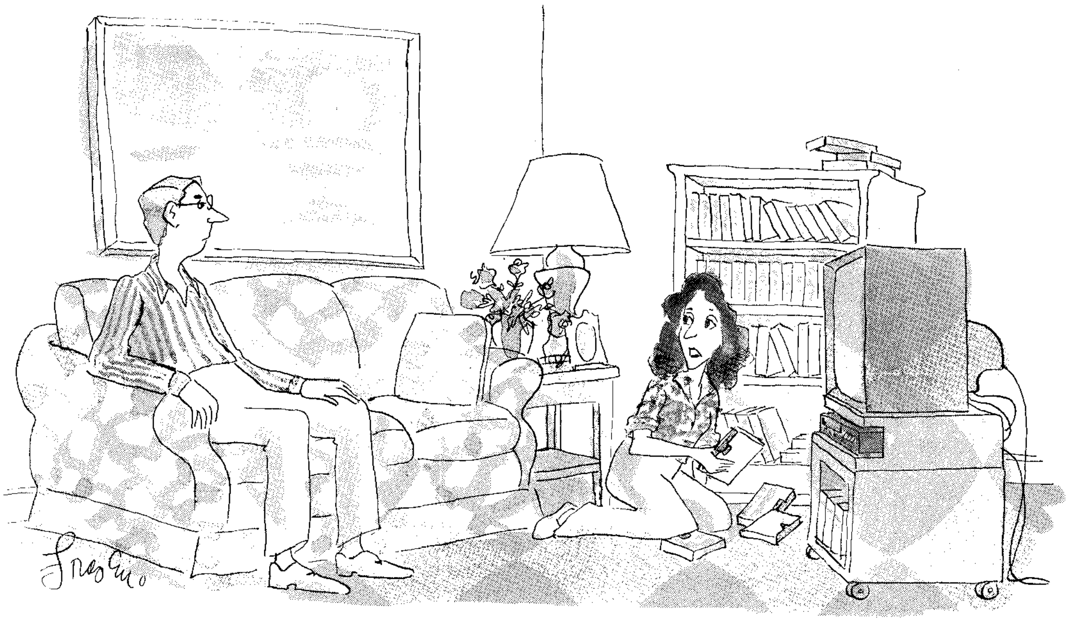
MUSICAL EVENTS

Lost in the Stars

BOSTON and the San Francisco Bay Area are America's centers of early music—both of them rich in universities and conservatories that provide performers, scholars, performer-scholars, and enlightened audiences. San Francisco is the home base of the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, which was founded nine years ago and is the only band of its kind in this country with something like a stable existence. Since 1981, Boston has had a biennial Early Music Festival and Exhibition. Last month, the first Berkeley Festival and Exhibition, "Music in History," was presented by Cal Performances, a division of the University of California at Berkeley, in coöperation with the music department. Although there was no mention of early music in the title, the pattern was much like Boston's. There were eight busy days of music of the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries (with a nineteenth-century excursion as far as Schumann songs fortepiano-accompanied, and a few brand-new pieces written for viols). The festival opened with Monteverdi: Philip Brett conducted the 1610 Mass in the afternoon and the 1610 Vespers in the evening. Further big events were two performances each of "Carmina Burana" (a dramatized anthology from the Benediktbeuern and other manuscripts), of Niccolò Jommelli's opera "La Schiava Liberata," and of Handel's early oratorio "La Resurrezione." Morning, noon, and night, ensembles and soloists local and international gave recitals and master classes. There were symposia. There was an exhibition, or trade fair, which displayed the early-music wares of publishers, instrument-makers, and record companies. The big difference from Boston was in the performing spaces. Boston abounds with churches and halls that are apt for music, but most of the Berkeley performances were given in large, unresonant, windowless, unintimate campus auditoriums. The campus is surrounded by churches. One of them, Bernard Maybeck's First Church of Christ Scientist, is a picturesque architectural marvel. Another, Julia Morgan's St. John's Presbyterian, is already an arts center. But only one church was used this year, the bright and pleasant First Congregational Church. Others will have to be enlisted if Berkeley is to provide a worthy even-year complement to the odd-year Boston festivals.

CHARLES BURNEY called Jommelli—who from 1753 to 1768 produced an opera or three a year for Charles Eugene, Duke of Württemberg—a "truly great composer." He has waited long for an American début. Marita McClymonds, who wrote a 1978 Berkeley thesis on Jommelli's late operas, turned up the score of "La Schiava Liberata," his last Stuttgart opera, in Naples. Alan Curtis, a Berkeley professor and international conductor, brought it to life in Amsterdam eight years ago, in Naples two years later, and this year in Berkeley. I enjoyed the work. Even more, I enjoyed the prowess of five of the singers in its cast of eight. They provided a delight that becomes increasingly rare: that of hearing pure, unworn voices flowing through phrases simple or intricate, rapid or slow, with accuracy, animation, artistic inventiveness, and a forward focus on words and their dramatic meaning. Wagner himself came close on occasion to declaring that in the opera house stirring singers matter more than the music they sing—provided that a composer has given them something to work with. At this performance of "La Schiava Liberata," I was moved several times to an ecstasy that had to do less with the merits of the piece itself than with the affecting power of true, unforced voices uttering lines skillfully and beautifully. (In the greatest operas—by Monteverdi, Handel, Mozart, Wagner—the two powers, the singers' and the composer's, of course conspire.) Had there been many performances of "La Schiava," I would have gone gladly, like enthusiasts of old, to all of them, drinking up arias night after night with rapture.

The five singers who gave such delight were two Italians, the mezzo Gloria Banditelli as Dorimene, a Spanish noblewoman who is now the titular slave in an Algerian harem, and the soprano Silvana Manga as Giulietta, a maidservant but pretty well the prima donna of the evening (Susanna to the Countess rather than Blonde to Constanze); the French soprano Guillemette Laurens (whose captivating way with words, phrase, and tone has been praised in these columns before), in the castrato role of Prince Selim, who owns Dorimene and loves her in vain; and two Americans, the



"We've run out of tapes. Do you think we'll ever want to watch Ollie North's testimony again?"

DO YOU TEACH?

IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

"I first saw The New Yorker when my high school English teacher gave me a copy."

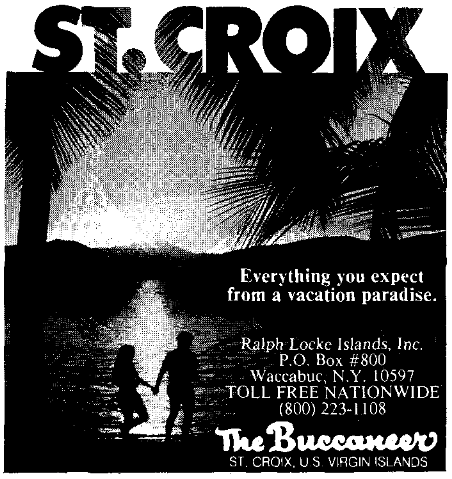
– Garrison Keillor

For information and materials to help you use *The New Yorker* in your high school or college classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER

EDUCATION PROGRAM

25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036


ST. CROIX
Everything you expect from a vacation paradise.
Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
P.O. Box #800
Waccabuc, N.Y. 10597
TOLL FREE NATIONWIDE
(800) 223-1108
The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

MARTHA'S VINEYARD

The CHARLOTTE INN

Featured in Country Inns and Back Roads

Mobil Travel Guide Four Star Rating

South Summer St., Edgartown, MA 02539 • 508 627-4751

MICHELANGELO

Limited edition portfolio of 14 lithograph prints of the Italian Master's drawings. Exact scale reproductions printed in Florence on Rusticus paper capture superior detail.

TO ORDER: mail check for $150.00 plus $3.50 for shipping to: C. Miller, P.O. Box 1294, Media, Pa. 19063. Or write for further information.

countertenor Jeffrey Gall as Don Garzia, the Belmonte of the seraglio plot, who has the most beautiful aria of all, and Reveka Mavrovitis, a young Bay Area mezzo with a Pirandello-princess presence and a lustrous, unspoiled voice, as Elmira, Selim's Circassian betrothed. The other singers were good, too. Gian Paolo Fagotto as Pallottino, the Pedrillo part, displayed vocal and theatrical charm and flair. Luis Masson as Albumazar, Elmira's peppery father, combined basso-tyrant profundity with basso-buffo agility. James Croom as Solimano, Selim's tenor father, had lost his aria (one of the few cuts of the evening) but ably did what was left him.

The scenery—Filippo Sanjust's, from Amsterdam, but simplified—was attractive. Claude Masson's costumes were handsome. The staging, by Christian Gangneron, was deplorable: the jokey routine of someone unserious about the work, concerned only to jolly along a contemporary audience. In its way, it was not inefficient; but Don Garzia's poignant, lovely aria, exquisitely sung by Mr. Gall, was turned into a barrel of belly laughs. One had to ignore the sights and listen to the sounds. Joseph Kerman's donnishly frivolous supertitles seconded the larky approach and moved the audience to much inappropriate mirth. Meanwhile, Mr. Curtis's fine-grained musical direction instilled true emotions. The Philharmonia Baroque played.

"La Schiava Liberata," billed in 1768 as a "dramma serio-buffo," mingles masters and men, mistresses and maids in a seventeenth-century way. It loosens Metastasian proprieties and points toward "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." The librettist, Gaetano Martinelli (who was uncredited on the Berkeley billing page), kept his comedy going with some silly, if lively, inventions: in the first-act finale, both Albumazar and Pallottino penetrate the harem in drag disguise; in Act II, both of them impersonate the French consul. "La Schiava Liberata" is one of many eighteenth-century operas about a fiancée rescued from a Moorish harem. Too much has been made of a debt owed to it by Mozart's "Zaide" (1780) and "Die Entführung" (1782). A more nearly direct line runs from the Paris vaudeville "Les Pèlerins de la Mecque" (1726), through Gluck's setting of the same matter as "La Rencontre Imprévue" (1764) and Haydn's version as "L'Incontro Improviso" (1775), which has a text by Karl Frieberth, to the immediate Mozart ancestors: "Das Serail" (1777), composed by Joseph Frieberth, Karl's brother, and C. F. Bretzner's "Belmonte und Constanze, oder Die Entführung aus dem Serail" (1781). But perhaps "La Schiava Liberata" played a part. Jommelli's score is Mozartian in its instrumental vigor, its thorough harmonic progresses, its ingenious structures, and its extended, carefully wrought, far from trifling act finales.

HANDEL was twenty-three when, in 1708, he composed "La Resurrezione," for Easter performance in the Marquis Ruspoli's palace. It is a five-character piece—an Angel and Lucifer; Mary Magdalen, Mary Cleophas, and St. John—with confrontations on the threshold of Hell and in Jerusalem. Grief, tenderness, and triumph are given full expression, and the instrumental writing is rich. Two trumpets introduce the Angel's first aria, "Be unbarred, o gates of Avernus." The Magdalen's first recitative is accompanied by two recorders and a gamba, without continuo, and so is the middle section of the following aria. John has a turtledove simile aria accompanied by a flute, a gamba, and a theorbo; fierce string scales swoop down at the mention of a hawk's attack. Mary Cleophas, in joyful search of the risen Christ, calls on birdlets and brooklets to reveal to her His presence. Two of the Magdalen's later arias are intricate concertante movements, with lines for a solo violin (Corelli led the 1708 orchestra) and a solo gamba, and for recorders plus a muted oboe in one and oboes in the other.

The Berkeley performance, conducted by Nicholas McGegan, sounded underprepared, underrehearsed, sometimes cautious and sometimes—when Mr. McGegan enjoined animation—untidy. There were patches of duff playing from the Philharmonia Baroque. The soloists—Lisa Saffer and Michael George; Judith Nelson, Patricia Spence, and Jeffrey Thomas—were more careful than stirring and audacious. Microphones were in place to capture the proceedings for a Harmonia Mundi recording (there is already one CD version, conducted by Christopher Hogwood, on Oiseau-Lyre), and perhaps they had an inhibiting effect.

Once, there was a special excitement about recordings of "live" performances; today, we hear some less than lively "live" performances—performances chilled to studio conscientiousness by foreknowledge that the event must double as a recording session.

EIGHT years ago, the Early Music Institute of Indiana University gave a startling, potent realization of a Passion play from the Carmina Burana manuscript. It was reconstructed by Thomas Binkley and staged by Ross Allen; first performed in Bloomington, it was then brought to the Cloisters. The Berkeley "Carmina Burana," reconstructed and directed by Mr. Binkley, was a looser, sacred-and-secular anthology: "The action takes place in the courtyard of a monastery. Monks, students, and neighbors are gathered in the courtyard where they entertain each other with song, dance, and drama." When the crowd becomes rowdy, an Abbot breaks in with "Silete," and a sacred scene is presented. The singing of the Kitka Eastern European Women's Vocal Ensemble, an Oakland-based group, was tangy, excellently in tune, and verbally communicative. The singing of Boni Angeli, a Stanford-based male-voice ensemble, was cultivated. Karen Clark Young, the Mary of the Bloomington Passion, was again outstanding in her fearless, affecting account of the Virgin's *planctus*, and also as the angel who banishes Adam and Eve from Paradise. But the dramatic enactment had the gaucherie of an end-of-term school pageant.

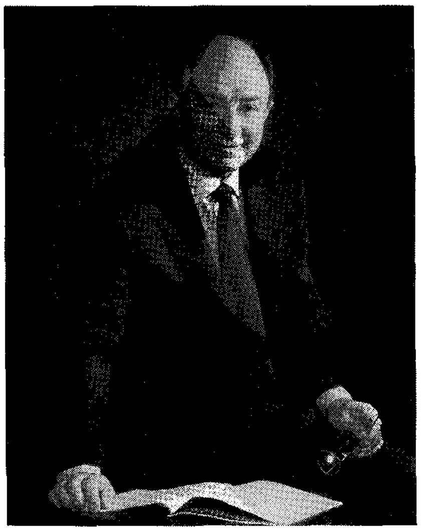
THE American Music Theatre Festival, in Philadelphia, ended last month with what should have been an important revival: of "Love Life," the most ambitious of Kurt Weill's Broadway works. It was composed in 1947-48, after "Street Scene" and before "Lost in the Stars." The librettist was Alan Jay Lerner, fresh from "Brigadoon." The show opened on Broadway (after New Haven and Boston tryouts) in October, 1948. It was staged by Elia Kazan and designed by Boris Aronson; Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton were the principals; Sylvia Stahlman, later a fine Handel singer and the sparky Oscar of Solti's first "Ballo" recording, had the small coloratura part of Miss Ideal Man. "Love Life" closed after just over two hundred and fifty performances. An ASCAP strike prevented an original-cast recording. Eight of the songs were published in summary sheet-music form. Some of the songs have been recorded, out of context. So, although "Love Life" is famous as the first "concept musical," with techniques that anticipate those of "Trouble in Tahiti," "Cabaret," "Chicago," "Company," it has remained largely unknown. It was revived at the University of Michigan three years ago, and I discovered the piece from a tape of that stylish show: its conductor, Mitchell Krieger, has a fine sense of tempo, rhythm, and instrumental vivacity; a talented young cast projects Lerner's words admirably.

"Love Life" was termed a vaudeville. It traces an American marriage from 1791 to 1948, setting each scene in a new era and moving from Mayville, Connecticut, to modern Manhattan. David Drew, in his Weill catalogue, says:

> Developments on the personal level can thus be shown as consequences or reflections of those on the social and economic levels. When Susan and Sam Cooper first set up home in the New England of 1791, their values are those of the close-knit, hard-working, and God-fearing community to which they belong. The disruption of that multiple harmony begins with the transition from a rural to an industrial economy. It continues, stage by stage and era by era, until the mid-twentieth century finds Susan and Sam divorced, alienated, and seemingly blind to the realities of their own situation and that of the society to whose opportunism and vulgar materialism both have surrendered.

The scenes of the domestic drama are punctuated by vaudeville acts, with titles like "Progress" and "Economics." They are satirical and entertaining, but "the very nature of the song-and-dance routines involves the vaudevillians in the social and market forces they decry; for theirs is the voice of popular culture, and the debasement of that culture is part of the story." In the last scene, a minstrel show, Sam and Susan join with the vaudevillians and become the stars of the final turn as, advancing from opposite ends of a tightrope, still loving, they make a precarious attempt to reach one another again.

It is all a long way from "Oklahoma!" and "Annie Get Your Gun." "Love Life" walked tightropes of its own. Weill's score moves from the easy, folksy charm of the early scenes (his folk opera "Down in the Valley" was composed during a lull in work on



Leonard R. Judd, President & C.O.O.
Phelps Dodge Corporation

Bachrach
Photographers since 1868

Glossies from $187.50 - Color Photographs from $225.00

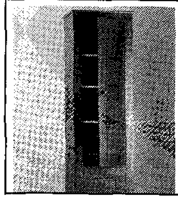
We're Now in Greenwich

Boston 617-536-4730 Chicago 312-642-5500
Greenwich 203-869-6922 Morristown 201-267-2006
New York 212-755-6233 Philadelphia 215-563-0551
Washington, D.C. 703-548-2111

"A private estate that sweeps all honors as the most enchanting lakefront sanctuary of its kind in America."
THE HIDEAWAY REPORT

THE POINT Experience life as it's meant to be, at this former Rockefeller estate in the Adirondack mountains—private, romantic, and eminently civilized. Enjoy breakfast in bed or under the hemlocks; cruise over crystal-clear upper Saranac Lake by canoe, sailboat, or vintage mahogany motor boats; enjoy golf, croquet, waterskiing, or just a snooze in the hammock; dine elegantly by candlelight in the Great Hall with old friends and new. Discover The Point—endorsed by nine years of rave reviews, and one of only twenty-one Relais & Chateaux in the U.S.

THE POINT, Saranac Lake, NY 12983
(518) 891-5678 (800) 255-3530



Joinery of any kind
for a very select
and perceptive few.
CATALOG $5.00
C. H. BECKSVOORT
CABINETMAKER
Box 12, New Gloucester
Maine 04260. (207) 926-4608

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE
Your name or initials translated into ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics
Free Brochure Available
Cartouche shown: "Jane"

18k Gold Pendant from $150
Sterling Silver $40
1-800-237-3358
Discoveries
207 Ramsay Alley, Dept. NY1
Alexandria, VA 22314 (703) 548-9448 (in VA)
HANDMADE IN EGYPT

the musical) into blues, foxtrots, ragtime, boogie, a slow waltz, a clog waltz, a soft-shoe number, popular sentimental songs: it is a compendium of the composer's ready, enthusiastic responses to various American idioms. Sometimes the same material gets different treatments: "Green-Up Time" slips into a polka; "Mr. Right" goes into musical routines associated with stripper accompaniment. The numbers are at once "critical" and intended to please; they aim at success without compromise of musical integrity, try to be at once entertaining and disturbing. Not all of them come off. The unaccompanied madrigal "Ho, Billy O!"—dainty fa-la-la-ing to psychobabble verse—is a simple joke protracted. Some of the tunes are a shade banal. But the best numbers combine lyrical catchiness with the keen harmonic and instrumental inventions that give Weill's music its distinctive, "insidious" quality. "Street Scene" was planned as "A Broadway Opera," "Porgy" among its ancestors; "Love Life" is emphatically a Broadway show, in which popular idioms are mastered, applied to statements both familiar and shocking, and uttered with the trace of exotic accent which marks even Weill's most determinedly American works.

As happens with all Broadway shows, there were omissions and replacements before the opening night. The Michigan production restored the bold Locker Room sequence. (On Broadway, it was replaced by a pretty Punch and Judy Divorce ballet, which was compiled by Irving Schlein and uses some music from "Die Bürgschaft"; Melissa Hayden was among the dancers, and the choreography was by Michael Kidd.) In Philadelphia, "Susan's Dream" was restored. But we have still to hear the full Suffragette scene, Susan's Csárdás, the Temperance League's Drinking Song, the Nightclub Singer's "There's Nothing Left for Daddy but the Rumba," Susan's "Where Do I Belong?" Future producers will no doubt scan and assess the profusion of surviving material to decide which of the omissions and replacements are artistic improvements and which of them were dictated by capitulation to presumed nineteen-forties taste. The process needs care. As Mr. Drew says, "to pretend that the evolution of a Broadway score follows essentially the same self-critical route as that of a work in the 'classical' tradition is to ignore the real objectives of such a score and to misrepresent the grounds on which, at every compositional stage, ideas might be discarded or replaced." The Philadelphia team evidently lacked confidence in the work even as Weill and Lerner revised it. Lerner's libretto can probably bear tidying, but some "additional book materials" by Thomas Babe were hardly improvements. The sharply defined original structure—domestic scenes punctuated by vaudeville specialty acts from the Go-Getters, the Three Tots, a black quartet—was blurred into a continuity in which the magician of the opening number played a recurring role. The opening number itself was a new concoction, "arranged by Joshua Rosenblum and Eric Salzman." Five numbers featured "dance arrangements adapted by Robert Kapilow, Joshua Rosenblum, and Eric Salzman." The act division came in a new place.

In general, the aim seemed to be to smooth the extraordinary "Love Life" into a harmless, fluently bland, conventional modern musical. As Susan and Sam, Debbie Shapiro and Richard Muenz—who were amplified, in the thousand-seat Walnut Street Theatre—did little to bring Lerner's lyrics to life. Barry Harman's direction and Christopher Chadman's choreography were largely routine. Loren Sherman's décor was unimaginative. Mr. Kapilow, conducting, allowed the playing of the orchestra (which included Weill's five reeds and three trumpets, if not his second trombone and his tuba) to be heavy, loud, and unsubtle. "Love Life" deserves better.

—Andrew Porter

◆

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Pleasant Valley* (*N.Y.*) *Voice*]

Tasciotti said if the nation's forefathers were alive today, they "would turn over in their graves," if they saw how loosely interpreted the First Amendment has become.

◆

Over 50 years of keeping the promise have not prevented us from knowing that while we have kept many of the promises, we still have promises to keep and miles to go before we sleep, quoting from David Frost.—*Adv. in the Asheville* (*N.C.*) *Citizen-Times.*

Who also said, "Good finances make good neighbors."

Direct
From The New Yorker
Reader Services

Timely Information ♦

Special Promotions ♦

Retail Locations ♦

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

1•800•622•5456

THE RITZ-CARLTON
WASHINGTON, D.C.
☎ 30052

Cartwright Hotel
San Francisco, CA
☎ 30038

NUVEEN
Specialists In Tax-free Investments Since 1898.
☎ 30033

CHECKERS
HOTEL
Los Angeles
Weekend Getaway Package
☎ 30035

LA BELLE
CREOLE
A CONRAD HOTEL
☎ 30024

Advertisement

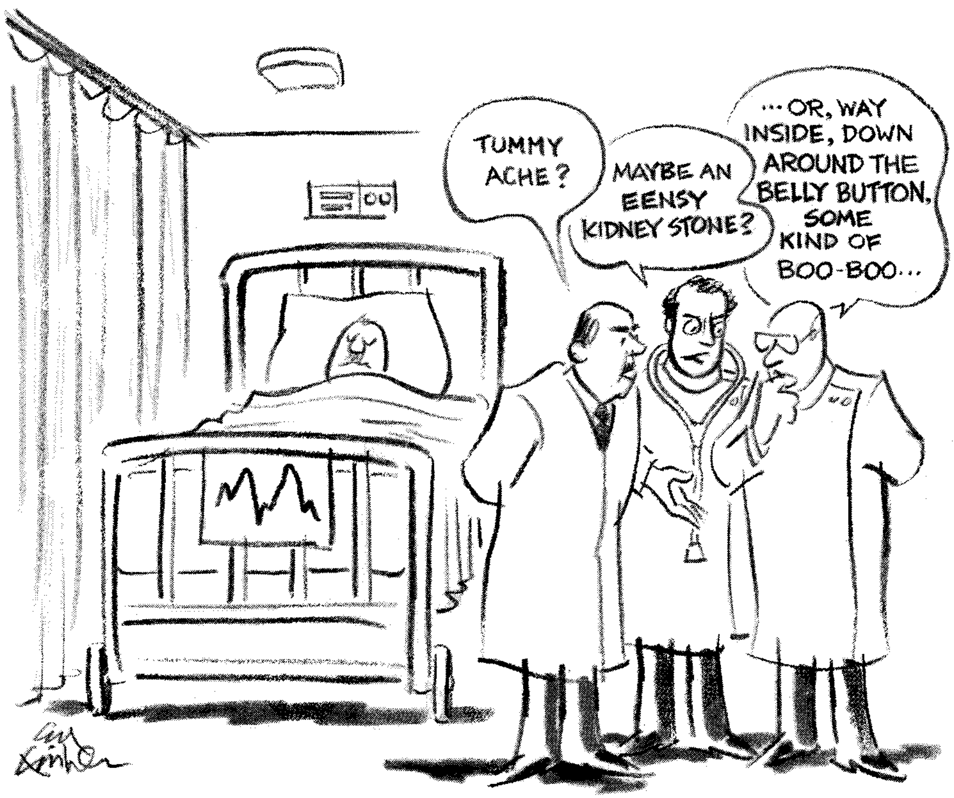
AROUND CITY HALL

Grand Tour

SOMETIMES there will be an event that packs a huge news wallop. Headlines jump with exclamation points. Airwaves crackle. Then time goes by, and often, looking back, few people can figure out how the excitement got so out of hand. One reason this city's most recent big news story was certain to be exclamation-point time was the sheer improbability of it. It would have caused great astonishment if anyone had predicted a year ago that for a few days in the third week of June, 1990, most of the news here would be dominated by two elderly black men: Nelson Mandela, seventy-one, who made New York his first stop—his first-ever glimpse of the United States—on his national tour, and Mayor David Dinkins. "I don't mind being called old, because that is what I am," Dinkins, who is sixty-two, has said on several occasions in his six months at City Hall. (The two men, who had never met before, got on very well, possibly because, in their widely separated political worlds, they had no doubt of who they were: that is, old, proud—their courtly manners belying their steeliness of resolve—and, before all, black.) A year ago, Mandela was finishing his twenty-seventh year of imprisonment by the South African government for his fight against apartheid as a leader of the militant African National Congress; in view of his age, his reported poor health, and the intransigence of Pretoria, it seemed probable that the world's most noted political prisoner would die in captivity. Dinkins had announced his candidacy in the 1989 mayoral election in February of that year, but the bright star on the local political scene was former United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, a Republican, who polls showed would defeat all rivals, whether Democrats or members of his own party. Transported by the prospect of New York having its first mayor elected on the Republican ticket since 1965 (and only its third elected since 1901), G.O.P. operatives were moving excitedly in and out of the city, talking of how a victory here in the mayoral race would, as Lee Atwater, the head of the Republican National Committee, said, "set this country spinning." Giuliani's only serious rival was assumed to be the longtime City Hall incumbent, Edward Koch, whose wiliness and resilience just might win him a fourth term despite his low standing in the polls. Dinkins' chances were thought by many to be doomed by the burden of precedent and by New Yorkers' political orneriness. Despite the recent success of black candidates in many other large American cities, those running here had never even made it past the party primaries. The local population is only about twenty-five per cent black—a smaller percentage than that in most cities that have elected black mayors. Hispanics, who account for about twenty per cent of New York's population, have generally voted for white candidates. Many of the white liberals who claimed to favor a black mayor would—the theory went—prudently change their minds in the privacy of the voting booth. Behind the same curtain, Jewish New Yorkers would vote against Dinkins because in 1984 and 1988 he had been active in the Presidential campaigns of Jesse (Hymietown) Jackson. And blacks in Brooklyn, the borough that has by far the city's largest black population, would not support a black candidate who was a product of Manhattan's Harlem Democratic machine, as Dinkins is. ("Allow me to introduce you, sir, to my neighbors, the people of Harlem," Dinkins told Mandela at a rally there on the second night of his stay.) All in all, the judgment went last summer, Dinkins would not be able to get it together. The headline over a *Newsday* article a few months earlier had been "WHY NEW YORK WILL NOT HAVE A BLACK MAYOR." On June 20th, during the formal welcoming ceremony for Mandela at City Hall, the guest of honor turned to Dinkins and said, "Your election as the first black mayor of New York tells me that our people will triumph." The Mayor said of Mandela's visit, "It's probably the greatest thing that will ever happen to me."

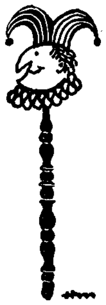
Late last month, the columnist George Will commented on television that, for all the national hoopla (which appeared to strike him as a bit unseemly), Mandela's visit to this country would be forgotten "a week from now." This may be true in the Will household, but for some New Yorkers

ANNALS OF POST-LITERACY


TUMMY ACHE?
MAYBE AN EENSY KIDNEY STONE?
...OR, WAY INSIDE, DOWN AROUND THE BELLY BUTTON, SOME KIND OF BOO-BOO...

scenes from his three days here are likely to remain vivid for a long time.

There was the sight of green, black, and gold lights—the colors of the flag of the African National Congress—glowing on top of the Empire State Building. Then, on the night when Mandela rallies in Harlem and at Yankee Stadium were being televised by the local CBS channel, there was the ironic spectacle of their being broadcast opposite a lineup that included an episode of "The Cosby Show"—starring a black man who has surely made it—in which a black family in a Brooklyn town house squabbled over the proper menu for a birthday party. The program beat out other programs that evening nationally, but not in New York, where the biggest draws were the Mandela shows. There was the picture, already part of the national folklore, of Mandela at the Stadium, being helped by Dinkins into a Yankee jacket, pulling the team's cap down over his forehead, and saying (the Cosby writers couldn't have done better), "Now you know who I am. I'm a Yankee." Mandela may not have known that the once mighty Yankees have been the worst team in baseball this season—the night of his Stadium appearance, they had a record of 23–40—and apparently he did not care: a few days later, he wore the outfit as he took a walk on the streets of Washington. Then, there was Dinkins' nervousness over his responsibilities as host to the Mandelas, who had accepted his invitation to stay at Gracie Mansion. Worried that the bed the Mandelas would sleep in would not be long enough, he asked City Hall reporters a few days before his visitors arrived how tall Mandela was (six-two was the answer). It was the same bed that was used by the last world leader to be a guest in the city's official mayoral residence: Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, who slept there, at Koch's invitation, on his visit to New York a decade ago. (The Mansion has only three bedrooms and thus is not well equipped for state visits.) There was Dinkins' question about what the Mandelas might prefer to eat. If they were suddenly to feel a yen for soul food from Harlem, he said—as it turned out, they did not—he could order in from Sylvia's, on Lenox Avenue: "I would recommend the salmon cakes. Salmon cakes, grits, and scrambled eggs at Sylvia's are out of sight."



An especially memorable moment to some black New Yorkers was Winnie Mandela's salute at the Harlem rally: "I greet you all, comrades, here in the Soweto of America." She had just been given a bouquet of flowers by Betty Shabazz, the widow of Malcolm X. Throughout the Mandelas' visit, there were frequent references to American black heroes, including Marcus Garvey, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Malcolm X—whose name was nearly always followed by the loudest applause from black audiences.

Some of the press coverage of the visit was notable, too. In the general euphoria, there was little mention of Winnie Mandela's having been accused of being present while A.N.C. dissidents were tortured, or of her onetime endorsement of "necklacing"—that is, disposing of "collaborators" by hanging automobile tires around their necks and setting the tires afire. There were some nice stories in the local press about the pleasure she took in a trip to a Garment District emporium, whose proprietor gave her, as a gift, several handsome costumes to wear at events during the tour. Some *Times* readers found notable the paper's coverage of the first, exuberant day of Mandela's visit, which included a ticker-tape parade and the big City Hall welcome. Although the *Times* has by far the most available news space of any of the city's four dailies, it gave the story the least attention. The *Times* account did begin on the front page ("MANDELA GETS AN EMOTIONAL NEW YORK CITY WELCOME"), but it was neither the first nor the second lead. Local tabloid coverage was considerably more generous. "HE'S OPENING FREEDOM'S DOOR" took up much of *Newsday's* front page. In the *News*, the banner headline was "APPLE OF OUR EYE—MANDELA CAPTURES THE HEARTS OF ALL NEW YORKERS." On the *Post's* front page was a huge "AMANDLA!" Most New Yorkers were learning for the first time that this is the Zulu word for "power"; the designated response is a raised clenched fist. (Some Dinkins observers noted that although many blacks in local audiences joined in the raised-fist routine, the Mayor did not.) The message across the top of the *Post's* second and third pages was "WHAT A SWELL PARTY IT WAS!" By contrast, much of the *Times* article that day dwelled on Mandela's allegedly poor physical condition, and seemed to suggest that it might well require him to cut short his stay here. The story used the words "exhausted," "sick," "worn," and—five times—"tired," and "weary" appeared in the carryover head. "Do I look tired?" Mandela demanded of reporters as he took a heavily policed stroll near Gracie Mansion that morning. The *Times*, preoccupied with Mandela's health, found room to quote only briefly from him and not at all from other participants in the series of welcoming events, including the Mayor and Governor Mario Cuomo. Even more remarkably, the paper managed to report all the events without mentioning Jesse Jackson, who—as would be true throughout the visit—hardly ever left Mandela's side, although he is not a New Yorker and was not a member of the Mandela party. The following day, however, the *Times* did take notice of Jackson's frequent appearances with the South African hero, especially when the television cameras were zooming in: "Mr. Jackson is a sort of Zelig of modern politics, popping up and blending in at momentous events."

A FEW days before Mandela's arrival, Dinkins predicted to reporters that the visit would ease racial tensions here. "He has such a presence, such great dignity," the Mayor said. "Every positive symbol that is African-American has got to help general race relations. It helps disarm the bigots who would suggest that we are somehow not equal to certain tasks." An outsider who watched the six-o'clock news or glanced at the front pages of local tabloids during Mandela's stay might have reached the hasty conclusion that this is a nearly all-black city. Those New Yorkers who thronged to the jubilant ceremonies in Mandela's honor all over town were mostly black. A close look at the pictures of such events made it clear that affirmative action is a long way from reality in at least one profession. The intense security required for Mandela's protection during his visit was provided by local cops and by members of the security force of the United States State Department. A person intent on violence would have had no trouble identifying, for his purposes, the men in

Mandela's vicinity who were probably toting guns. They were the ones with constantly moving eyes and with button receivers in their ears who kept talking into their electronic lapels, and—a second, even surer tipoff—they were usually the white guys in the crowd. In televised inquiring-photographer-type interviews, local citizens whose comments were asked for were usually blacks, and so—far more often than usual—were the interviewers and the reporters assigned to cover the story in all elements of the media. In the newspapers, columns whose accompanying photographs identified their writers as black were moved forward from their customary deep-inside spots.

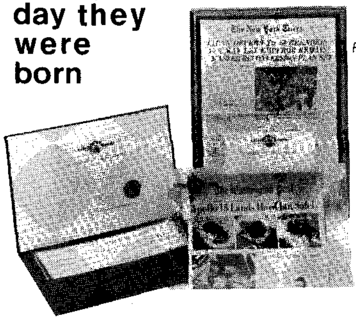
Eighty thousand people gathered for the Harlem rally, a kind of huge block party at the intersection of West 125th Street and Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., Boulevard. The crowds there and at other events were not only large but orderly, often waiting patiently for hours in great heat, and articulately grateful for the chance to hear the man whom Harry Belafonte—who served as master of ceremonies for many of the events, as he had for the Dinkins inauguration—introduced as "one of the greatest leaders in the history of the world." Four hundred thousand spectators turned out for the ticker-tape parade up Broadway from Battery Park to City Hall, a route that the Mandelas, Dinkins, and Cuomo travelled in a so-called Mandelamobile—a rather comical-looking bulletproof greenhouse-type structure, built to security-agency specifications, on top of a flatbed truck. The parade was the first in New York history to celebrate the achievements of a black individual. The earliest of the city's official ticker-tape parades, which took place in 1910, honored a native son, former President Theodore Roosevelt, whose achievement was that he had just survived a safari in darkest Africa. (Mandela is by inheritance the chief of a royal African tribe, the Tembu, and it is barely possible that friends of his ancestors could have served as bearers for the ex-Presidential party.) It is little wonder that during Mandela's generally triumphal sojourn in this city its blacks felt that—for a few days, and however impermanently—they had come into their own.

Much of the music for the City Hall ceremony was of African origin, as was that played throughout Mandela's visit. While the musicians were waiting for the honored guests to finish parading up Broadway, they wandered away from their instruments. Some subversive guest sat down at the piano and plunked out "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," clearly nostalgic for the days when song-lyric references to "eyes of blue" were not considered subversive, as, in some neighborhoods, they are today. Although a substantial number of whites were on the City Hall guest list, they did not do most of the speaking, as had been the case in City Hall ceremonies in the past. Not called upon, although they were on the platform, were three former mayors: John Lindsay, Abraham Beame, and Koch. Although in the day's speeches there were frequent references to racial healing, one gesture was believed to have been inspired less by amity than by mischief. The filmmaker Spike Lee, who was also on the platform, made a special trip to shake hands with Koch, who was making his first appearance at City Hall since the inauguration of his successor, last January. As he saw Lee approaching, the former mayor looked apprehensive, possibly recalling that in "Do the Right Thing" the white characters do not come off well, and that Lee, who campaigned energetically for Dinkins, had said last year that one of his major goals was to see that Koch was evicted from City Hall. The handshake was brief and entirely polite, but Koch looked relieved when Lee headed off in the other direction. Les Payne, a black columnist and editor at *Newsday* (whom Koch, in his mayoral days, had denounced as a racist), wrote, two days later, "More visibly than perhaps any other event since the election, the Mandela celebration signalled that the Koch era has ended."

Among the white speakers at City Hall was Governor Cuomo, who had travelled with Mandela from the airport to a rally in Brooklyn, and then up Broadway. He called Mandela's visit "the single most memorable thing I've ever witnessed. People rushed by in great surges in Brooklyn just to touch the car. If they could have touched Winnie Mandela and Nelson Mandela, they probably would have embraced them to death."

THE tensions between the races which Dinkins had predicted that the Mandela visit might help ease are never far beneath the surface in many neighborhoods in this perilously di-

Give them the ***actual*** newspaper printed the day they were born



FREE Catalog Upon Request

Now you can purchase a well-preserved, ***authentic*** edition of an original newspaper printed as long ago as 1880. *Not* reproductions or just front pages, these are *COMPLETE, ACTUAL* newspapers from major cities across America. Every page is a time capsule in itself, preserving a day in the life of the nation, a city, and someone special.

Historic newspapers make thoughtful, one-of-a-kind gifts for ***birthdays, holidays, business functions*** and other special occasions.

Newspaper In Clear Vinyl Portfolio $39.50*

Newspaper in Personalized Presentation Case $75.00 **

(Enclose name of recipient to be embossed in gold.)

Newspaper in Classic, Gold-Leaf Frame $89.50***

It's the ORIGINAL EDITION! Not a reprint.

We're Old News!

Ideal Gift for Special Occasions

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-221-3221, Ext. 209
In N.J. 1-201-381-2332 Ext. 209

By mail: **Historic Newspaper Archives**
Dept. 09, 1582 Hart St., Rahway, N.J. 07065
*Add $3.95 UPS, ** Add $4.95 UPS, *** Add $6.95 UPS.
● UPS charges for Continental U.S.A. only ●
Major Credit Cards accepted. (N.J. residents add 6% sales tax.)
Sunday paper (main section only). Historical dates priced higher.

Unblinking, yet friendly Immobile, yet movable. Nearly life-sized (47"h), yet eats virtually nothing. Achieve the pride and obvious stature of livestock ownership with none of the smell, clean-up and pre-dawn chores. No, you cannot milk the Yard Cow, but you'll admire her for many years — she's made of ½" outdoor signboard, hand-stenciled on enamel. Indoor and outdoor supports incl. Begin with 1 at $63, or start your own herd of 3 for just $173, ship. incl.

1-800-343-8429 • MC/VISA
9am-5pm DST/PA Res. add 6% S.T.
© K.L. Mullen Millwork
2301 Ritner Hwy, Carlisle, PA 17013
© 1989

THE YARD COW

The Adams Family's

Cartwright Hotel

San Francisco

We've transformed our little hotel into a home. Antiques and fresh flowers in every room. Complimentary afternoon tea. One block from Union Square. $85 to $150.

(800) 227-3844

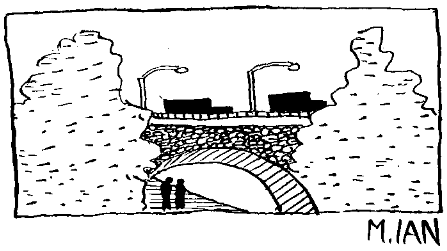
524 Sutter at Powell, San Francisco, CA 94102

verse city, but they had worsened sharply during the just completed trials of two members of a band of youths from the nearly all-white Italian-American Brooklyn neighborhood of Bensonhurst who had been involved in a fatal attack last August on Yusuf Hawkins, a sixteen-year-old black whose offense was that he had ventured there in response to a used-car ad. On June 18th, *Newsday* published the results of a Gallup-organization poll that asked New Yorkers to name the most important problem now facing the city. In such surveys in the past, only a tiny percentage of those polled had cited race relations. Crime, housing, education, and, of course, drugs had ranked far higher. The new poll, however, showed that hostility among the races was now very much on New Yorkers' minds. Twenty-six per cent still put drugs first, but that was down from forty-five per cent in a March survey. Crime was down from twenty-eight per cent to seventeen per cent. Race relations, which in March only two per cent had listed as most important, were now the big worry of twenty-four per cent of the local citizens polled. "It definitely has to get better because I don't think we can go much lower," a black resident of Bedford-Stuyvesant told *Newsday*. Most New Yorkers did not seem to blame the city's new mayor for conditions' having got so bad. The individual held responsible by most participants in the poll was the now widely celebrated Reverend Al Sharpton, the adviser to the Hawkins family.

Nearly every weekend during the Bensonhurst trials, Sharpton, often accompanied by Hawkins' parents, led his supporters in marches past the corner where the murder had occurred, the crowd stepping along to the chant of "No Justice, No Peace!" The mid-May verdicts in the trials did not end the weekend incursions for justice: one of the defendants, Joseph Fama, was convicted of homicide, but the other, Keith Mondello, was acquitted on this charge, and found guilty only on five minor charges, including criminal possession of a weapon. Sharpton had predicted that Mondello would get off scot-free. By early June, following a series of meetings with Bensonhurst church leaders and the Mayor's people, Sharpton had agreed to end the Brooklyn demonstrations, but on June 16th he led a march on Gracie Mansion, to protest what he saw as the Mayor's preference for appointing white people to his administration instead of his fellow-blacks.

The minimal blame that the recent poll laid on the Mayor for the current crisis in local race relations is probably the result of his having—tardily, some of his nonadmirers complained—confronted the crisis in a dramatic way, at least rhetorically. In a City Hall speech on May 11th, in which, as the headlines put it, he declared war on hate, he spoke not only of the ugliness in Bensonhurst but also of the ugliness of the bitter, months-long dispute between blacks and the proprietor of a Korean market in Flatbush. On May 22nd, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, he presided over an ecumenical service calling for an end to intolerance. It was attended by civic and religious leaders and six thousand ordinary New Yorkers. For some, the ceremony had a special poignancy, because, the day before, a service had been held at the cathedral in memory of Jim Henson, in whose Muppet world even the most obstreperous puppets, including Miss Piggy, eventually seem able to work things out among themselves.

That New York's racial problems and the need to resolve them had come to be of significant international concern was demonstrated when, that week, the London *Times* ran at the top of its front page, five columns wide, a picture that showed Dinkins and Cuomo flanking an array of distinguished New Yorkers, black and white, all of whom were holding lighted candles to symbolize their determination to banish the darkness of racial hate. No one seemed able to recall another occasion when such prominent placement had been given to an American municipal situation. A couple of weeks later, some Americans visiting Britain were startled to discover on the front page of the London *Independent* the face of the Reverend Al and, on the inside pages, a long article about him ("DANGEROUS DEMAGOGUERY OF THE REV SOUND BITE"). A development on June 11th, however, made it likely that the headlined Sharpton's calls for justice in Bensonhurst would subside for the moment. State Supreme Court Judge Thaddeus Owens, who is black, sentenced Fama to the longest possible term, from thirty-two years and eight months to life. In the matter of Mondello, Judge Owens, on the ground that without Mondello's actions as "the catalyst" the murder would not have happened, declared not only that the defendant should go to jail on the five lesser charges but that the sentences should be served consecutively, and gave him from five years and four months to sixteen years behind bars. Hawkins' father called this outcome "a great victory for black people in this country," and outside the courthouse photographers caught the bulky Sharpton leaping into the air and managing to execute an antic victory dance. In a statement on the sentences Dinkins, who had been criticized by some blacks after the Fama verdict for saying that his "heart went out" not only to the Hawkins family but to the Fama family, announced that "the healing process" would now move forward. Mandela made it clear at the City Hall welcoming ceremony that the city's racial problems were familiar to him. "We fully support your struggle to heal the wounds of the city," he told the Mayor.



WHETHER or not Dinkins' prediction about the effect of Mandela's visit is fulfilled, the easing of tensions in any area is nothing that anyone can count on in this town. Weeks before the visitor arrived, many local Jewish leaders, including some with a relatively high tolerance for criticism of Israel's policy toward the Arabs on the West Bank, had reacted with distress to accounts of Mandela's having equated the Palestinians' struggle for self-determination with the South African blacks' fight against white oppression. Early in June, a delegation of prominent New York Jewish leaders travelled to Geneva, where Mandela was then staying. After a discussion of his views—he agreed that Israel had "a right to exist" (within its 1947 borders)—the leaders concluded that there was no reason not to join in the welcome for him. In Geneva, Mandela, possibly fending off reminders of the African National Congress' record of violence, slyly mentioned that the A.N.C. had used as a text for its operations former Prime Minister Begin's account of his work in the Jewish underground in Palestine before Israel became a nation: Begin's organization, the Irgun, had, among other actions, in 1946 blown up a wing of the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, with great loss of life.

Brooklyn State Assemblyman Dov Hikind and Brooklyn City Councilman Noach Dear, both Orthodox Jews, at first declined to cancel planned protests against the Mandela visit. It is safe to say that Dear is not the Mayor's favorite councilman. When Dinkins warned that blacks would be offended if Jews demonstrated against Mandela, Dear described this as intimidation. He criticized Dinkins for holding his prayer vigil against racial intolerance at St. John the Divine, because the religious rules for Orthodox Jews prevented them from attending. And in April, despite Dinkins' express disapproval, he went on a so-called fact-finding junket to South Africa at the expense of the Johannesburg City Council. On June 15th, it was announced that, at the urging of the Jewish leaders, Dear and Hikind had agreed to call off their protest demonstrations, and that the decision would be formalized with a politically valuable photo opportunity in the Mayor's office. There was a stipulation, however. In last year's mayoral campaign, Dinkins' opponents often tried to put him down by describing him as "a *very* nice man"—too nice, they implied, to be mayor of this cutthroat city. It has turned out that he is a highly capable political infighter. Before the Mayor allowed Dear to be photographed in his office, he took the intimidating action of requiring Dear to submit a written apology for having described as intimidating his statement that Jewish protests against Mandela would be offensive to blacks. By then, nine Jewish members of the City Council had issued a statement calling Mandela "a true hero of the twentieth century."

Mandela's visit led to a lessening of peaceable relations between the Mayor and still another of the city's ethnic groups—the million and a half Hispanics, about eighty per cent of whom are Puerto Rican. The week before Mandela's arrival, Dinkins learned that the committee running the Mandela tour had invited to the Harlem rally, as speakers, the three Puerto Ricans who in 1954, striking a blow, as they saw it, for Puerto Rican independence, rose up on the balcony of the House of Representatives chamber in Washington and fired pistol shots at the members of Congress below, wounding five. It was "a gesture of solidarity" among freedom fighters, the committee (which is heavily dominated by the A.N.C.) explained. Dinkins said that he did not approve of the decision to have Mandela appear with what he called "three assassins." The Hispanic community was deeply offended, and so was William Nieves, Dinkins' official adviser on Hispanic affairs; he said that the Mayor should apologize "with humility." Prominent Hispanics pointed out that to many Puerto Ricans the three invited guests are national heroes, who served twenty-five years in jail for their actions and were eventually pardoned by President Carter. Some Hispanic leaders reminded the Mayor that in 1989, for the first time, the local Latino population had supported a black mayoral candidate and so had enabled him to win a very close election, and that next time out he could be in serious trouble.

Dinkins issued a statement the following day saying that he might have spoken too quickly when he used the word "assassins." (None of the wounded had, in fact, died.) He said also, however, that he did not "condone their use of violence to further their goals." On the day before Mandela got to town, about two hundred Puerto Rican nationalists burned a flag outside City Hall. The three Puerto Rican national heroes did speak at the Harlem rally, as they had been invited to do. Afterward, one of them told a reporter, "Mr. Dinkins is a loyal official of a North American government. We could not expect anything else of him."

In challenging Dinkins' view that violence in the furtherance of goals is not acceptable, Latino leaders naturally mentioned Mandela's long association with the African National Congress and the fact that he was offered his freedom in 1985 but turned it down because he would be required to renounce violence. They also mentioned Joe Doherty, a member of the Irish Republican Army whose residence

A TRADITIONAL
RITZ-CARLTON WEEKEND
AT AN UNTRADITIONAL
PRICE: $125 A NIGHT.

Join us on Embassy Row, minutes from historic Georgetown and Capitol Hill, any Friday or Saturday night. Enjoy a gracious guest room. Dining in the legendary Jockey Club. Complimentary valet parking. And uncompromising service. From June 23 to Sept. 15, just $125 per room, per night, subject to availability. Call 202-293-2100 or 800-241-3333 for reservations. And start a weekend tradition of your own.

THE RITZ-CARLTON
WASHINGTON, D.C.
one of The Leading Hotels of the World

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over 850 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your pattern. (We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.) Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.

Thinking Retirement?
Warm Winters Without Florida's Crowds

HAMPTON
Plantation

On St. Simons Island, Next to Sea Island
About 300 Homes on 18 Golf Holes
1-800-635-3971

This does not constitute an offering for sale in those states where such an offering cannot be made.

SAFARI
FROM JUST
$2480*
14 DAYS
INCLUDING AIRFARE
THE CIVILIZED WAY
TO GO WILD
Price includes accommodations throughout East Africa • Meals while on Safari • Transfers and game drives • English-speaking chauffeur guide • Park entrance fees • Taxes • Round trip air transportation between Nairobi and Mombasa.
For reservations/information see your Travel Specialist or call **Jet Vacations** at **1-800-JET-0999.**
*Per person, double occupancy, including air fare. Guaranteed Departures. Other packages available.
Jet Vacations

In the Finest Tradition of European Hotels...
THE LOWELL
New York's "Relais and Chateaux."
RELAIS & CHATEAUX
Between Park and Madison Avenues.
28 East 63rd Street
(212) 838-4400
Weekend Packages Available.

Sensational Summer
Unwind!
Relax!
Enjoy!
THE TIDES INN
"One of America's Finest Small Resorts"
Irvington, VA 22480 1-800-TIDES INN

HAND MADE IN EGYPT
Cartouche
18 K Solid Gold from $140.00
Sterling Silver from $ 35.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. **1-800-237-3759** Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc
Or write: Nationwide, Box 8474-1, Pgh., PA. 15220

since 1983 has been the Metropolitan Correctional Center, the federal prison two blocks northeast of City Hall. Dinkins has close friends among local Irish-Americans who are sympathetic to the Irish Republican Army, some of whom like to point out—as Mandela did last month to President Bush—that in the Revolutionary War George Washington, too, committed violence in a worthy cause. In the St. Patrick's Day parade this year, Dinkins, like many of the marchers, wore a large button that said "FREE JOE DOHERTY." The Mayor was asked at a June 15th press conference whether the justification for Doherty's actions was not similar to that of the Puerto Ricans he had referred to as "assassins," and he replied that Doherty had "been acting as a soldier, killing another soldier in a war situation." In 1980, Doherty was convicted in Northern Ireland of the murder of a British soldier. Escaping from jail, he made his way to the United States, and was arrested in a Manhattan bar in 1983 and sent to the Metropolitan Correctional Center, where he has remained ever since, as the United States Department of Justice has fought in the courts to send him back to Northern Ireland. In 1985, Judge John Sprizzo ruled that the murder had been committed in a political context, and that, as a political prisoner, Doherty should be released, but so far the Attorney General has not complied. By coincidence, also on June 15th, the Mayor signed a City Council bill designating the northwest corner of Park Row and Pearl Street, nine floors below Doherty's cell, "Joseph Doherty Corner." During Mandela's visit, Doherty supporters unsuccessfully tried to arrange a meeting between Mandela and the city's most famous political prisoner.

A New Yorker who was eager to be seen as belonging to the political-prisoner category was the Reverend Al Sharpton. He is currently on trial in State Supreme Court on charges that in the mid-eighties he collected a quarter of a million dollars from various donors ostensibly for the purpose of furthering the needs and ambitions of poor young blacks, whereas the young black whose needs and ambitions nearly all the money furthered was Sharpton, who is now thirty-five. In April of last year, he was convicted in Queens Criminal Court of disorderly conduct for leading, in 1988, a so-called Day of Outrage protest against alleged injustice to blacks, during which he and his followers attempted to halt all air traffic at LaGuardia Airport. He was sentenced to fifteen days in jail for that misdemeanor, and an appeal on the charge was rejected last month. On June 19th, Sharpton announced that he would surrender and begin his fifteen-day sentence, by a wonderful coincidence, on the morning of Mandela's arrival. His friends would then block the Mandela motorcade in order to "show Mandela what this city is really like," he told the *Post.* "It will raise very serious questions to salute a political prisoner from South Africa and make me a political prisoner the same day. It will be very embarrassing for the city." The day before Mandela arrived, the plan was foiled when the judge in the fraud case put off Sharpton's surrender date until late in July, pointing out that his presence was needed in the state court. Sharpton said he was fully in favor of honoring Mandela, adding, "I just feel that it's strange that the people that can understand Mandela can't understand Al Sharpton."

Although Mandela's visit caused some dissension here, no one in New York—as William Dannemeyer, a Republican representative from California, did in Washington—compared Mandela to Willie Horton, a black man whom authorities had injudiciously released from prison. It is true that, two days after Mandela left this city, it was revealed that the New York State Office of Charities Registration had begun an investigation into whether there had been sufficient control and supervision over the many millions of dollars raised here for the A.N.C.—a question that had arisen in the minds of some local residents when they saw dozens of red-hatted Mandela marshals moving through the crowds at the Harlem rally, collecting boxfuls of money from some of the city's poorest residents. Still, no matter how the investigation comes out, it seems probable that both the tour directors and New Yorkers will find, looking back, that the Mandela visit was immensely profitable all around.

—ANDY LOGAN

A CRITIC AT LARGE

L'HOMME ENGAGÉ

IN 1926, André Malraux wrote that the duty of his generation was to proclaim "the failure of individualism, and of all those doctrines which justify themselves by the exaltation of self. . . . All the passion of the 19th century, concerning man, found expression in the vehement affirmation of the eminence of self. But this man and his self, erected on so many ruins, who still overshadows us whether we like it or not, *no longer interests us*. Moreover, we are resolved no longer to listen to the appeals of our weakness, whether it offers a doctrine or a faith. They say that no one can act without faith. I believe that the absence of all conviction, like conviction itself, drives some men into passivity and others to extreme action."

Malraux was the most self-conscious and complex of those contemporary men of action who were also intellectuals and artists. By calculation, he attracted public attention throughout his life. He remains a figure of the international literary canon, but the public personality overshadows the work: Malraux was a phenomenon of the political history of twentieth-century Europe, as of its cultural history, his early novels being intentional political acts. Those novels created "Malraux"—as the New Columbia Encyclopedia says, "man of letters and political figure . . . intellectual with a broad knowledge of archaeology, art history, and anthropology . . . led from early manhood a remarkably adventurous life . . . uprisings in Shanghai . . . Loyalist air force in the Spanish civil war . . . tank commander during World War II . . . resistance leader and hero . . . outstanding novels, reflecting the tumult of his time . . . writings on art and civilization." This public Malraux was actually a conflation of achievement with lies—of what André Malraux did with what he wished he had done, and caused others to believe he had done.

He wanted immortality. In France, where the manifestly non-immortal are elected to the Académie Française, those considered to possess a serious claim on immortality are awarded publication of their works in the nobly bound and edited Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, the collection of great works of French and international literature published since 1931 by the house of Gallimard. Appositely, in the bicentennial year of the French Revolution—the occasion of the politically committed intellectual's furious irruption into modern history—Pléiade issued the first volume of a projected six-volume complete works of André Malraux, published under the direction of Pierre Brunel, of the University of Paris.

It contains juvenile work; the early Asian novels, "The Temptation of the West" (1926), "The Conquerors" (1928), and "The Royal Way" (1930), the English titles of which are straightforward translations of the French; the quasi-surrealist fantasy "Royaume-Farfelu" (roughly, "The Fantastic Kingdom," originally published in 1928 in an edition of five hundred and seventy-two copies); "Man's Fate" ("La Condition Humaine," 1933), the volume that made Malraux famous; and "Days of Wrath" ("Le Temps du Mépris," 1935), a short novel prompted by the Reichstag-fire trial, in Berlin, in 1933, of Georgi Dimitrov. There is a preface by Malraux's longtime friend and literary executor, Jean Grosjean, a general introduction by Pierre Brunel, introductions to the individual novels, variant texts, discarded passages, an unstaged dramatization of "La Condition Humaine," and a chronology of Malraux's life to the end of 1935, when he was thirty-four years old. The volume also contains Leon Trotsky's criticism of "The Conquerors," which was essentially that the author lacked "a solid inoculation of Marxism," together with Malraux's response, which was that he was an artist, not a historian of Asian revolutions—a truer remark than most of his contemporaries would have suspected.

Régis Debray, the writer and political activist who spent part of his life in a Bolivian prison because he had chosen the Malrauxian role of *homme engagé*, made the case against Malraux in Le Monde at the time of Malraux's death, in 1976. He said that Malraux was a twentieth-century man of image "who never asked if an idea were right or not, but whether it made an effect," and went on, "Malraux was the first to understand that the lie no longer exists in the twentieth century, any more than truth. He was the first to sacrifice idea and reality to *image*. All serious power rests on the imaginary, and Malraux, a

"What padding?"

man of cinema, of *mise en scène* and décor, was born to power. He understood before any of us that novelistic fiction was finished and that no fiction would work that could not pass as witness, as testimony. This deliberate and organized ambiguity between the life of the writer and his work definitively attached the work of art to the emotional context of its presentation, just as it identified the rightness of a political act with the theatricality of its manifestation. The introduction of publicity techniques into the realm of letters was the genius of Malraux in the 1920s." Malraux would have put it differently. He might have said, as the Catholic writer and editor Emmanuel Mounier said in May, 1933, "The vocation of mankind is to create facts."

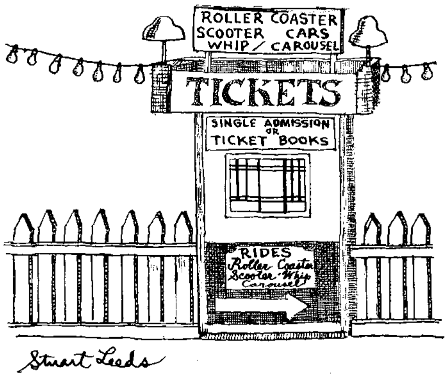
Malraux was not the first to articulate the position, so significant in the mid-twentieth century, of "engaged intellectual"—of politically committed and active, often revolutionary, intellectual and writer. He was, however, the first one to do so with such a very large effect upon the modern European and American intellectual and political sensibility. He made it all but impossible, from the nineteen-twenties until the present day, for the life of the mind, or of art, to be pursued for its own sake, in indifference to the political society within which scholars and artists function.

The question of the political engagement of intellectuals was debated mainly in France after the First World War, where the disinterested, apolitical intellectual life was defended by Julien Benda and others. Benda argued that political activism constituted betrayal of the intellectual vocation. He said that because of the work of the intellectual class—"clerks"—"humanity did evil for two thousand years but honored good," and that "this contradiction was an honor to the human species, and formed the rift whereby civilization slipped into the world." On the other hand, by taking up "the game of political passions," intellectuals became part of "the chorus of hatreds among races and political factions." Benda added, "Still less will it be denied that they adopt national passions." Intellectuals thus renounced the exemplary role previously played by "a race of men whose interests are set outside the practical world."

Benda was born in 1867, and his "Treason of the Intellectuals" ("La Trahison des Clercs") was first published in 1927. His was a position anchored in the late nineteenth century, when France's wars of revolutionary nationalism, and of Napoleon, had cooled in the memory, and the lethal consequences of modern political ideology were unimagined. It was a period of European political and dynastic stability, and of material and social progress. Even during the French Revolution, Goethe had been able to say of himself and his friends, "In our little circle, we took no notice of news and newspapers; our object was to know Man; as for men, we left them to do as they chose."

"Clerks" served an abstract justice; it was possible for them to despise political men and political engagement as complicity in something mean. Benda said, "We may say beforehand that the 'clerk' who is praised by the laymen is a traitor to his office." It is a position scarcely defended today, except in the furthest reaches of scholarship, but there is more to it than Americans—above all—might like to think. George de Huszar quotes Scripture pertinently: "But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

The debate gained its modern resonance when people like Maxim Gorky began to make such declarations as that the duty of intellectuals and artists lies in becoming "active collaborators of the proletariat, which is working for the freedom and the happiness of the proletariat of all countries," as Gorky himself put it, and he added that to do so one must emulate "the iron will of Josef Stalin, the helmsman of the Party." Theoretical reflection upon the role of the intellectual in society was left behind by events in the late nineteen-thirties and the nineteen-forties.

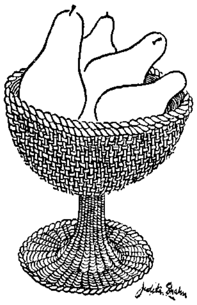


Lives, however, are only indirectly rearranged by theory, and André Malraux made himself into an *homme engagé* because he admired and wished to emulate T. E. Lawrence—Lawrence of Arabia. In "The Walnut Trees of Altenburg" ("Les Noyers de l'Altenburg," 1945) Malraux makes his hero a Lawrence-like figure who adventures into Central Asia on essentially the same mission Lawrence had claimed for himself ("of hustling into form, while I lived, the new Asia which time was inexorably bringing upon us"). This hero is also explicitly meant to be understood as Malraux's father. The novel makes this clear in the autobiographical accounts of Malraux's own Second World War experiences, which begin and end the book. Thus Malraux deliberately identifies himself symbolically as Lawrence's son, and as even more than that, since this hero is named Vincent Berger, a name that (Malraux writes in his autobiography, possibly ingenuously) "later became mine for two years—some friends in the Resistance gave it to me as a pseudonym, and it stuck." He adds, "Are such premonitory creations to be explained by the fact that the virus of daydreaming gives rise to action too, as T. E. Lawrence asserts?"

In his writings Malraux repeatedly made reference to Lawrence, measuring himself, as it were. He claimed to have met Lawrence, a meeting about which his biographer, Jean Lacouture, is skeptical; but in a conversation with Lacouture Malraux said of Lawrence—the real or the imagined one—"The difference between us is that Lawrence always told me that he was convinced that he would fail in whatever he undertook. While I have always believed that I would succeed in what I did! I act to win." He claimed to have written an entire unpublished book about Lawrence called "Le Démon de l'Absolu," which was subsequently destroyed (by himself or by the Gestapo; he said both). In fact, some two thousand pages of draft survive and are to be published in the second Pléiade volume, due in 1992.

MALRAUX was born in 1901, in modest bourgeois circumstances. His father was, by all accounts, a high-spirited, unsuccessful man, variously described as an inventor and a banker and as having employment connected with the Bourse, the stock exchange. Lacouture calls him "a failure who seems to have reached his peak in his role as tank officer in 1917-18, and found his life thereafter so insipid that, finally, in 1930, he put an end to it."

Malraux's father and mother separated four years after the child's birth, and later divorced. The young Malraux was brought up by his mother, aunt, and Italian grandmother, who ran a wholesale grocery business in a Paris suburb. He failed to take his baccalaureate. He was determined, however, from the beginning, "long before I was sixteen . . . to become a great writer."



He made his first appearance in Paris literary circles in the pose of a dandy (with cape and cane), an admirer of D'Annunzio, signing himself "The Mandarin." His first published work was on "Cubist poetry." He was a follower of the Surrealist poet Max Jacob. He was *farfelu* (a word he himself reintroduced to respectable French; the dictionary says "a bit mad, bizarre"). He first made a living on the margin of the book trade by dealing in manuscripts and rare or unusual books, some of questionable provenance, some pornographic. He had from the start "a touch of the charlatan," Maurice Sachs said; of the "magician," according to Fabre-Luce; of "the hustler . . . who depends too much on our stupidity," François Mauriac wrote after a public rally on Spain in 1937.

Malraux once said of Lawrence, "Daydreamers are dangerous men for they can play out their dream . . . and make it possible." Malraux succeeded in turning several dreams into reality, including that of becoming a great writer—a great writer who, as it happened, never wrote a great book. "Man's Fate" was enormously and enduringly influential, and it is a splendid book, but a sentimental one, inferior to the roughly contemporary novels of revolution and revolutionary politics written by the Italian Ignazio Silone; the Hungarian Arthur Koestler, sometime Comintern agent; and Ernest Hemingway, among others (not to mention Dostoyevski and Conrad). "L'Espoir" ("Man's Hope") was a superior version of the propaganda novel, as "Days of Wrath" was an inferior one. Malraux's memoirs, "Anti-Memoirs" (1967), are, as the title indicates, an interesting further work of fiction.

Malraux's international reputation was made by "Man's Fate," published in 1933, but it is a book not easily reread today. Its impact rested on the political circumstances in which it was written and published. Today its lack of character development and narrative pace make it less readable than a good many of its contemporaries, but in 1933 "Man's Fate" seemed to offer revolutionary truth, written by a revolutionary. It described what was taken at the time to be a crucial event of the twentieth century, after the Russian Revolution—the rise of the revolutionary movement in China.

Fifty years later, when Marxism and Leninism are in ruins and China's Communism exemplifies political reaction and repression, that time and such a sentiment seem remote indeed. But Trotsky's remark, in a commentary on Malraux's earlier China novel, "The Conquerors," that those "events in China . . . are incomparably more important, for the destiny and culture of humans, than the vain and pitiful carryings-on of all of Europe's parliaments or the mountains of literature being produced in stagnant civilizations," found wide agreement in the nineteen-thirties among politically articulate people in Europe and North America. "The Conquerors," covering much the same ground as "Man's Fate," failed to have the impact of the later book, undoubtedly because when it was published, in 1928, the postwar world was intact, and Asian revolution was a curiosity, or was considered irrelevant, while by 1933, when "Man's Fate" came out, a very large portion of the politically aware in Europe and America believed that after the crash and fall into depression the Western world awaited, or deserved, revolution.

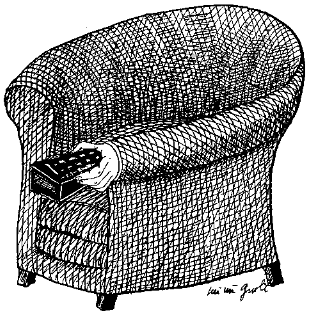
"Man's Fate" was thus as much a phenomenon of the political culture of the time as of the literary, marking a crucial change in political sensibility. It was a great international success. Eisenstein wanted to make a film of it, with music by Shostakovich. According to Malraux, Meyerhold was to make a play of it, with music by Prokofiev. It is decisively a part of our literary as well as our political history. It has the laconic, aphoristic style, the

Lose Weight at Duke.
Jump off the diet merry-go-round.
Quit losing and regaining.
Our medically supervised program will change your life.
It works!
Behavioral counselling,
nutrition education,
exercise programs,
all personalized for you.
Varied stays avaliable.
Duke University
Diet and Fitness Center
Duke University Medical Center
Box 2914-NY, Durham, NC 27710
(919) 684-6331

English Garden Furnishings
Interior and Exterior Use
Benches
Chairs • Tables
Swings • Planters
Modular Architectural Trellis
Free shipment from stock
Country Casual - NY3
17317 Germantown Rd.
Germantown, MD 20874
1-301-540-0040
40 page Colour Catalogue $3.00

DOLPHIN BRACELET
#E-17, sterling: $68 ppd.
14K: $330 ppd.
7" long
8 gracefully sculptured dolphins are linked together to form this beautiful bracelet.
Gift boxed, satisfaction guar.
MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
1-800-67-TORYS
M-F, 9-5, EST.
Catalog upon request.
TORY'S
106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945

brilliant set-piece scenes, and the psychological introspection of all of Malraux's novels, but also their episodic quality and lack of true narrative force, and their failure to create living characters other than those who are surrogates of Malraux himself. Thus the young terrorist, Ch'en, is brilliantly presented—because, one surmises, Malraux recognized in himself the potential for becoming a terrorist. Yet Ch'en is a very literary terrorist. The evidence we have today in terrorists' own writings and in the confessions and reflections of the terrorist *repenti* of the nineteen-seventies and eighties, and what we know of the anarchist terrorists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries suggest that real terrorists are more confused, more blundering, more self-deceiving, less intelligent. Malraux's terrorist is a model of lucidity and moral responsibility, fascinated by death, of course, as was Malraux: "A craving for the absolute, a craving for immortality—hence a fear of death: Ch'en should have been a coward; but he felt, like every mystic, that his absolute could be seized only in the moment. Whence no doubt his disdain for everything that did not lead to the moment that would join him to himself in a dizzy embrace. From this human form . . . emanated a blind force which dominated it—the formless matter of which fatality is made. There was something mad about this silent comrade meditating upon his familiar visions of horror, but also something sacred—as there always is about the presence of the inhuman. Perhaps he would kill . . . only to kill himself."



The structure and the characters of the novel are determined largely by its political scheme. Gisors, the father of the central character, Kyo, represents a morally exhausted bourgeoisie. He is a university professor who was capable of inspiring Ch'en, but who retreats into aestheticism (Malraux's own temptation, to which he eventually succumbed). He reacts to Kyo's death with the thought " 'There is something beautiful in being dead,' " Malraux writes. "He plunged into it deeper and deeper, as if this terrified contemplation [of suffering] were the only voice that death could hear, as if this suffering of being a man which pervaded him, reaching down into the very depth of his heart, were the only prayer that the body of his dead son could hear."

The corrupt and decadent aristocrat Baron de Clappique and the dynamic, cynical, lucid enemy of the revolution Ferral, the head of the Franco-Asiatic Consortium, are equally representative of a Marxist scheme. Malraux's Gisors observes that "novels are not serious, but mythomania is." The book lacks the human complexity of Silone's novels about Italian revolutionaries, coping with the Party's idealism and betrayals, and also lacks the disabused knowledgeability of Koestler (in "Darkness at Noon," and in the autobiographical "Dialogue with Death" as well). " 'What will become of Rocco, outside the Party?' " a character asks in Silone's "A Handful of Blackberries." " 'What becomes of any man when he's left to his own devices?' 'We must save him,' said Stella with determination. 'At all costs. We can't leave him to himself.' " Silone's and Koestler's figures exist in a rich social context, amid moral contradictions. Malraux's do not. "What are you going to do?" Kyo's wife is asked when the Canton uprising has failed. "Try to serve in one of the sections of women agitators. It's practically arranged, it appears. I shall be in Vladivostok the day after tomorrow, and I shall immediately leave for Moscow." Silone, like Koestler, had actually been on the run, forced into exile.

Similarly, Hemingway, writing about revolutionary war in Spain, demonstrates that he had actually been in battle, been wounded, was interested in and cared about military matters and partisan war, and thus could accurately describe weapons, terrain, how to handle weapons and blow bridges. Malraux is making it up. I suppose that "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is not much read today, even in schools, ruined for an older generation by our recollections of Technicolor, the earth moving, and the "thee"s and "thou"s and "wert"s with which Hemingway tried to render peasant Castilian, and, above all, by the eventual demolition, before our eyes, of the public personality of Hemingway the artist. Yet it is a more formidable novel than "Man's Fate," not to speak of "Man's Hope," which is Malraux's own Spanish War novel. Despite its romanticism, "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is gripping and moving, even thrilling, with realized characters and a more sophisticated appreciation of the political complexities and treacheries of the Comintern at war than either "Man's Fate" or "Man's Hope."

Kyo's father says to Kyo's wife, "Marxism . . . in Kyo's eyes it was a will . . . in mine, it is a fatality, and I found myself in harmony with it because my fear of death was in harmony with fatality." Malraux was not, I think, a novelist. His sensibility was poetic, introspective, autobiographical, ultimately solipsistic, his subjects himself, death, and art as an answer to death. Thus his observation in the late meditation on death, "Lazarus" (1974), that when Malraux felt that he was dying, on the occasion of a collapse, he was penetrated by a feeling of "an inexplicably consoling *irony*."

His books on art, including "The Voices of Silence" (1951) and "The Metamorphosis of the Gods" (1957), are his most interesting achievement. His real quality was as an inventive, original, provocative seer of paintings, statues, things, and people, a creative manipulator of ideas and insights; in this respect he was perhaps a magician but not an illusionist—he really did see, and think. A priest who was active in the Resistance in Alsace disliked Malraux when he met him. Later, Malraux sought him out, took his arm, and began by saying, "What significance can man's history have if there is no God?" The priest, Pierre Bockel, said afterward that "extraordinary as it may seem, I have always felt since that night that it was through what Malraux said to me that I felt what my own faith might be." He dazzled people by his brilliance, but it was a real brilliance, which upset and moved them, and did not merely seduce them.

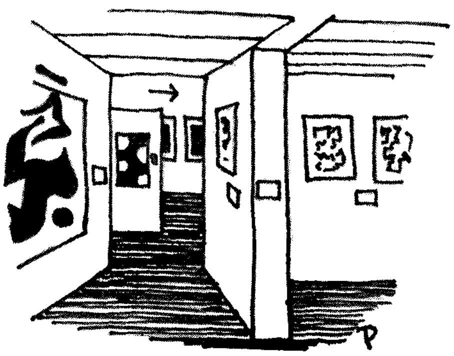
THE career, however, was his principal creation, and what made possible his mark on the modern sensibility. The cape, the cane, the Surrealist-Cubist gamesmanship of the earliest years in Paris were followed by the Indo-China adventure, which was inspired by his transparently sincere passion for art, and by his equally sincere need for money and unwillingness to take a conventional job. He and his young wife, Clara Goldschmidt, went to Cambodia, with a friend, Louis Chevasson, to rob what they expected to be the neglected secondary Khmer temple ruins in the forest near the great monuments of Angkor. They made preliminary contacts with dealers to sell what they expected to carry off. On arriving in Siem Reap, they organized guides and oxcarts, and went into the forest to spend two days with saws and chisels at a *wat* called Banteay Srei, twenty-five miles from Siem Reap.

The American scholar who is their apologist in the matter, Walter G. Langlois, writes, in "André Malraux: the Indochina Adventure," "Many obscure points surround the granting of official permission for Malraux's archaeological expedition. It seems highly unlikely that he revealed to the Colonial Office his plan to go to Banteay Srei; any such interest in the ruin would have called attention to the fact that for one reason or another the appropriate authorities in Indochina had not yet listed it as a 'classified' monument; that is, one which had been taken under the direct control and protection of the state. This classifying would have had important legal consequences, but as Malraux later pointed out, until it had actually been done the temple remains were no more than abandoned rubble in the jungle to be had for their taking."

Be that as it may, the Malraux party concealed the statuary in the boat that was to take them downriver from Siem Reap, and were arrested. Months later, Malraux and Chevasson were let off with a suspended sentence after appeal of their initial convictions. Meanwhile, Clara Malraux, against whom charges were dropped, had organized publicity for their plight among Paris writers and artists. Malraux returned briefly to France, but within weeks the couple set forth for Indo-China again. This time, it was to help put out a newspaper (two newspapers, as it turned out) critical of French colonial policy. This experience resulted in the four Asian novels, including "Man's Fate." Malraux's career as artist *engagé* was launched.

The writer of revolutionary novels presented himself to the European and American publics as himself a revolutionary—as "leading member of the Young Annam Party (1924). Kuomintang commissar for Cochin-China, then for Indochina (1924-25). Delegate for propaganda in the leadership of the nationalist movement at Canton under Borodin (1925)," to quote the jacket of the 1928 German translation of "The Conquerors." The author's note for the Modern Library edition of "Man's Fate," published in the United States in 1934, elaborates on this: "Malraux went to Indochina in 1921 and from there made an archaeological expedition to Cambodia and Siam. In the 1925-1927 uprising in China he became Commissioner of Propaganda for the revolutionary government of the South. A member of the Committee of Twelve, he was active in the Canton insurrection and participated in hand-to-hand fighting." His American translator, Haakon Chevalier, says in an introduction, "Here, perhaps for the first time, is a writer in whom the revolutionary and the artist are one. André Malraux has lived through—participated in—the events of which he writes, and has understood them; and he has recorded them with superb mastery. The book is eminently successful both as a revolutionary document and as a work of art. . . . He is a revolutionary today, as one imagines that he would have been a militant Christian in the early centuries of our era, a soldier-poet in Dante's time, an Encyclopedist in the eighteenth century—he is a revolutionary because he sees the Revolution as the most vital force of our time." Malraux wrote to Edmund Wilson in October of 1933 that he had been "Kuomintang commissar first in Indochina, then in Canton."

The facts are that his arrival in Indo-China for the Cambodian expedition was in late 1923; he returned to France, after his trial, in November, 1924; he and his wife landed in Saigon the second time in February, 1925; and they finally left Indo-China for France eleven months later, in January, 1926, "almost chased out . . . cut off from his friends, his hopes dashed, once again financially ruined, his health impaired" (Lacouture). In Saigon, he had collaborated in founding and editing two French-language newspapers, which lasted, severally, for forty-nine and twenty-three issues. They were sympathetic to the nationalist movement but supported reform and assimilation within the French colonial structure. He briefly visited Hong Kong with his wife during this period, to buy a set of type for the second of the newspapers. It was his first visit to China and lasted less than one week.

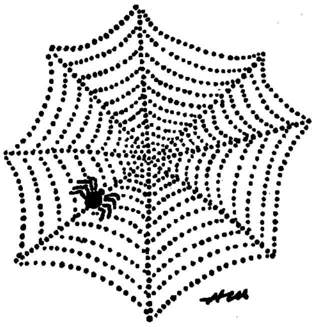


In 1931, after the Asian novels had been published, Malraux and his wife returned to Asia in the course of a yearlong world trip, sponsored by Gallimard, to collect material for an exhibition of Greek and Buddhist art and civilization. Together, they visited mainland China and, for the first time, Canton; the Canton uprising had taken place six years earlier. After this trip, Malraux did not see China again until he went there as a Cabinet Minister of General de Gaulle, in 1965. The story of him as an important figure in the Chinese revolution is total invention.

"Man's Fate" nonetheless made him an exemplary revolutionary figure, and he made the most of that status as a committeeman and a rally speaker. Though he never joined the Communist Party, he became a militant fellow-traveller, and a prominent opponent of the Nazis in Germany. "Up to the beginning of the Second World War, Malraux was the radiant symbol of the free liberal intellectual who had dedicated his life to the Communist Revolution and the struggle against Fascism," the American critic Joseph Frank wrote in "The Widening Gyre." He was not a supine fellow-traveller, certainly not a fool. He kept a measured distance from the Party, and attacked the notion of socialist realism in art, doing so even in Moscow in 1934, to the intense annoyance of those who had invited him there. In Paris, he played a large role in the various "front" campaigns against Fascism organized by the inventive and altogether formidable Comintern propagandist Willi Münzenberg (later murdered by Stalin). In 1935, despite having earlier expressed some sympathy for Trotsky, he came closest to a complete commitment to Communism, writing in his novel "Days of Wrath," "It is hard being a man. But it is no more difficult to become one by deepening one's communion with others than by cultivating one's difference—and the first nourishes with at least as much force as the second that which makes a man a man, that by which he goes beyond himself, creates, invents or conceives of himself." This was, of course, still an equivocal statement.

HIS activism at that time was concerned exclusively with events outside France. He campaigned against Fascist Italy, for Ethiopia, against Nazism, against the Franco uprising in Spain. On the other hand, he withheld his support from the novelist Victor Serge, who had been a friend and was imprisoned in Russia as a Trotskyist. Eventually, there was a direct clash with Trotsky himself: in 1937, Malraux refused to confirm Trotsky's claim that Malraux was witness to the fact that on a given date in 1933, when he, Trotsky, was accused (in the second of the Moscow show trials) of meeting saboteurs in Paris to instruct them on subversive missions to the Soviet Union, he had actually been elsewhere. Trotsky afterward called Malraux "a Stalinist agent," which he surely was not.

Malraux found in Spain in 1936 a romantic enterprise more urgent and attractive than anything in which he had yet been engaged. In the beginning, the Republican cause conveyed a spirit of anarcho-syndicalism which Malraux described (to a friend) "as of a revelation." He went to Spain on July 21st, four days after the Franco *pronunciamiento*. A month later, in Paris, he was organizing military assistance for the Republic, which had lost half of its Air Force to the insurgent generals. He succeeded in finding aircraft from French sources and in persuading the Popular Front government, whose policy was nonintervention, to allow their transfer to Spain. He organized air crews and took command, even though he had no qualifications as either an aviator or a military commander, and subsequently went on operations (and also made a film on the squadron's experiences). He seems to have exercised an effective and powerful leadership, based on force of personality and personal courage, over a group that had in it as many mercenaries as political idealists. The actual usefulness of this bomber force, during the short period in which it functioned, is disputed. It served from August, 1936, until the end of February, 1937, when, weakened by losses, it yielded place to units of the regular Spanish Air Force, being reconstituted with Soviet help. André Malraux had nonetheless made himself the hero he had before pretended to be. Thus does life emulate art, and, as Malraux said, following Lawrence, daydreaming give rise to action.



When war came to France in 1939, he declared, "When you have written what I have written and there is a war in France, you join it." The French would not give him a commission in their Air Force. Because he had managed to get himself exempted from the usual national service in 1922, he had no assigned place in France's mobilization. He tried the tanks, where his father had served, and was accepted. (He went to Lanvin, the fashionable Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré tailor, for his uniform.) He served briefly during the phony war, skirmished (as an infantryman, his unit's tanks having proved unserviceable) with the Germans when they came, and, on June 16, 1940, was taken prisoner.

Six weeks later, having volunteered with other prisoners to help bring in the harvest in the countryside southeast of Paris, he walked away. He got to Hyères, on the Mediterranean near Toulon, the family home of his mistress, Josette Clotis (he was separated from his wife), and was later given the use of a friend's villa in Roquebrune-Cap-Martin, near Menton, on the Côte d'Azur. He, his mistress, and their infant children remained quietly in the south until 1944, spending the latter part of that period in the Dordogne. He was drawn into the Resistance through his half-brother Roland, who had been parachuted into the region by the British Special Operations Executive (a rival organization to de Gaulle's networks in Occupied France) and was captured in March of 1944. (His other half-brother, Claude, was executed after involvement with a network blowing up German ships in the Seine estuary.) Malraux became active in the Maquis and was useful in bringing together British-sponsored and rival (Communist and Gaullist) French Resistance groups. The principal action in which he took part was harassment of the S.S. Das Reich Division's northward movement to join the battle in Normandy in June of 1944. That was one of the few actual military successes of the Resistance (distinct from its moral and political significance): it delayed the German division's arrival at the battle against Allied invasion forces by ten days, and caused it to arrive in Normandy in considerable disorder, with a number of tanks damaged or out of action. (The Resistance's attacks also prompted the division to carry out a massacre of the inhabitants of Oradour-sur-Glane, the worst atrocity committed in the West by the German Army.)

On the twenty-second of July, rashly travelling on a main highway in a car flying the tricolor and the cross of Lorraine, Malraux and his companions passed a German motorized column and were attacked. Malraux was wounded and captured. Threats by the Resistance of reprisals against German prisoners, and bribes to French police agents and Gestapo members, were apparently responsible for his receiving fairly good treatment in German custody. When the Germans evacuated Toulouse, where he was held, the Resistance prisoners, Malraux included, were left behind.

By the end of August, Malraux was in Paris. Friends from the Dordogne mentioned him to people organizing an irregular force in Alsace. Lacouture quotes a fellow-member of the Resistance as saying, "Berger . . . is on good terms with London and has just been freed from Toulouse prison. In fact, Berger is Malraux." An outsider, free from local political and personal involvements, with good contacts and apparent experience, he seemed a useful choice as leader. "I may tell tales," Malraux said, "but life is beginning to resemble my tales." The "Brigade Alsace-Lorraine" went into action at the end of September as an auxiliary to the First French Armored Division. It was engaged for five months, taking part in the successful defense of Strasbourg during von Rundstedt's Christmas offensive of 1944, the Battle of the Bulge. (General Eisenhower and the Allied Command had wanted Strasbourg abandoned in order to shorten the Allied defense line, but de Gaulle and the Free French held the city unilaterally.) Eventually, the brigade invaded Baden, and in March of 1945 it entered Stuttgart.

Malraux imposed himself as a military leader with verve and energy, his competence, intelligence, and personality winning general respect. He held himself apart from the political conflicts inside the Resistance. His relations with his old allies in the Communist Party became increasingly equivocal until, on January 25, 1945, he delivered a speech to a Paris gathering of Resistance organizations which was decisive in the Resistance's political development. The Communists, who from the time of Hitler's attack on Russia were generally acknowledged to have borne the main burden of armed resistance to the Germans, were pressing for the amalgamation of all Resistance organizations into a single body, which they expected to be able to dominate. Malraux replied, "I am quite willing to form an alliance, but I have no desire to be burgled." His speech at this meeting, at the Mutualité Hall in Paris, the traditional place for left-wing rallies—"in uniform, forelock dishevelled, with his peremptory gestures and his trenchant words, for all the world like some technician irritated by amateurs ('Let's be serious, we have no time to lose, those of us who are still fighting at the front,' etc.)," as Lacouture describes it—was crucial to defeating the resolution for merger.

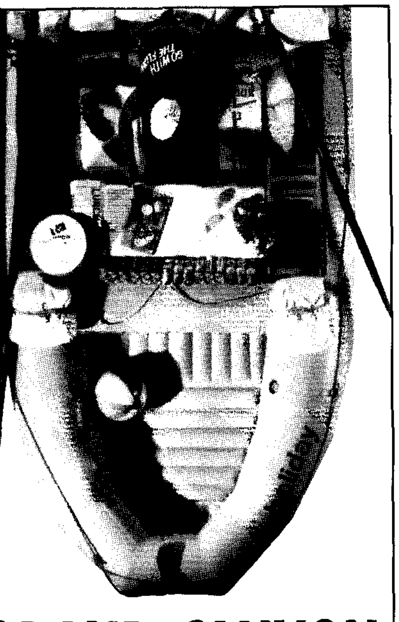
It was after that that he met de Gaulle. He wrote, of the first meeting, of "remoteness, all the more curious because it appeared not only between himself and his interlocutor but between what he said and what he was," and his account went on:

> I had already come across this intense presence that has nothing to do with words—not in military men, or politicians, or artists, but in distinguished men of religion, whose affably commonplace words seem to bear no relation to their inner life. It was this that had reminded me of the mystics when he had spoken of Revolution. . . .
>
> He established with the person he was talking to a very powerful contact, which seemed inexplicable when one had left him. A contact above all due to a feeling of having come up against a total personality.

THE association between de Gaulle and Malraux that followed benefitted them both. Malraux lent his powers of oratory, spectacle, and promotion, and his intelligence, to the Gaullist movement, and de Gaulle found in him, eventually, a minister of state. The *maisons de la culture* that Malraux caused to be set up across France ("to transform a privilege into common property," the civil servant responsible for organizing them said of their purpose), the state support he provided for the arts, and even the law requiring the buildings and monuments of Paris and of other French cities to be regularly washed are not the least of the Gaullist legacies to France.

Malraux and de Gaulle were both romantics. That, it seems clear, is what drew them together—de Gaulle, the austere, moral ironist, and Malraux, the *farfelu*. François Mauriac, though, dryly remarked in 1960, "I hold Malraux superb enough to consider Charles de Gaulle as a card in his own game." De Gaulle was the romantic who possessed "a certain idea of France" to which the French only occasionally conformed, as he himself sardonically observed. (One of his wartime colleagues remarked to me at the beginning of the nineteen-eighties, "I have always taken account of the distinction the General scrupulously drew between France and the French.")

De Gaulle, like Malraux, had invented himself—as the leader of France, claiming its legitimate leadership at a time when he was a refugee brigadier general without troops or resources, a former member of a shamefully superseded government, wholly dependent upon the good will of British authorities. The difference between Malraux and de Gaulle, though, was the same one that existed between Malraux and his other hero, Lawrence: they were fundamentally serious men, and Malraux was an illusionist. Or it would perhaps be fairer to say that while Malraux was serious about art his primary creation was self, and in that respect he believed, as many do, in a phrase often heard in France: "*Il n'y a que les apparences qui comptent*"—"It's only appearances that count." De Gaulle and Lawrence were serious about objective matters, beyond themselves, about achieving something for others, or for history. The elaboration of personality, the calculated grandeur and distance assumed by de Gaulle, his creation of that historical personage "de Gaulle," about whom the memoirist de Gaulle writes



All trips operated by authorized concessionaires.

GRAND CANYON

Our rafts offer effortless conveyance to the most spectacular landscapes on earth: Grand Canyon, Canyonlands, and Dinosaur National Parks on the Colorado, Snake, and Salmon Rivers. Trips vary from a weekend to two weeks, and from scenic adventures to some of the hottest whitewater in the West.

FREE WHITEWATER RAFTING CATALOG CALL
1-800-624-6323.

HOLIDAY RIVER EXPEDITIONS
544 East 3900 South, Suite N
Salt Lake City, Utah 84107
(801) 266-2087 FAX (801) 266-1448

Clifton Lodge

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON

Period 19th century townhouse, now completely modernised and providing self-contained fully serviced and equipped luxury studios and 2 roomed apartments

• SERVICED DAILY • RESIDENT MANAGERESS •
• COMPETITIVE RATES • EXCELLENT SECURITY •

The most convenient spot in town 3 mins Harrods, exclusive Knightsbridge shops, Victoria & Albert and other museums

CLIFTON LODGE 45 Egerton Gdns, London SW3 2DD
Toll Free: 1-800-642-2747 Tel: 071 584 0099
Fax: 071 823 9194 Telex: 936238 CLFTON

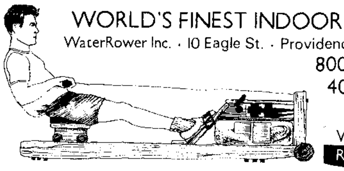
WWII FIGHTER COLLECTION

Authentic Hand Carved 12½" Aircraft Models

A magnificent array of famous combat planes, hand carved out of solid mahogany and hand painted by expert craftsmen.

Call or write for free catalog.

The Kittyhawk Gallery
Dept. 30
915 Broadway
New York, NY 10010
212-529-1144



WORLD'S FINEST INDOOR ROWER
WaterRower Inc. · 10 Eagle St. · Providence, RI 02908
800-852-2210
401-861-9190

WATER ROWER

True Water Resistance · Solid North American Cherry

CD NEWS
for the Collector

Our unique compact disc **"Newsletter/Catalog"** is your *shopping alternative* to the "Top-40" mind-set of stores and clubs.

Each issue is filled with reviews of the **best new releases** - from popular to hard-to-find - in classical, jazz, folk, blues, and rock.

Over 300 new titles in each issue !

Order from our catalog at **below list prices.**

One year subscription (6 issues) ***$5.00***
(refund with first CD purchase.)

THE KEY NOTE MUSIC • GROUP

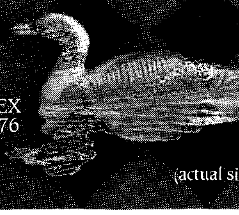
Phone in credit card orders.
Or, send Ck., M.O., MC/Visa to:
10 Front Street, Dept. 213
Collinsville, CT 06022
203 • 693 • 1723, ext. 213

LOON PIN
by Vern Wayne Pond

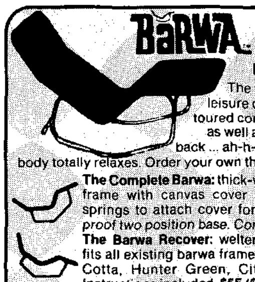
In Sterling silver—$45; 14K Gold—$315
Gift boxed, satisfaction guaranteed.

Vern Wayne Pond
609 E. Market St., #103
Charlottesville, VA 22901

VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-284-8376



(actual size)



BARWA **The Complete chair ... Recovers ... Accessories**

The world renown 2-position leisure chair that has given contoured comfort to millions indoors as well as outside. Feet up, head back ... ah-h-h: tensions pass and the body totally relaxes. Order your own therapy today!

The Complete Barwa: thick-walled tubular aluminum frame with canvas cover (color choices below), springs to attach cover for a taut, perfect fit. Tip-proof two position base. Complete **$225.** ($15 UPS)

The Barwa Recover: welter-weight vat-dyed duck, fits all existing barwa frames. Natural, Brown, Terra Cotta, Hunter Green, Citron Yellow or Royal. Instructions included. **$55** ($5. postage each)

Set of Springs $29.95 ($5. postage each)

Headrest Pillow: foam-filled, 22x11x2" thick, same colors as for covers, **$30.** ($3.95 postage ea.)

Exclusively ours. Now sold only thru the malls.

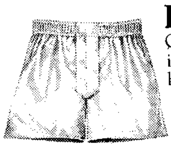
Send check, money order, Visa or M/C w/exp. date

Catalog $1.; free w/order

THE PATIO
P.O. Box 925
Dept. NY79
San Juan Capistrano
CA, 92693

Charge Orders can call (714) 661-3000

THE BEST UNDERSTATEMENT EVER MADE.



Quality fabrics, colors, patterns. Sea-island cotton® boxer shorts you can't buy in stores. For exclusive brochure:

THE GREEN POND COMPANY®

Dept. GP-2 3060 Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, GA 30305, 1-800-827-POND

PAUL REST ◆ FINE ART

Maynard Dixon

Original Oil • Gouache • Watercolor

FOR INFORMATION CALL:
707-823-1823 • 800-333-9ART • Fax: 707-823-9338
8463 Peachland Avenue • Sebastopol, California 95472

in the third person, served the purpose of a serious political undertaking, a conscious service to the history of his country. In Malraux's case, the creation of the revolutionary personage took place before the actual heroic accomplishments in Spain, the Dordogne, and Alsace, when "Malraux" became a reality; and the actual person—the chain-smoking, tic-afflicted, stammering André Malraux—then conformed to what he had created. What would have become of André Malraux had there been no Spanish Civil War, no fall of France, and no Resistance?

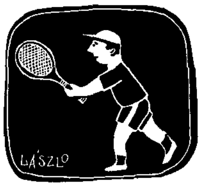
De Gaulle was formidably his own man because his romanticism, like that of his ally, Winston Churchill, was governed by a powerful and prudent political intelligence and by historical consciousness. Romanticism in political affairs has more often become linked to immature or apocalyptic ideas—secular translations of the essentially religious impulse to bring history to a halt in general happiness. The actual record of revolutionary intellectuals, *hommes engagés*, since the French Revolution is awash with the blood of others. George Sand observed, "During the Terror, the men who spilt the most blood were those who had the strongest desire to lead their fellowmen to the dreamed-of Golden Age, and who had the greatest sympathy for human misery." The striking thing about Malraux as a politically committed man is that his engagement was to the act of engagement—to action—and not to an ideology or an articulated political philosophy. He supported "Revolution" and Communism, anti-Fascism, Resistance, and Liberation, then Gaullism, but, as Mauriac had perceived, used each in his own game. It is impossible to imagine him as a Marat or a Robespierre, or as Mao, whom he admired, or as Ho Chi Minh. He had been a fellow-traveller but a slippery one; he toyed with Trotskyism, ended in Gaullism, always remaining his own man. He was too intelligent to do otherwise.

He was too intelligent for too many of his emulators, who, following him, ended badly. André Malraux created an extraordinarily seductive personage, his conception of what he wished to become—an intellectual and artist who was also a liberator, adventurer, and warrior. He became all these, and by doing so inspired a great many other serious and sensitive people to take up an armed role in revolutionary enterprises—with less successful outcomes. Malraux presented the Soviet Union and the Communist political movements of Asia and Europe in the nineteen-twenties and thirties as affairs of human liberation, whereas they actually proved to be hideously retrograde, obscurantist, and murderous. Other intellectuals have done as much for movements or causes equally hideous. The specific accusation to be made against Malraux is that for a time he turned his back on the falsity of what he was doing, including evidence provided by his own brother, a journalist in Moscow during the nineteen-thirties.

THE dream of revolution is a dream of power. Malraux understood that intellectual power rarely translates directly into political power, even though a crucial element in the seduction of the role of revolutionary intellectual is that it promises to change that, or seems to. Malraux seems never to have looked for or expected political power himself. For a man who made of himself the representative twentieth-century figure of revolutionary intellectual, he seemed remarkably skeptical of revolution. His game was deeper. He said that "the problem that underlies everything I write" is "how to make man aware that he can build his greatness, without religion, on the nothingness that crushes him." The source of his obsession with painting and sculpture was the belief that "we draw images from ourselves that are powerful enough to negate our nothingness." Malraux writes in "The Walnut Trees of Altenburg," "We can do nothing against time. . . . When I say that each man experiences deep within him the presence of destiny, I mean that he experiences—and almost always tragically, at least for certain moments—the world's indifference vis-à-vis himself." He anticipated the existentialism of postwar France, where action was held to be an imperative deliberately opposing itself to the anonymity of the world, in the absence of knowledge of whether action would in the end prove to have been valid, or even intelligible.

The postwar alliance of Malraux with Charles de Gaulle reflected the fact that de Gaulle was able to answer the question that Malraux needed to have answered. For what was

Malraux's concern with the world's indifference but an expression of his own uncertainty? He was not an autonomous man, or he would not have reinvented himself as someone else. De Gaulle was an ethical man and a stoic. His ethic was personal: he was accountable to himself; he was an autonomous man. He was obviously a conservative man as well as a rebel (instigating single-handed a revolutionary repudiation of what the dominant forces of his nation had produced). He was probably a religious man. He was private. His code was internal, permitting no illusion that it would be accepted or applauded by others, or that it would succeed: he was ultimately indifferent to external judgment. De Gaulle had an exceedingly high view of what people, and his country, might become, but he was entirely without illusion that they would succeed in other than inspired moments. "The man lived up to his myth, but *in what sense*?" Malraux wrote of that first interview with de Gaulle. It was a question to be asked of Malraux himself.



The mythmaking went on to the end. When Malraux went to China in 1965, he said to Marshal Chen-yi, Minister of Foreign Affairs, of Canton, "I spent six months there in 1927," and also told him, "I was in prison in 1923 with Ho Chi Minh." (This is his biographer's account from independent sources. In his "Anti-Memoirs" he says there was "a preliminary exchange of courtesies.") His book of reflections on death, "Lazarus," written after a near-fatal illness in 1974, turns again and again to imagined as well as real scenes of violence—those witnessed and those he had made up for his novels. He starts with the morally exalting account, taken from "The Walnut Trees of Altenburg," of German troops on the Eastern front in 1916, advancing behind a gas attack, who when they reach the Russian lines and discover the terrible suffering of their enemies spontaneously begin to drag the Russians out of the gas, back to German medical stations. He conflates himself with his hero-father-Lawrence, Vincent Berger, a "youngish anthropologist who had been an advisor to the 'Red Sultan' and assistant to Enver Pasha, now defending the Dardanelles against the Allies," as he writes about 1916 battles, Central Asian exploration, Indo-China, China, Spain, the Resistance, the battles in Alsace, arrest. His life and his imaginative reconstruction of his life make up a single meditation. He writes about aerial combat in Spain, "the bitter cold of the Ebro," a German firing squad, his hospitalization and brush with death: "the plaints of the Salpêtrière"—his hospital in Paris—"like those of the prison-yard in Shanghai." What prison yard? He was never in prison in Shanghai.

The conclusion of the book is an observation on mortality: "Agnosticism, when it accepts its own irrationality, when it experiences the unthinkable with the force of faith, discovers in the dread of death the reincarnation of the Dance of Death, both equally impermanent. . . . The revelation is that nothing can be revealed." He was an obscurantist to the end.

It must be said that he was a crucial contributor to that confusion of self-aggrandizing fantasy with reality which distinguished the history of the mid-decades of the twentieth century, having its latest legitimate descendant in the revolutionary terrorisms of recent years in Western Europe and in the Middle East and Latin America. Revolutionary ideologues lie about the future, while Malraux lied about himself, both he and they believing themselves truthtellers but knowing that they are not—that at best they are successful gamblers. Hannah Arendt wrote that the most significant quality of totalitarian thinkers was their "extreme contempt for facts as such, for in their opinion fact depends entirely on the power of the man who can fabricate it." Malraux, of course, would have been appalled to have such a statement cited in judgment upon him. He did not count on power—or, rather, he counted only on the power of imagination. He said at the end of his life that "the only response to death is art." In fact, he was not political at all. He was never seriously interested in power. He was an aesthete. His novels and his career were equally formed out of aesthetic ambition. It is his misfortune that the career is more likely to survive. It is our misfortune that the career contributed to that misapprehension of the relationships of thought to power and of violence to progress which afflicts us still.

—WILLIAM PFAFF

Travel to London with a Sophisticated Companion

FODOR'S
LONDON
COMPANION
WINNER
LONDON
TOURIST BOARD AND CONVENTION BUREAU
BEST LONDON GUIDE
The Guide for the Experienced Traveler
LOUISE NICHOLSON

Fodor's London Companion takes you on a lively, sophisticated tour of London's most intriguing and least crowded corners. With twelve detailed walking tours, a month-by-month calendar of events, and friendly, expert advice on everything from shopping and dining to getting around, it's your guide to London's secret charms.

At your bookstore now

FODOR'S A Random House Company

BOOKS ON TAPE®

World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

SEPTEMBER
ROSAMUNDE PILCHER

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Reg.U.S.Pat.&T.M.Off.

(800) 626-3333

Upper East Side...*Way Upper East Side.*

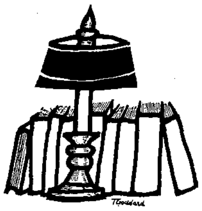
The BALSAMS
Grand Resort Hotel
Dixville Notch, New Hampshire
♦♦♦♦ AAA 1-800-255-0600 ★★★★ Mobil

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE KING, by Donald Barthelme (Harper & Row; $16.95). This short novel was completed by the author three months before his death, and for all its farce it wears a melancholy tinge. King Arthur and the other figures of the Round Table legends have got mixed up with England's last finest hour, the grim early phase of the Second World War. The book is written almost entirely in dialogue, and is concerned more with the sexual interplay between knights and ladies than with the inscrutable military action. Barthelme's magical gift of deadpan incongruity seems muted here by a puzzled diffidence too deep to shake. "This is not my favorite among our wars," Guinevere complains. "One has to think about so many different sorts of people one never thought about before. . . . Croats, for example. I never knew there was such a thing as a Croat before this war." The Red Knight is a Communist, the Black Knight is an African, and the Grail is the atomic bomb: " 'There's a race on,' said the Blue Knight, 'to find the Grail. The other side is hard at it, you may be sure. Myself, I'm partial to cobalt. It's blue.' " Arthur renounces the Grail-bomb as immoral, and with his faithless but loyal Queen placidly awaits the tragic end needed to make his name "resound in song and story." A pacifist tract, a rueful travesty, a bumptious "feast of blague," and a dazzlement of style both minimal and musical, "The King" has been elegantly produced, with fifteenth-century ornamental initials and nine of Barry Moser's customarily fine wood engravings.



GENERAL

THE FIVE OF HEARTS: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF HENRY ADAMS AND HIS FRIENDS, 1880-1918, by Patricia O'Toole (Clarkson Potter; $25). The five of the title were the acerbic Adamses, Henry and his wife, Clover; the neurasthenic John Hay and his wife, Clara; and the hyperactive Clarence King. The quintet's intense friendship, which began in Washington in 1880, takes in a good deal of American political, social, and artistic and cultural history. In every chapter readers will find the five involved with books they themselves have read, art and architecture they have admired, historic events they have studied. (King, the least well known today, was responsible for the founding of the United States Geological Survey.) The friends' private lives, however, contrasted with their public achievement. Clover Adams committed suicide, and Henry fell in love with Elizabeth Cameron, the unhappily married wife of an alcoholic senator; their unconsummated affair tormented him for decades. John Hay was a happily married father of four until he fell in love with Nannie Lodge, the wife of his political enemy Henry Cabot Lodge. And Clarence King concealed his common-law marriage from his friends, because his wife, Ada Copeland, was a black nursemaid. Ms. O'Toole treats the soap opera humanely. Her book is at once sad and entertaining. Photographs.

ONE, BY ONE, BY ONE: FACING THE HOLOCAUST, by Judith Miller (Simon & Schuster; $21.95). A survey undertaken to discover how the Holocaust is remembered, nearly five decades later, in six countries: Germany, France, the Netherlands, Austria, the Soviet Union, and the United States. The author, an editor at the New York *Times* and a writer of penetrating intelligence, got people to describe the Holocaust as it had affected them, interviewing both those who lived through the war years and those who were born afterward. She found much illusion, and delusion, in these reminiscences—distortion of memory, evasion, even attempts to rationalize the Holocaust. She also discerned patterns in national attitudes: Austrians generally evince no guilt, and nourish a savage anti-Semitism to this day, whereas West Germans—especially the young—are disturbed and shamed by their country's past. The Soviets, she found, stick to the official Communist line that there was no victimization of Jews as Jews by the Nazis. In the Netherlands, where the image of Anne Frank is cherished as the symbol of Dutch resistance, the record of eight thousand Jews betrayed by Dutch informers bespeaks a more painful reality. This is a masterly discussion of a troubling subject.

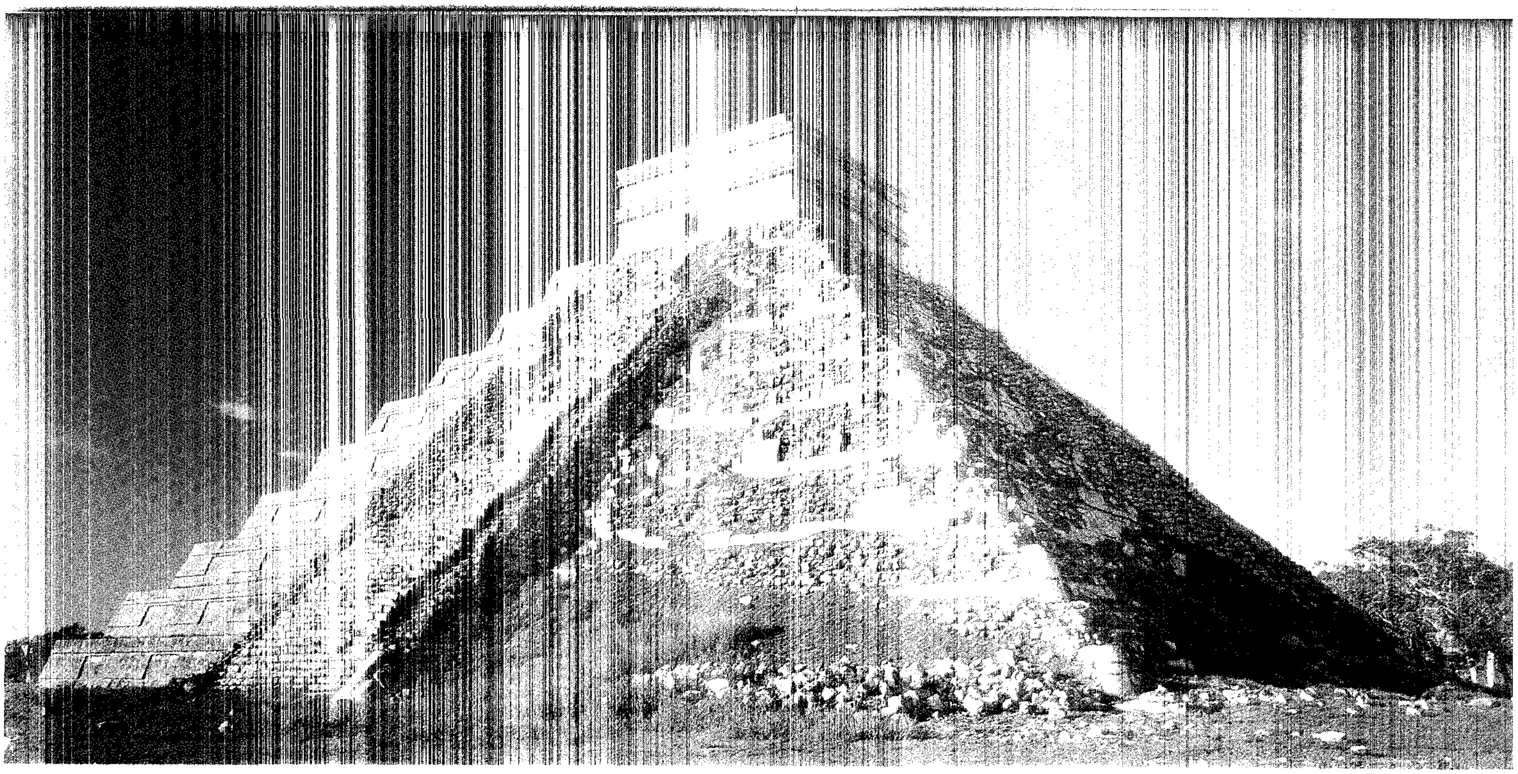
LYDIA AND MAYNARD: THE LETTERS OF LYDIA LOPOKOVA AND JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES, edited by Polly Hill and Richard Keynes (Scribners; $24.95). Maynard Keynes and Lydia Lopokova met and fell in love in London shortly after the First World War, when he had just become famous as an economist and she was a reigning ballerina of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes. It was an odd match: Keynes, an intellectual whose previous emotional attachments had been homosexual; Lopokova, a petite, artistically brilliant gamine of little education. No matter; they pursued their affair ardently, were married in 1925, and lived happily ever after. These letters cover the years 1918-25, when the two, often separated by their professions, wrote almost every day: he told her about trying to salvage the world economy wrecked by the war; she wrote of the world of ballet and theatre and of their friends—Leonard and Virginia Woolf, Lytton Strachey, Osbert Sitwell, Picasso, Massine, Nijinsky, and Diaghilev himself. Her letters make this book: she writes in her own invented English ("I put my mental and organic feelings on you"), and makes observations on people, art, life, and love that are shrewd and witty and loaded with un-English candor. Photographs.

•

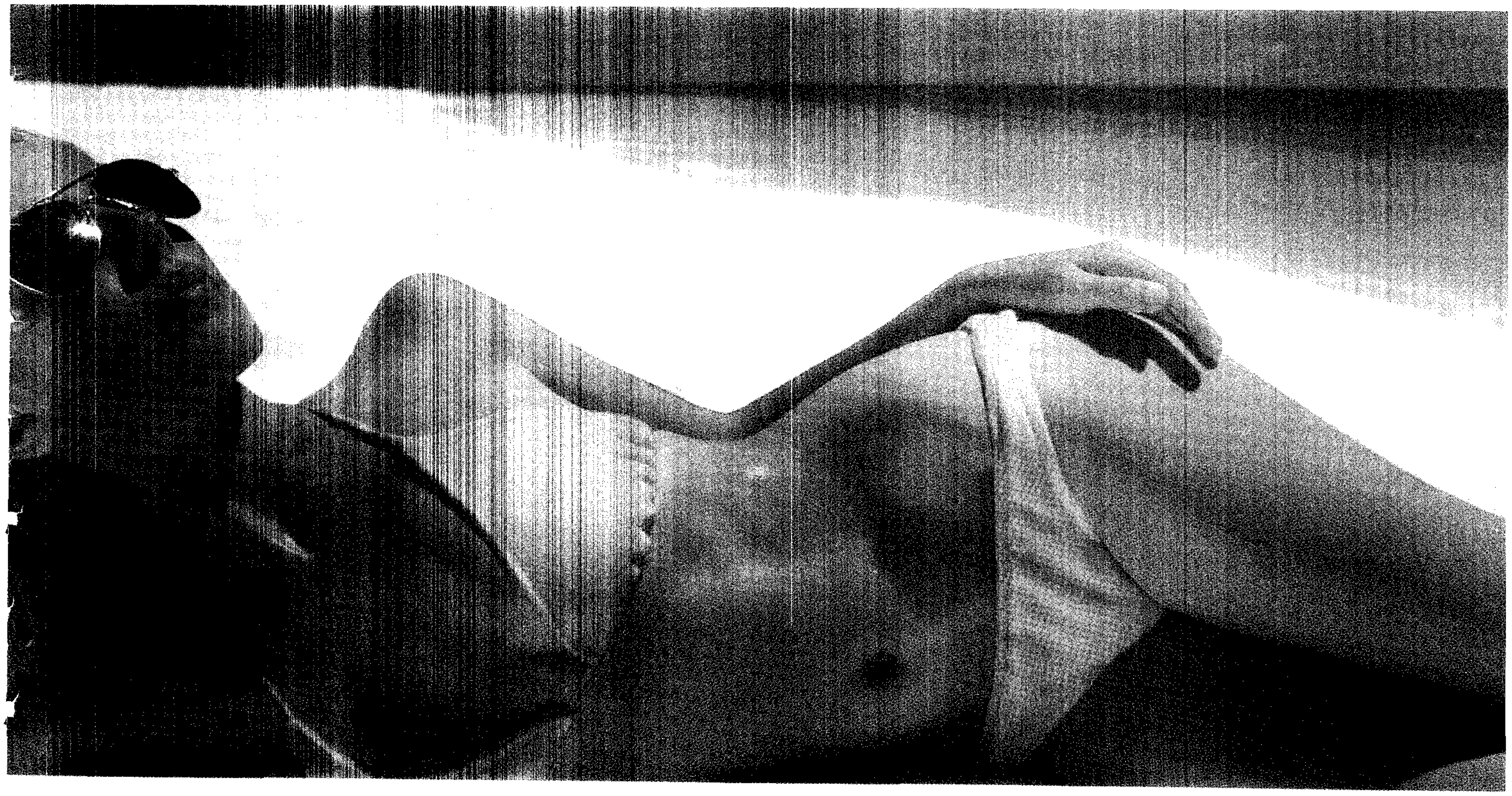
Japanese climber Junko Tabei became in 1975 the first woman to reach the summit of Mount Evenic crater in the central African nation of Cameroon in 1986, killing more than 17,000 people.

—*Hunterdon County* (*N. J.*) *Democrat.*

Because they were there?



We'll show you two different approaches to sun worship.



We've been the island home of sun worshippers for over a thousand years. From soaring Mayan temples to powder-soft beaches, Cancún can show you every vacation pleasure under the sun. So come to the one Caribbean island that gives a whole new meaning to bronze gods and goddesses. For a free brochure, call 1-800-542-8953 or write: P.O. Box 9018, East Setauket, NY 11733-3453.

© 1990 The Cancún Trust.

CANCÚN

The Caribbean island of legendary pleasures

TOYOT
TOYOTA
V6

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

"It's always better to negotiate from a position of power."

In the conference room or on the highway, the more support you have behind you, the more moves you can make with absolute confidence. That's the whole idea of the extra powerful 156-hp, four-cam, 24-valve Camry V6 engine. Designed to deliver that extra boost in passing, climbing or towing power, it gives you the advantage in challenging transactions on the road. Yet it provides you with roomy comfort you can appreciate even at your quickest executive pace. The 1990 Toyota Camry V6. A dynamo for a dynamo.

"Toyota, I love what you do for me."

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for more information and the location of your nearest dealer. Get More From Life . . . Buckle Up! © 1989 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.